

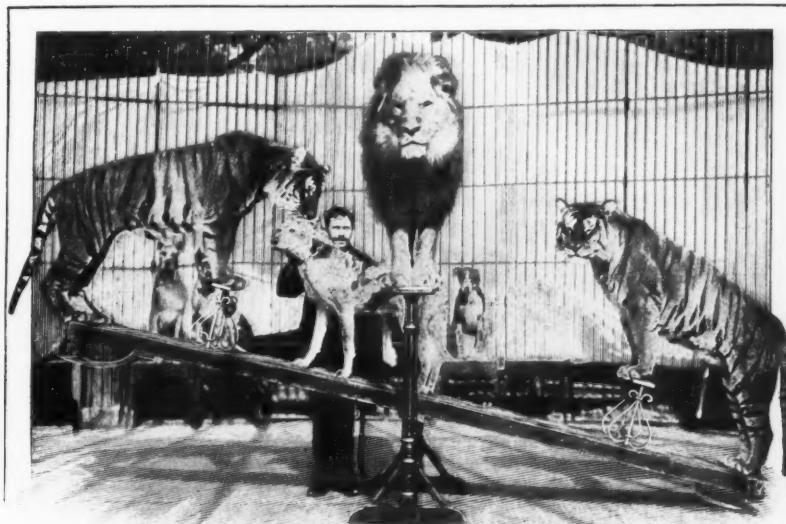
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1902.

NO. 2.



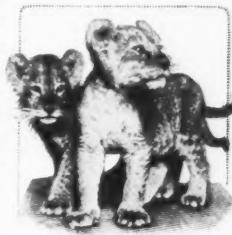
THE RESULT OF LONG TRAINING.

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOVESEN, 2d.

THE modern wild-beast show and that of the Roman amphitheater are alike in the respect that in both human beings enter the arena to encounter the beasts. In the Roman show, however, the beasts conquered the man, while in the show of to-day the man conquers the beasts. In these days of rapid progress toward correct methods of thought in every field of activity only the most confirmed pessimist has the courage to point back to "the good old days" and aver that everything was done better then than it is to-day, and that even the circuses and other public amusements afforded more pleasure than do the modern ones. Certainly in few fields has the progress been more rapid than in the care and

training of wild beasts for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Of course, it is natural that, with the growth of knowledge and experience in their handling, the treatment has become more humane, and the methods by which they are schooled have undergone the most radical changes. The man who has charge of a modern animal-spectacle calls himself a



FIRST-GRADE PUPILS

trainer, rather than a tamer; and he is really a teacher in every sense of the word. He must be a man of fearlessness, to be sure, but he must also possess the magnetic qualities, the quick understanding and the ready sympathy which characterize the successful teacher of men. Indeed, it is something of a commentary on human educational systems that the trainer of animals is selected with far more care and receives a much larger reward than the instructor of men and boys. Then, too, he has this advantage over the public school instructor—he chooses his pupils slowly and with an eye to their future. Indeed, the most important factor in attaining a complete, interesting exhibition is the choice of the animals who are to form the nucleus of the show. For this purpose the very young are always given the preference, and those born in captivity are obtained whenever they are physically perfect specimens of their kind, though the domestic-bred beasts are not numerous. Such cubs are always tamer to start with, and their attention is much more easily fixed. They do not have the far-away, longing look which can be seen in the eyes of a desert-bred lion. They have never learned to strike and to exult in the feel of quivering flesh beneath their paws.

As soon as a cub is able to crawl around

its cage, the trainer gets acquainted with it and feeds it and shows it that it has only kindness to expect while its behavior is good. When it is four or five months old, easy tricks are undertaken—sitting on a chair, lying down and rising at command, playing with a ball, and so on. At first, the trainer devotes all his time to a single animal until he has impressed it with his ability to control and direct its movements. Then an older, thoroughly-trained animal of the same breed is introduced, partly for the example it can set in illustrating how the more difficult tricks are done and partly to accustom the cub to association with its kind. Many a trainer bears deep and permanent scars as a reward for performing the first introduction or for offering to arbitrate early differences of opinion between two future friends.

The hardest task of all is to accustom

animals of one kind even to tolerate the presence in the same cage of animals of another kind, and months of patient effort are necessary before a newly-assembled aggregation of animal actors will perform even the simplest combined tricks. The make-up of such an assemblage must be carefully studied out, for the methods of teaching vary with each new combination of animals. The final spectacle of one of the best-known shows is made up of seven



THE BOXING KANGAROO.

polar bears, five tigers, five lions, three leopards, three elephants, dogs of various breeds from Great Dane to poodle, monkeys, hyenas, seals and even birds. Instinctively, the lions and tigers hate each other. If they met in the jungle over some bleeding quarry a battle to the death would follow, and even the circus-born cub seems instinctively to realize something of his sire's antipathies. If the monkey forgot to be on guard for the slightest noise as he rested at the foot of a tree he would fail to hear the soft, delicate rustle of a leaf under a serpent's gliding coils or mistake the crouching leopard for patches of dappled sun and shade—and he would never live to rectify the error. The Great Dane, if turned loose, would hunt all these animals to their or his death. Every emotion finds a place in the beasts who perform together such a series of acts as these do; but fear and hate have most to be reckoned with, and the skilful trainer recognizes each at a glance.

Their health, too, is a matter of never-ending anxiety, and gives a trainer more



A FUTURE LION-TAMER.

trouble than the impresario feels over that of his high-salaried opera-singers. If an actress is indisposed, her understudy can take the part at a moment's notice; but these animal actors have no understudies, and the omission of a beast or even his chair or pedestal from an act often disconcerts all the performers. On the other hand, to compel a sick animal to perform sometimes turns the act into a tragedy for the trainer; for if he once turns his back on his charges, and flees for safety, he may never be able to control them again, and if he stays to face the trouble, serious wounds may result. Once let a beast see that you fear him, and discipline is destroyed; and, indeed, a crisis in which a trainer flees or is rescued by helpers as a rule works so on his nerves that even if he should wish to enter the cage the secret that he feared his beasts would be discerned by them in spite of all he could do, and his mastery of them



ENTHRONED.



THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

would be lost. Sometimes it happens that a trainer relaxes his caution or commits an error of judgment. Many a trainer takes desperate chances because he or she has been fascinated by the beauty of a particular lion and has determined to master it at whatever risk.

Almost all animals have more discernment than they are usually given credit for. They fix the responsibility for their discomfort where it belongs, and harbor grudges long after a trainer has forgotten the entire incident which aroused them. A careful trainer once ordered his assistants to separate a lion and a lioness which he had exhibited together for several years. The show was to break up into three separate divisions for the summer tours, and it was not until five months later that the trainer returned to headquarters to reassemble his animals and put them through a rehearsal of their combined acts. Accordingly, he donned his uniform and opened the iron door, but no sooner had he set foot within the cage than the lion sprang at him, and a livid scar from shoulder to elbow will always bear testimony to his experience in upsetting the domestic arrangements of the King of Beasts.

The greatest factor in the safety of a trainer and the success of the show as a whole is the health of the animals, and this is dependent directly on food and exercise. In its natural state a wild beast kills when it is hungry, eats what is good for it, and fasts until hungry again, but in captivity it seems to lose its judgment, and if given the opportunity will usually indulge in gluttony or, in some instances, deliberately starve itself.

The larger snakes, particularly, have to be watched closely lest they commit suicide by this latter method. When a python has not eaten for eight or nine months its keepers prepare a dozen or more rabbits, which are fastened on long poles. Then, approaching while the serpent sleeps, they fall upon it, and a lively tussle often ensues until the python is subdued and its jaws pried open for the enforced procession of dainties.

A python rarely can be taught to take kindly to handling by man. When it appears well disposed toward the keeper it is merely a sign that it is becoming torpid from cold, and a rise in temperature usually destroys its friendliness. It must be overpowered by numbers before it will consent even to needful assistance in divesting itself of last year's skin or tolerate other delicate bits of serpentine surgery which become necessary from time to time. One might think that when it was ravenously hungry its feeding would be an easier matter, but this is not always the case. At the Pan-American Exposition last year the late lamented Great Peter, one of the largest pythons in captivity, was exhibited, and, toward the end of September, began to show unusual activity—a sure sign of hunger. Its keeper procured a thin, half-grown shote of the razorback variety and put it in the cage, much to the snake's delight.



POSING FOR THEIR PORTRAIT.

Usually animals are paralyzed with fear in the presence of a huge serpent coiling itself for a strike, but not so this little pig. He determined to sell his life dearly, and before Great Peter could gather itself for a spring he ran in, squealing defiance, and fastened his tusks just back of the serpent's head. The coils lashed furiously around as the razorback shook his thirty-foot antagonist, and at last they secured a hold and wound about his middle with crushing force. If he had allowed an agonized squeal to be wrung from him, his hold might have been lost; but he held on as his ribs cracked under the pressure. Gradually the coils loosened and finally fell away. The body of the game little shote



MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

rolled over dead, and the giant python lay belly-up beside him. If the proprietors of the show had sold ten thousand tickets for this fight at a dollar each they would have just cleared expenses to cover Great Peter's untimely loss.

The animal-trainer off the stage is not very different from other individuals. He does not claim — except on brilliant advertising lithographs — to have felt remarkable powers which persuaded him to adopt so dangerous a profession. Herman Weedon, one of the best-known handlers of combined acts by beasts of different breeds, is a type of all the men in his business. He ran away from his home in Germany when a small boy and, after knocking about for some time, was forced

to take the first job which could be obtained. It happened to be general work with a menagerie. He studied the animals and got acquainted with them, gradually venturing more and more liberties with each. When one of the regular trainers left the company suddenly, Weedon was given a chance to train a group of beasts. He showed that he had the quiet nerve and confidence in himself so necessary to the successful trainer — for a lion will recognize a blusterer who depends more on bluff than on actual powers as readily as he is found out by human associates. Weedon gave himself up entirely to his chosen profession, and nothing turned him aside from his purpose of developing the intelligence of his animals year by year and devising more difficult and spectacular tricks. In Indianapolis, a tragedy occurred which might well have set a man to thinking over the desirability of this kind of work. Albert Neilson, one of the caretakers, was told to feed some lion cubs. With a basketful of substantial tidbits, he opened the door at the rear of a cage, and entered. A few

minutes later, attracted by the roars of Rajah, the great Bengal tiger, the other attendants rushed up and saw an unrecognizable mass of mangled flesh over which the beast was standing guard. In the next cage the cubs were still waiting to be fed.

Weedon was asked if the incident had not shaken his nerves. "Oh, I don't make mistakes!" he answered, quietly. Indeed,

he is so careful in every detail that one cannot persuade him even to touch a strange fox-terrier. He knows all the animals he has to handle personally and just how far he may go with each.

On another occasion the huge black Thibet bear, with shambling gait, which no one would suspect of being agile, managed to strike the attendant whose duty it was to open the doors leading from the cage to the arena. Fortunately, its paws fell short of the boy's jugular vein, but a broken collar-bone and deep-grooved arm have warned him against familiarity of the kind which breeds contempt. Another and fiercer member of the bear family, Weedon handles with the greatest ease; and it is really at once pathetic and humorous to see the efforts the ponderous brute makes to carry out his instructions. However, the case of the Russian grizzly is an exceptional one, and the beast's good behavior is a reward to Mr. and Mrs. Weedon for having saved his life. Last winter he caught a bad cold, which rapidly developed into a

chronic inflammation of the lungs, bowels and kidneys. He could hardly endure to be touched, but he was too sick to protest much. At the height of his fever, Weedon would bring cold towels and bandages, and finally managed to induce him to stand gentle rubbing. At last it was no longer necessary to overpower him and force the offensive drugs down his throat. If his keeper told him to take them, he submitted under mild protest. For a long time he showed signs of getting worse, and

when he lost every hair on his body it was Weedon's protest alone which saved him from receiving a through ticket to the happy hunting-ground. The trainer's wife undertook a bit of ursine tailoring, and a suit was the result, which, if not an exquisite fit, at least kept Bruin warm. She also applied an ointment to his hide which gradually brought a new coat of fur, and to-day he is the most exemplary pupil in the entire school; and the bear's liking is reciprocated, for if his master happens to see a particularly choice bit of meat in the food-department he often purloins it, from under the commissary's nose, and feeds it to his favorite bear.

Some animals are barred from the showman's ring entirely, and among them is the American grizzly bear.

It is doubtful if there is an instance on record of the thorough training of this animal. His very name "Ursus Horribilis" is enough to warn one that his solitary dignity is not to be encroached upon, and the warning is usually heeded. Individual animals, whose brothers and sisters perform readily enough, often become intractable; and in such cases they are either kept in solitary confinement on exhibition or given to

A SULLEN SPECTATOR.



a public zoölogical park, where bad temper is more cheerfully put up with. Rajah, the tiger, who not only has killed several men but even bit off the paw which a neighboring polar bear extended in friendship, is such a remarkably beautiful specimen that his owners still retain him, but they have given away several "bad elephants" whose influence was making the entire ponderous herd unmanageable.

Sometimes the public puts a ban on a breed of wild beasts which might otherwise produce some very creditable performers. Hyenas, for instance, make very good pupils, learning tricks readily, but somehow they fail to please. Their appearance, of course, is against them. They lack the majesty of the lion, the easy grace of the tiger and the dignity of the bear. They look mean and sneaky, and whereas the roar of a larger beast thrills the spectator, the hyena's dry, uncanny laugh only disgusts.

Some trainers declare that the organization of a troupe of animal performers is not unlike getting together a troupe of human actors. The more experienced must assist in instructing the newer members of the company. Jealousies are developed between two members, and many of their companions take sides. The manager must be on his guard against this and develop an *esprit de corps*. To be sure, the manifestations of these emotions differ decidedly in the two classes of actors. A petty theatrical jealousy has no more terrible consequence than a *retroussé* nose tilted at a loftier angle than usual, or a remark about the fit of a certain person's gown or her histrionic ability, while in the arena similar feeling is likely to lead to what is commonly known as a "mix-up." The *esprit de corps* of the sawdust pit, too, is open to objection as being not overrefined. The other day a new'y-arrived, little cinnamon-bear proved so clever that he was included in a performance after only one or two rehearsals. He kept getting out of line in the entrance procession, and at the third offence an old polar bear, who has been a Thespian so long that he has forgotten his ice-floe days, gravely leaned over from his pedestal and landed a ponderous cuff on the ears of the offending cinnamon.

Very few proprietors of great shows capture beasts through their own agents. The organization of their business, with the mass of detail—advertising, transportation and finance—occupies all their time. Most of the animals now in captivity, therefore, are purchased of dealers who make this business a specialty. One of the oldest of such establishments is Jamrach's in Hamburg, where a grandson of the original



A REAL HYPNOTIST.

founder still carries on the trade. The elder Jamrach was chief of the river-police in that city, and his main duty was to board and inspect incoming vessels. He had always had a liking for pets, and he gradually acquired from the captains and crews a variety of monkeys, parrots and sometimes larger animals. Finally, it became a question whether the beasts or Jamrach should occupy his house, and, loth to part with them, he built a separate establishment for their entertainment. Then his acquaintances began to purchase from him, and the business became so profitable that it occupied all his time.

Soon other men followed his example, and went into the trade, and competition became so fierce that dealers would board a vessel before she had taken on a pilot, and each one maintained spies to watch the movements of the others night and day. Finally, Jamrach circumvented them by sending his son to London, where all the ships from the tropics touched first, the Suez Canal not being then in existence. A monopoly was gradually formed, and now the organization is so perfect that the capture of any rare animals or birds is at once

cabled to headquarters from the corners of the globe.

As much enterprise and business faculty is required in such a trade as in almost any other, and this is often forcibly illustrated. One day a dealer heard that a large snake had been imported, and he intended to go to the ship's captain the following morning to inspect the new arrival and make a bid on it. When he boarded the vessel, the captain informed him that he had sold it a few hours before for twelve pounds. The dealer almost fainted with chagrin when he heard that it was a remarkably large specimen of the reticulated python of Java—one of the rarest members of the serpent family. He hastened to the purchaser only to learn that he had practically resold the snake for forty pounds. After much parleying, the speculator was induced to accept a larger figure, and the dealer, anxious to conclude matters, drove off in a cab with the python beside him on the seat—of course, securely boxed.

When especially rare specimens are captured, it is often impossible to classify them accurately. An amusing instance of this kind occurred several years ago. The Honorable Walter Rothschild, an enthusiast on zoölogy and natural history, was making



REBELLION.

a study of that rare bird, the cassowary, and had ordered a male bird of Jamrach. After a considerable outlay of money, the cassowary was captured and delivered. For some months no report was received from Mr. Rothschild, except the acknowledgement of its arrival, until one day Jamrach was surprised with the following laconic telegram:—

“Your male cassowary has laid an egg.”

The bird thrived in captivity and repeated the performance so often as to leave no doubt in its owner's mind of its title to a place among the gentle sex.

There is a great deal of financial risk involved in a large business of buying and selling wild beasts. Risks must be carefully figured, and profit from sales and loss from deaths must be constantly kept in mind and balanced. Purchases are often made on the spot where an animal is captured, and the buyer stands the risk of transportation. The way in which a beast can bear a rough sea-voyage plays a great part in determining its value. Even after its safe arrival, there is a continual liability to colds and disease. The loss from deaths, even among the animals safely installed in such a menagerie as that of Jamrach in Hamburg, is rarely less than seven hundred to a thousand dollars a month. Often an offer of a rare specimen to a circus at a nice profit to the agent has just been accepted and, pending the negotiation,

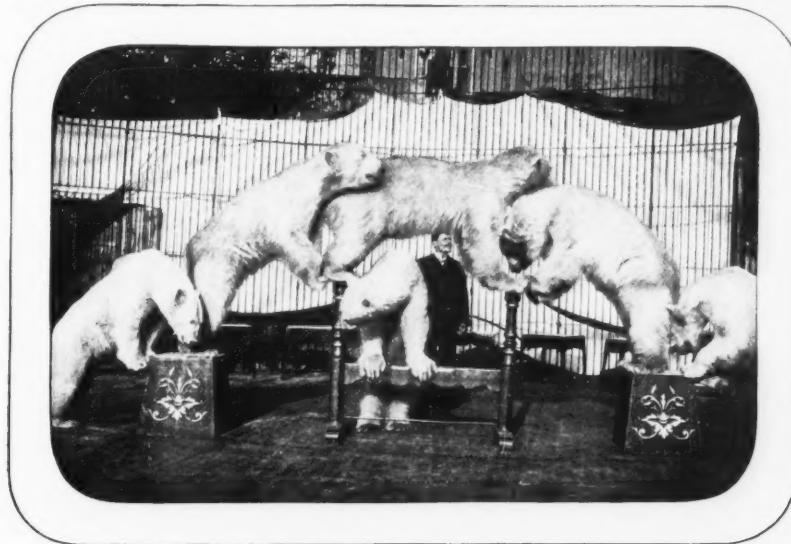


THE JAGUARS' SCHOOL.

the subject of the contract has died. Then there is only one thing left to do—stuff the skin and sell it and feed the flesh to the carnivora—and the profit involved is not large in comparison to the value of the live animal. It is no unusual thing for the lions, tigers and bears to divide the steaks of a Ceylon pigmy bull worth two hundred dollars; and sometimes their repast, if purchased especially for them, would rival in cost the feast of larks' tongues in ancient Rome, which has immortalized the name of Lucullus.

It is difficult to trace the sudden growth, one might almost say invention, of the mod-

ern knight's courage with a glance. A single bound, and he was in the arena, and had picked up the gauntlet almost from under the lion's paws. Returning to the royal box he flung it full in his lady's face. One is likely to revolt at such a brutal act. How much better, one thinks, to have quietly dropped the lady's acquaintance rather than cut it off with public insult. And, indeed, the poets are not agreed on the subject. Schiller seems not to disapprove King Francis' praise of the act, while Browning deduces a different lesson. If her lover could in a moment forget all his love, and thus spurn her, was it not better



A POLAR-BEAR ARCH.

ern wild-animal show. Animals have been popular as a spectacle from the dimmest past on, and they have figured in literature no less than in life; but up to a few decades ago no one had thought of training them to perform tricks or assembling beasts of different breeds in a group.

The animal-show of King Francis' day which so many poets have made their subject—notably Browning and Schiller—was a very different thing from that of today. There no attempt was made to control the beasts, and the courtiers shuddered when a lady, to test her lover, let her glove flutter down into the pit, and challenged

that they should part before it was too late? he asks.

"The blow a glove gives is but weak;
Does the mark yet discolor my cheek?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?"

Perhaps the sudden popularity of vaudeville is accountable partially for the development of the modern animal-show. Vaudeville, to attract, must be new and original, and managers are driven to distraction to secure something remote from the perennial coon-song, the well-known coster-ballad, the ubiquitous oriental juggler and the troupe of acrobats who have so long

trodden the boards at the variety theater. To introduce animal actors is a change, and so almost every vaudeville stage has been turned over more or less often to the trainer of animals.

The attraction which is most frequently presented is the troupe of trained dogs, and certainly the cleverest tricks are done by such a company. Dogs often understand men better than men understand themselves, and they are naturally more intelligent than the larger wild beasts. There are several well-known trainers of birds, too, who have a more difficult task than the man who schools dogs, but nevertheless evolve an interesting performance. Parrots, cockatoos and parrakeets are the principal actors, and they learn quite complicated tricks—such as dashing up with a diminutive fire-engine to a blazing toy-house, scaling to the topmost windows and gravely rescuing sparrows, canaries and other unfortunate inmates, while their companions go through a regular fire-drill and eventually put out the conflagration.

But no matter how clever the tricks of smaller animals or birds may be, they never draw the crowds which throng the benches around a sawdust pit where wild animals of the fiercer breeds perform. The public always appreciates courage. Not only should the spectators admire the coolness of nerve which is an essential in the man who exhibits wild beasts, but they should think, too, of the daring involved in capturing these jungle-dwellers and transporting them to their present owners.

There is something fascinating in looking behind objects patent to everyone. When a hero's name is in all the newspapers and on everybody's lips, it gives

one a thrill to think of the man who shovelled coal into the belching furnaces, or worked a gun with raw and bleeding knuckles, running just as much risk and doing his duty as well, because it seemed right to him, as the man who gets the reward and the applause of the public. So it is with an exhibition of wild animals. The tinsel-clad trainer who puts the snarling beasts through their paces is admired by the crowd and encouraged by their applause.

But few think to trace these animals back to their freedom in the tropic jungle or on the arctic ice-floe.

"When I looked on your lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought
Encountered by all sorts of men,
Before he was lodged in his den—
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands.
With no King and no Court to applaud,
By no shame, should he shrink, overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift,
That his rude boys might laugh at the gift."

One might go on indefinitely, describing the life of the members of different companies of trained wild animals captured in the remotest corners of the world and brought together in the arena around which the public has always been eager to sit as in the days of old.

The popularity of the animal show is not likely to diminish. When those of the younger generation of to-day are the fathers and grandfathers of to-morrow they will be taking little boys and girls to verify the alluring lithographic sign-board promises, hear the hoarse brass band, and inhale the peculiar circus-smell, made up of the odor of wild animals, pungent sawdust, crushed hay and grass.



"TRAINED!"



VICTORIEN SARDOU AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

BY ADOLPHE COHN.

Professor of the Romance Languages and Literatures in Columbia University.

IT is a trite saying that a good many French literary men can produce nothing of value when they have ceased to tread "l'asphalte des Boulevards." When, in 1868, Henri Rochefort, then a young man, but now a septuagenarian, was compelled

by the imperial government to leave France and take refuge in Brussels, he seemed to have left his wit behind him. Nothing in the political literature of the time is so full of life, so buoyant, so merry in spite of the pitilessness of the satire, as the first eleven numbers of "La Lanterne." But as soon as its editor had become the involuntary guest of the Belgian capital, "Petit Paris," as it claimed to be, his weekly pamphlet exchanged its mirthful for a most bitter tone, and passed from bantering laughter and mockery to the most virulent style of invective.

What is it that gives its peculiar flavor to life in Paris? It is certainly not its climate, which is in no way as exhilarating as the beautiful, merry sunshine of New York. In spite of their excellence, it is not its cooks, who are now traveling



THE LATE EMILE ZOLA AND HIS FAMILY.



CLÉO DE MÉRODE.

among the other great cities of the world to such an extent that it would no longer be possible for a Brillat Savarin to say: "One

eats everywhere, one dines only in Paris."

To the man of culture and refinement, the charm of Paris life lies in the fact that men of letters are there segregated in a smaller degree than in any other place in the world, and that these arbiters mingle freely and continuously in the many-sided activity of a variegated civilization, of an art world which is made up of literature, music, painting, the drama, statuary and politics.

Chief among these is the stage. The theater occupies in French society a more important place than in any other society, with the possible exception, for the last quarter of a century, of German society. The theater in France is second to no other form of literary production. More than one novelist has turned novelist simply because of his inability to get his plays produced. Marcel Prevost and the late Henry Gréville both stated that the "Demi-Vierges," of the former, and "L'Expia-



DE MAX AND CÉLESTE SOREL.

de Savéli," the latter's first great literary success, were conceived first in a dramatic form, and that their appearance as novels was due only to the force of circumstances.

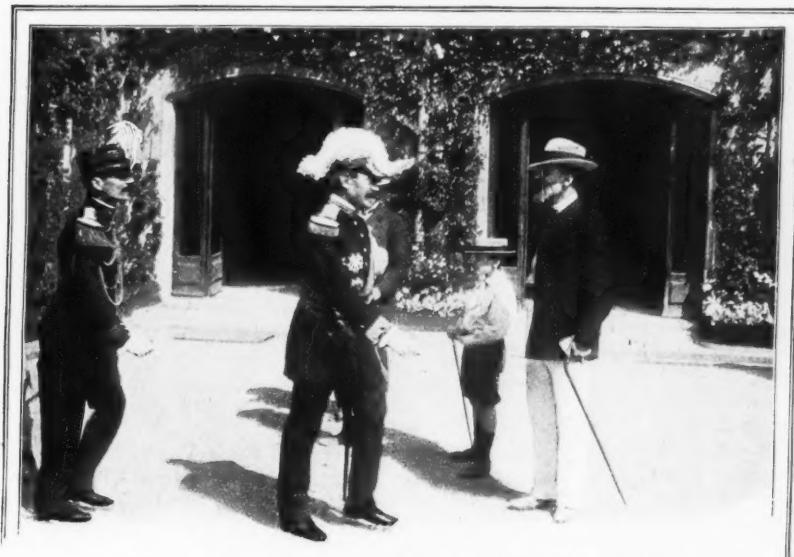
A first night in Paris is sure to draw nearly all the leaders in literature and art, especially if it takes place on one of the great stages, and if the author is already in possession of literary renown. No one who can help it is likely to miss the first appearance of a play by Rostand, Porto - Riche, Hervieu, Lavedan, Maurice Donnay, François de Curel or Brieux.

At the Théâtre Français on a first night, the interest is not simply behind the footlights. Scattered all over the house you are likely to see all the brightest intellects that adorn the brilliant capital. But be not satisfied with examining the countenances by the help of your opera-glasses. As soon as the first act is over, leave your seat and repair to the foyer;

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN DRIVING IN PARIS.



stop near the first crowd of four or five people whom you see conversing or, more likely, arguing, at the foot of Houdon's celebrated statue of Voltaire, or in the gallery of busts, or even go down-stairs, in the great rotunda. You are sure to meet there not only the regular critics, Larioumet, Faguet, who are not only dramatic



GENERAL FRUGERE ABOUT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ARSENE ALEXANDER.



PRESIDENT LOUBET ON HIS DAILY DRIVE.

critics but also university professors, Lucien Muhlfeld, Henri Bauer, Jacques du Tillet, and others; you will also meet the original producers, Catulle Mendes, Jean Richépin and his son Jacques, Porto-Riche, Haraucourt, and Sardou, and hear them criticize the new play, and tear the author to pieces, unless they extol him to the sky. You will also hear something, but much less, about the playing of the actors. If you happen to

have already acquired some standing in the literary community, make it your business after the second act to shun the general foyer; send your card through the uniformed hussier to one of the members of the company, and you will be admitted to the "foyer des artistes" where, seated on a sofa beneath some such work of art as Greuze's masterly portrait of Mademoiselle Georges, you will hear admirable criticisms couched in the most beautiful French, whether it comes from the lips of a member of the Academie Française or from some great actor—Mounet-Sully, for instance, or Mademoiselle Barthet. On such an evening as this, if you are fortunate enough to have been taken in hand by one



JACQUES BERTILLON.



EDMOND DRUMONT.

"to the manner born," you are likely to learn more of the ways of Paris life than you would anywhere else. The national taste, or rather passion, for the stage brings everyone up to that state of excitement in which people no longer watch over their utterances, but let their thoughts and impressions run spontaneously from them as soon as formed.

After you have been through the experience a number of times, and are perhaps a little tired of theatrical performances, give up your leisure hours for a while to other forms of diversion, and make up your mind not to enter a playhouse until the next theatrical season; but when July comes do not fail to apply for a ticket of admission to the annual public exercises of the classes in comedy and tragedy in the Conservatoire de Musique et de Declamation. These tickets are not easy to get. The violin-shaped hall in which the exercises are held ought never to contain more than six hundred people.

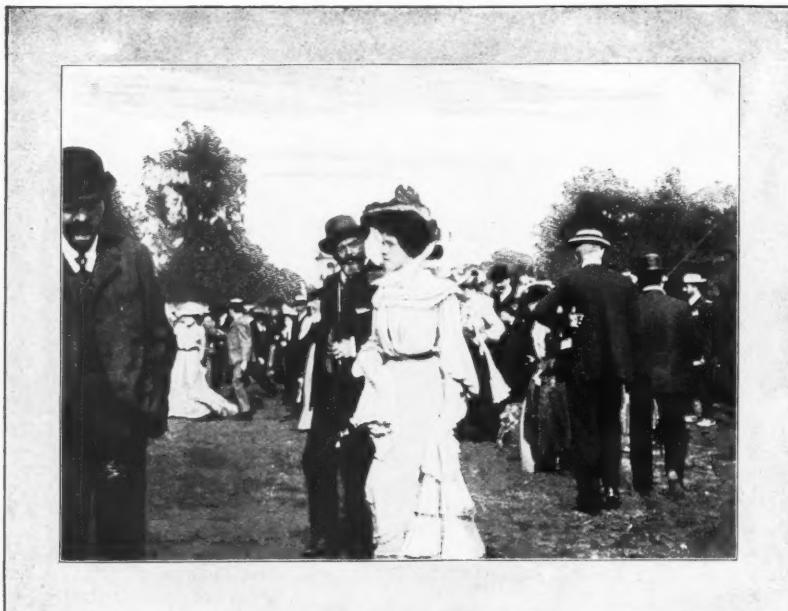


M. DE BLOWITZ TAKING A STROLL WITH HIS NIECE.

On the occasion of the "Concours de Tragédie et de Comédie," they manage to pack into it seven to eight hundred people. Nothing will keep away a Parisian who has managed to get a ticket. About one-half of the seats go to the pupils of the institution and to their friends and relatives. Very few of the rest go to anyone who has not already become known in the world of art and literature. Most of the people present have attended the exercises of previous years. They remember that such and such young men and women distinguished themselves the year before, although unable to win the coveted first prize which entitles the holder to an engagement in the Théâtre Français. How will they do this year? They have heard that in the class of Monsieur Nozmo, of Monsieur Silvain, of Monsieur Lebargy, there is a new student whose natural gifts for comedy or tragedy are proclaimed phenomenal by the rest of the class—a new Rachel, a new Sarah Bernhardt, a new Frédéric Lemaitre, a new Mounet Sully, a new Coquelin. You will



MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT CONVERSING WITH M. FORAIN, THE CARTOONIST.



THE DRAMATIST, JEAN RICHEPIN, AND HIS WIFE.

hear there from twenty-five to forty scenes, selected from classical tragedy and comedy, from the works of Hugo, Musset, Dumas, Emile Augier, from some forgotten eighteenth-century play, from some of the French adaptations of Othello, Hamlet, or King Lear. No scenery, no costumes; the men in evening dress, the women usually in white or black. You are to judge of the talent that is to appear at the theaters during the next season. When we say "judge," it means, of course, simply that you are free to give or withhold your applause. The judgment will come from the jury-box, in the middle of the front row of which sits the stern Directeur du Conservatoire, the music-composer Theodore Dubois, on whose right side you may see the academician-manager of the Théâtre Français, Jules Claretie, matched on his left by the ever-young Victorien Sardou.

There was a time when nothing was so pleasant as to visit the annual "Salon" the day before the opening of the exhibition, "varnishing day,"—when all the artists were busy completing the "t'lette" of

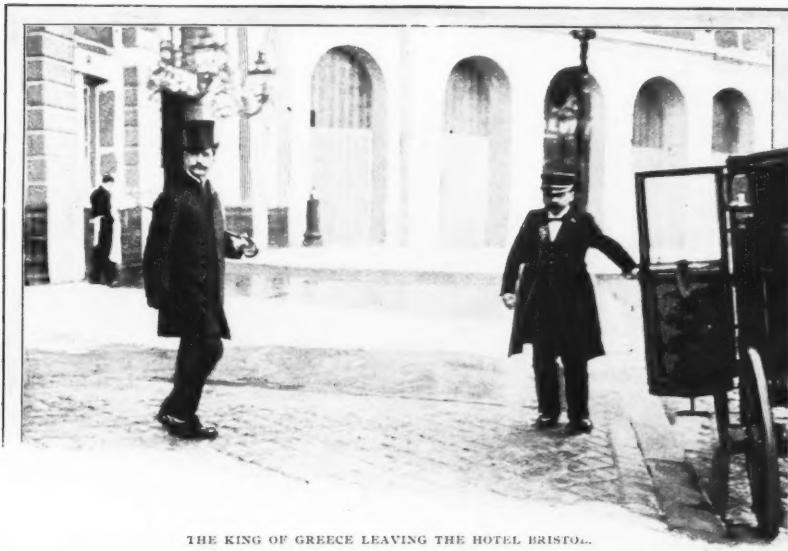
their exhibition; they were glad to see their friends, to receive congratulations, sometimes to listen to some friendly criticism. There was a delightful informality about the whole affair. That time has gone by. Society has taken possession of "Varnishing Day." In both salons (there are two rival ones now) the halls are invaded as early as nine o'clock by an enormous crowd which comes merely in order to say that it has been there. No work is done. The real varnishing takes place now behind closed doors. The visitors pass through the various rooms without seeing anything. They then adjourn to the garden, where those who are imprudent enough to sit until lunch time are regularly fleeced by the unscrupulous caterer. So now the real judges of art keep away from varnishing day. You will meet them in the studios and also in what is called "Les Petits Salons,"—that is, the smaller exhibitions that take place in the rooms of a number of select clubs. The salon of "L'Epatant" is always admirably frequented and exceedingly interesting. If you wish to hear Arsène Alexander

discourse upon painting, you are much more likely to enjoy an art treat there than in one of the regular salons.

One does not fail to visit Parliament, especially the Chamber of Deputies. Although not on intimate terms with each other as they once were, politics and literature have not yet been wholly divorced. Public men often still have literary ambitions. Paul Deschanel is more proud of his membership in the Académie Française than of his four years' term of the speakership of the House. There you find men of letters in the galleries, filling their minds with observations which they will turn to use soon in their books or articles. I do not know whether I ever heard brighter, keener, wittier conversations than in the press gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. Henri Rochefort once kept us almost in a roar with his comments on the various of political assemblies, though never for a speakers. He had been twice a member long time. "Oh!" he said, "I could never



PROFESSOR MOMMSEN, THE GREAT GERMAN HISTORIAN.



THE KING OF GREECE LEAVING THE HOTEL BRISTOL.



BARON ROTHSCHILD.

stay long in this place. I felt I was getting moldy." This presence of literary men at the sessions of Parliament has, moreover, left its trace in literature. Sketches of parliamentary life are frequently met in the works of Alphonse Daudet, Jules Claretie, and more recently of Maurice Barres, Viscount de Vogué, Léon Daudet and Edouard Rod; not to speak of the fantastic scenes in the "Monte Cristo" of the elder Dumas.

Strange to say, you may suddenly come across a man of letters when visiting some most unliterary and prosaic department of the government. Quite often, young men of literary ambitions manage, at the start of their careers, to get small positions in some government office. It gives them small pay and little to do. It helps them thus to keep the wolf

from the door, and they feel at liberty to give the most of their time to their favorite pursuits. Some become admirable officials. Ludovic Halévy was for years one of the best official parliamentary reporters. It did not interfere with his writing "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse," "L'Abbé Constantin" and "Les Petites Cardinal." Edmond Goudinet, the merry author of so many amusing comedies, was a government clerk; so is Georges Courteline; so is Yanu

Nibor, whose signature on official documents is Jean Robin. Charles Simon, one of the authors of "Zaza," is one of the paid clerks of the Senate. Marcel Girette is a receiver of taxes. You will find Ferdinand Brunetière in the quiet quarter of Notre Dame des Champs, and Jules Lemaitre near the almost Americanized Boulevard Haussmann. Porto-Riche can, from his windows, look upon the residence of President Loubet. Edouard Rod hides his love of quiet and silence in a small house, which he has filled with his beautiful library and art treasures, in the outlying districts of Auteuil, close to the walls of the city. If you wish to see Pierre Veber, you will have to climb to the neighborhood of the



CLEO DE MERODE GOING TO REHEARSAL.



THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR, WHO SPENDS MUCH OF HER TIME IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Aocune de Villiers, and the venerable Emile Levasseur you will find on the fifth floor of one of the oldest houses in one of the narrowest streets of the old Quartier Latin, la rue Monsieur le Prince. Emile Legouvé, one of the joint authors of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," still to-day, in his ninety-sixth year, pays rent for the apartment for which his father paid rent when he was born on February 15th, 1807. He stays there, in old rue Sainte-Anne, within a few minutes' walk of the National Library, the Théâtre Français, the Louvre, the Opera. Where could he be happier?

There is something true in the widespread belief that on the famous boulevards of Paris you are likely to meet every celebrity of the world worth knowing or seeing.

On a sunny spring or autumn afternoon, when the trees are covered with luxuriant foliage, take a stroll from the Faubourg Montmartre to the Place de l'Opéra. If you keep your ears and eyes open, you can scarcely be disappointed. Stop at the terrace of some café, and beneath its

mot, the political events of the year summed up in a brilliant phrase. You will see the kiosks, flaunting their swarm of ephemeral newspapers, bravely fluttering in the sunlight to-day and dead to-morrow. You will not see the most interesting sights of Paris, such as that ancient café that closed its doors a dozen years ago, where the patrons could sit at the table on which for fifteen years Voltaire wrote his memorable letters to Frederick the Great, and where the portraits of Rousseau, D'Alembert, Crébillon and Mirabeau recalled an immortal history, but you will be in the heart of all that is most fascinating in modern life. You will look up to the sunny cloudless sky arching overhead, at the artistic shop-windows with their fascinating displays, at the many-colored play-bills of the theaters setting forth in fantastic designs the host of amusements so dear to the heart of the gay Parisian, and though unprejudiced by parochial pride, you will say that on no spot on earth does one feel so keenly the joy of living, the grace and beauty of existence, as when treading "l'asphalte du Boulevard."

brightly striped awning you will see the keen, satirical, but not unkindly, smiling faces of more than one author of note, and the picturesque figures of musicians of worldwide renown. There you will hear witty delineations of character expressed in a single spontaneous word, a play that has just been given its premiere damned, or a novel which has just appeared on the book-stands made famous by a scintillant



TEN-ICHI AND HIS JAPANESE TROUPE.

THE BEST TRICKS OF FAMOUS MAGICIANS.

BY RUTH EVERETT.

THE word "magic" comes down to us from the wonders worked by the Magi, those holy men and sages of the past who were, in point of fact, wholly humbugs. They were supposed to evoke spirits, call to their aid the occult powers of Nature, and by such means be able to work sorcery, witchcraft, necromancy, conjuration, enchantment. These men had, as our magicians to-day have, their hands and their heads, and all their bewildering delusions were produced by manual dexterity, sometimes supplemented by cunningly-devised apparatus—that and that alone. At the present time the word magic is made to apply to feats of sleight-of-hand, unassisted by mechanical appliances. The conjurer is the one who coaxes objects to appear as if from the air or the earth with the aid of some such auxiliary as a whirl of paper ribbon or a sheet. The illusionist uses still more complicated apparatus.

The so-called "spirit-mediums" are so clumsy that they could not find employment in the lowest dime museum; so unscrupulous that they do not hesitate to trick the credulous by imposing upon the most sacred feelings of which the human heart is capable. Of these, we shall not treat.

All our legitimate



NATHU MANCHACHAND, OF BOMBAY.

magicians, notably Mr. Kellar, are constantly producing the sleight-of-hand, cabinet, and other works of the mediums. Mr. Kellar's talk on the stage has not a vestige of the patter of the magician, which is always interspersed with stale platitudes. This man has traveled all over the world. He has seen barbarians, wearing evening clothes, work feats of magic. He has seen the man who considered a nose-ring quite enough in the way of clothes and jewelry do equally clever tricks. If you will listen to Mr. Kellar, you will learn something. It is generally supposed that the most wondrous magic is worked in India. Banish that delusion from your mind. The best magicians in the world are in Europe and America.

As Mr. Kellar walks upon the stage to begin his entertainment, you see a tall, fine-looking man at the period of life that is best described by the one word: manhood. The features of his performance are many. They vary from magic, conjuring, illusions, mind-reading and feats of memory to wonders of the East Indian occult art.



ARTHUR MARGERY.

In his levitation trick there is a beautiful divan in the center of the stage. The magician comes down to the front, and explains the origin of the trick. He says he will shortly hypnotize a Persian princess, place her unconscious body on a couch, and by the power of mind over matter, by simply willing her to obey him, he will cause her body to rise about four feet in the air. There she will rest, light as thistle-down on the air, until he wills her to descend to her couch again. All iridescent in her oriental trousers, the Persian princess comes in. She seems



"A NIGHT IN JAPAN."

a little afraid of Mr. Kellar. She is far from home and kin! Mr. Kellar makes a few hypnotic passes over her and takes hold of one of her arms, which he bends up like a wooden doll. The all-powerful mind of the magician apparently begins to work, and in a moment more the pretty princess is in a complete hypnotic trance. Mr. Kellar takes her up in his arms and lays her down on the couch, spreading a gorgeous satin covering over her. By suggestive movements of Mr. Kellar's hands, she knows that she is commanded to arise; and, slowly, beautifully, to the most mysterious music, her extended body floats upward. To prove that she is resting on the air only, Mr. Kellar draws a large trundling-hoop over the floating body of the princess in every direction, having previously sent it on its rounds of inspection in the audience. After a time, the little lady is lowered from her couch of thin air to the more substantial one, dehypnotized and bowed off the stage by the magician.

Mr. Kellar's "Blue Room" tricks show a section of the stage shut in by three grayish-blue walls—one on each side and one at the back. A short distance in front of a gilt chair, a small, wooden railing runs nearly across the stage, one end being free to permit the magician to pass in and out. Mr. Kellar, wishing to show his audience how he will look a hundred years hence,

seats himself upon the chair in the "Blue Room," begins to wave his hands to and fro. You see his body gradually dissolve, until there is nothing there but a hideous skeleton, sitting on the gilt chair and frantically waving its arms. Then Mr. Kellar's head separates from his neck and rises two or three feet in the air, where it executes a sort of corn-popping dance, and then returns to the bloodless neck. The most beautiful



HOUDINI.



HOUDINI.

thing done in the "Blue Room" is the production of the "Queen of Roses." First, from an empty flower-pot, standing on that same gilt chair, there springs up a small rose-tree that grows in size until it is three or four feet high. Then the blossoms begin to appear. In a moment, the tree is heavily laden with full-blown roses, green and bursting buds. To prove their genuineness, the tree is brought to the front of the stage, Mr. Kellar's assistants sever the fragrant blooms, and distribute them among the audience. When one is backed by magic, the number of roses grown is of no consequence, so one is not astonished to see another tree start to grow in the "Blue Room." But through the topmost branches an angelic face softly steals. The roses are becoming ghost-blossoms, through which one may see the beautiful, bare neck

and arms of the "Queen of Roses" emerge from the top of the tree, and around them the flowers lovingly twine in the shape of a gorgeous "robe-de-bal."

Leon Hermann has won the respect of the American public despite many difficulties, not the least of which is that he is the mighty Alexander Hermann's nephew. The entertainment at present given by Leon Hermann is almost the exact duplicate of that which his uncle gave. The following is a feat of pure magic, and it is one of the most beautiful things ever presented by any person. Mr. Hermann goes down among the audience and, without any considerable pain to the patient, takes an orange out of one person's ear, an egg from the end of his own wand, a walnut from any convenient portion of the anatomy of someone in the audience. The three objects are put in well-separated places on the stage, and Mr. Hermann asks some lady in the audience to lend him a white glove. As the lady gives Mr. Hermann the desired article, the magician remarks: "I am sure this glove cannot be a good fit for the lady; it is far too large. I will reduce it to the size she should wear." He then rolls the glove around in his fingers for a moment, straightens it out, and one sees a tiny glove about an inch and a half long. Mr. Hermann then asks some gentleman the size of his glove, pretending to understand the man to say number seventeen. This creates a laugh, but the magician begins the manufacture of an enormous glove, and, in a few seconds, holds up one about a foot and a half in length. He now tells his audience that he will cause the lady's glove to fly away into the walnut that is on the table, the walnut in turn to hide itself within the egg, and the egg to get



THE IMITATOR OF CHING LING FOO.

inside of the orange, which Mr. Hermann opens and from which he takes out the egg. He breaks the egg-shell and takes out the walnut. Cracking the walnut, he draws forth the lady's glove, which he restores to her, none the worse for its travels and transformations.

Horace Goldin has by no means a prepossessing personality. Fortunately, however, he is a postgraduate of his art. He is the rapid-fire piece of all the heavy artillery of magicians. One after another, without a word having been spoken, you have witnessed nearly as many tricks as the average illusionist performs in two hours. Almost before his head is straightened from his entrance-bow, one of his assistants has given Mr. Goldin a silk muffler which he instantly tosses back, holding in his hand, which was previously quite empty, a quart bowl of bright, flaming fire. The young man at once passes

to a table that is laid for two, and snatches off the cloth without disturbing a single dish. On one of the tables, there is a small globe filled with water. Mr. Goldin casts a line down into the orchestra-circle and draws up a squirming, wiggling gold-fish, which he takes off the hook and tosses into the bowl. Then he tosses out his line again and brings up another fish, which leaps out of his hand and darts away with its mate.

About the time of the Omaha Exposition, an American manager came across Ching Ling Foo. Realizing instantly that the Mongolian was one of the greatest conjurers in the world, the manager hastened to secure a contract with Ching. The Chinese magician was of colossal stature and elephantine grace. The massive Ching appears clothed in the baggy trousers and flowing robes of his native land. His step is slow and shuffling,



TEN-ICHI'S ASSISTANTS.

There is no more conclusive evidence of Ching Ling Foo's greatness than is to be found in imitation, that sincere flattery paid to the Asiatic giant by Mr. William E. Robinson, for whose valuable services as an assistant Mr. Hermann and Mr. Kellar bid against each other for so many years. Mr. Robinson is now playing in Europe as Chung Ling Soo. He does the complete act of the Chinaman, and dresses in Chinese costume, even on the street.

Ten-Ichi, the Japanese magician, violates all our American monopolistic ideas by permitting members of his troupe to share in the honors of the great feature of his act, "The Fountain Trick," instead of insisting upon his own right to be "the whole show." His fountain act, as seen from the front, is this: Ten-Ichi, with members of his troupe on either side of him, is seated upon a raised platform. Each per-



ADELAIDE HERMANN.



THE ART OF EATING FIRE.

son holds an instrument that resembles a closed fan, at the end of which is a round ball of flame. Before Ten-Ichi are two rows of glass tumblers, one on top of the other. Every time the magician strikes one of the tumblers with his flaming fan, a jet of water shoots up in the air. Streams of water are constantly made to arise by his assistants on either side, and from time to time a man runs upon the stage from the wings with a small stream of water spouting from the top of his head two or three feet in the air. In Ten-Ichi's thumb trick, which is as difficult as it is old, two gentlemen from the audience come upon the stage and tie the wizard's thumbs together as tightly as they can draw the cords. Metal rings are passed around among the audience to prove that they are solid—no spring-joints. Ten-Ichi's manager then stands on one side of the stage, the Japanese on the other. A bright ring goes circling across the stage and defies all law by settling on one of Ten-Ichi's arms, his thumbs all the while remaining tied together in full view. Another is thrown and settles on the other arm, and a third connects the links of the other two. In the twinkling of an eye, the rings are freed, one after the other, Ten-Ichi's thumbs

remaining all the while firmly tied. These features of the thumb trick, with many beautiful and perplexing variations, are the greatest things Ten-Ichi does.

Soto Sunetaro, who is a large, well-formed man, comes upon the stage wearing the costume of Japan. Mr. Sunetaro is a quick, graceful worker, and he does not speak a word, even to his assistant, nor leave the stage for a single instant from the start to the finish of his act, which is one of the best on the vaudeville stage. The following trick is not Mr. Sunetaro's best, but it is given because of its extreme beauty as seen from the front, and because, in its great features, it is different from anything done by any of our American or foreign magicians. Mr. Sunetaro takes a small sheet of white paper, which he tears in strips, without seeming purpose. He lights one end of the paper, when suddenly there shoot forward half-way across the orchestra-circle two streamers of paper ribbons, which are drawn back in graceful festoons. No sooner are these ribbons in hand than others run riot in the audience, and are drawn back to be followed by a third set. From out this mass the magician takes four small, Japanese, lighted lanterns about three inches in di-

feet or more across the top, out of which Sunetaro lifts a seven-year-old child.

Adelaide Hermann, widow of "The Great Hermann," the only woman magician in America, is now doing an act of miscellaneous magic, which she calls "A Night in Japan." In this, she wears an oriental costume. In Madame Hermann's "Organ-pipe Trick," a board three or four feet long rests upon two chairs, with a clear view above and below. Upon this board are laid six pipes, about two feet in length and about five or six inches in diameter, which, one after another, the enchantress holds up to let the audience see that they are hollow and empty. She now takes from one of these pipes a table-cover which she proceeds to spread upon a table. Then she draws forth knives, forks, and all the dishes needed for a banquet—cold roast duck, chicken or turkey, bottles of wine, fruit, bananas and oranges, and even a salad.

Nathu Manchachand, of Bombay, is the foremost magician of India. His best trick is "The Vanishing Lady." In the middle of the stage the magician spreads out an ordinary newspaper, upon which he places a common cane-seat chair, on which a pretty girl takes her seat. A soft silk covering which settles lovingly around her figure, is thrown partially over her; but the top of her head is always visible, and you never lose the outlines of her form through the covering, which rests but an instant, when it is snatched away, and no girl is there.



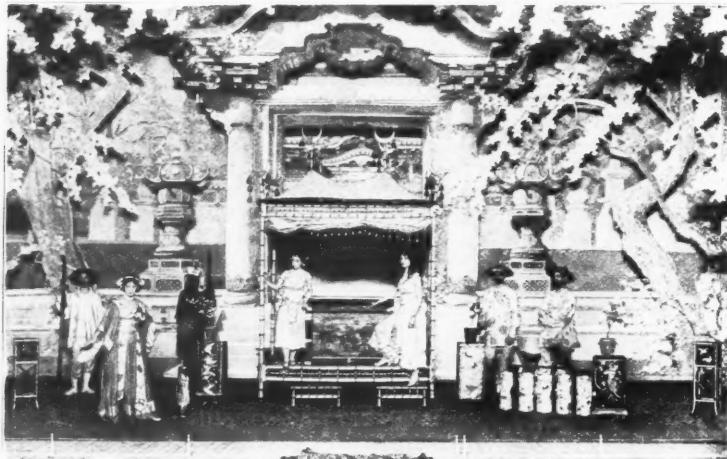
A FAVORITE AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

meter, which his assistant hangs upon a tree. The assistant is kept busy hanging up lanterns, for four more of five or six inches across are drawn forth, then another four, each a foot or more in diameter, and last of all one big lantern two

Samri S. Baldwin, "The White Mahatma," has now retired, but for more than twenty years he was one of the best representatives of the so-called "occult science" in the world. Mr. Baldwin's show consisted of a variety of features, but that part of it with which his own name is indissolubly connected is the clairvoyant trances into which "The White Mahatma" was able to put his wife. Mrs. Baldwin either walked or was carried on the stage partly hypnotized. She was then put under complete control and blindfolded. An



HOWARD THURSTON'S HANDS.



THE STAGE-SETTING FOR "A NIGHT IN JAPAN."

American flag generally covered her. Several of Mr. Baldwin's assistants then offered the audience some small pads and pencils—the use of which was not obligatory, but this was necessary, as few people go to entertainments with writing-materials in their pockets. Each person could write one question, tear off the paper, fold it, and put it in his own pocket. He could even think the question, if he would keep his mind focused upon the thought. Mrs. Baldwin would then answer the question, and describe the personal appearance and attire of the one who asked it.

The show given by the Roucleres, who have now practically retired, was partially along the lines of that given by the Baldwins, accompanied with features of the finest illusions and magic. Probably the greatest display of

Mrs. Rouclere's psychic powers was in the sensational feat known as "Mildredism." Some one would think of a person, and there would appear before the audience the living representation of the one thought of. At another time, in plain view of all, Mr. Rouclere would strap a man in a chair, and in a few moments the man would be found in the parquet.

Arthur Margery's "magic dyeing" is one of the prettiest tricks of modern conjuring. Mr. Margery takes three ordinary white silk squares and then an ordinary piece of cartridge-paper, both of which may be examined by the audience. The conjurer rolls the paper into the shape of a tube, both ends remaining open, passes a handkerchief through, removing it at the opposite end, and shows the tube horizontally to the audience, who may thus see clear



MADAME AND MONSIEUR ROUCLERE.

through it. This operation is repeated with two other handkerchiefs. Then the first handkerchief is again passed into the tube, this time emerging a "maiden's-blush" crimson. The second handkerchief goes into the tube white and comes out golden yellow, while the third, which goes in white, reappears a "Pride-of-Old-Ireland" green.

Mr. Adrian Plate, a well-known society entertainer of New York, is a clever sleight-of-hand performer and an excellent teacher of magic, and probably has the most extensive knowledge of the subject of magic, both ancient and modern, of any man in the profession. The illustrations represent Mr. Plate in an act that is a high favorite at children's parties. The magician has a piece of paper, folded like a fan, with which he can produce one hundred different pictures; but Plate's greatest trick—which is, after all, no trick at all, but a gigantic feat of memory—was recently done before a few friends in New York. The hostess took one sheet of paper, and Mr. Plate another. Then each wrote, at the dictation of those assembled, one hundred



SAMRI L. BALDWIN.

nouns, which were numbered in order. The two papers were given to the guests, and Mr. Plate began with number one and called every noun on the list, mentioned any number selected, called them off in fives and then backward from one hundred to one. Mr. Plate also performs this feat with short sentences.

Howard Thurston is the most graceful and skilful manipulator of cards in the world. Mr. Thurston's most interesting trick is his "Rising Card." Suppose seven persons among the audience have each selected a card from the pack, and that these cards are the king of spades, the ten of clubs, the five of diamonds, the queen of hearts, the four of clubs, the ace of diamonds, and the seven of spades. The entire deck is put into an ordinary glass goblet, that can be seen into, through and all about. Mr. Thurston makes the few magnetic passes over the pack that are needed to call forth the king of spades, which "bobs up serenely" fully two feet in the air, whence it nestles down in the magician's hand. The ten of clubs and the five of diamonds briskly follow it. The queen of hearts coyly holds back, but is soon coaxed to join her mates. When the last



LONDON'S HOME OF MAGIC.



THEATRE MAGIQUE, NEW YORK.

of the chosen cards has taken its place in Mr. Thurston's hand, he gracefully throws the entire deck of cards, one after another, to the audience. Like beautiful butterflies, they skim along into the boxes, into the dress-circle, into the balcony, and up into the topmost gallery.

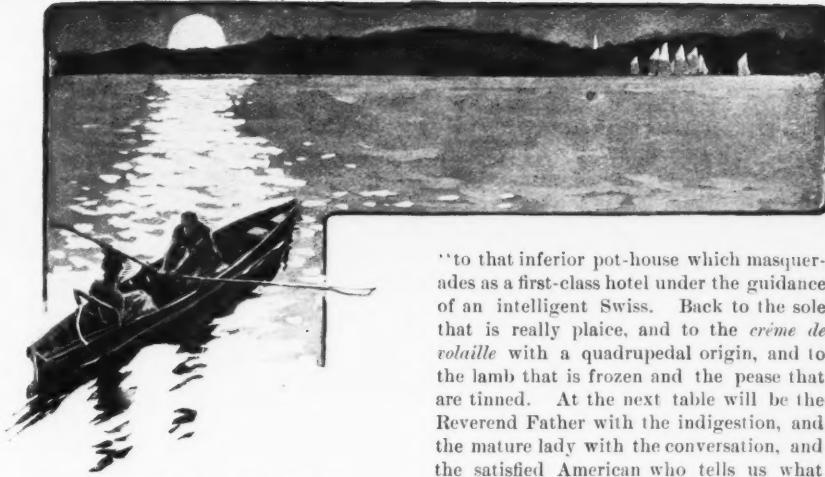
Harry Houdini is the world's champion when it comes to unlocking handcuffs, both ancient and modern make. Probably his greatest feat is an exhibition he makes before detectives and police officers. For this act, Houdini is stripped to the skin. His mouth is searched, to make sure there is no key concealed there, and then sealed with adhesive plaster. The experts fasten irons on his legs and wrists. Occasionally they also put him in the murderers' cell which is locked a couple of times or more. A sheet is fastened over the cell-door, and in less than seven minutes Houdini opens the door, and walks out, holding up in his hand all the irons with which he was locked, with every lock open, for Houdini does

not get out of the locks; he opens them. It would be impossible for him to slip through the irons, for his hands are rather large for his size, and are as hard as iron.

Eating and walking on fire are as old as the art of magic. There is little interest in the "Human Salamander" nowadays, but occasionally for a "stag" affair there is an order; so Mr. Irving "carries the fire-eating trick as a side-line," as he expresses it. He licks what he calls "the devil's torch," as a child would a stick of candy, puts balls of fire in his mouth, blows out a breath so inflammable that he can light it with a match, bites off blazing sealing-wax, and takes other liberties with an element that most people are content to treat respectfully. This puts an appropriate touch of diabolism to an art which, in the popular imagination, has always had intimate relations with the infernal, and places the whole performance in the medieval category of "Black Magic."



A POPULAR ILLUSION.



LOVERS ON AN ISLAND.

BY BARRY PAIN.

I.

"HOW sweet it would be," said Isobel, "to remain here forever in this lovely little island in the middle of the big, lonely lake, just you and I, Willy!"

"Table d'hôte at seven-thirty," said William, gloomily, "and we've got to get back for it. We shan't get another moment alone together till after nine. Even then we shan't, unless we wander off into the garden together; and the last time we did that we were accused of selfishness. We're all right, but I can't make out what the rest of the world was made for."

Truly, it was an enchanting island, with tall trees where the herons built, stretches of bracken and gray, moss-grown boulders where shy, rare lizards sunned themselves. Here for a brief hour they had been quite out of the world; but it was five o'clock, and it would take them nearly two hours to get back to hateful civilization. Hateful civilization demanded them acidly and peremptorily.

"Listen," said Isobel, "to the little wavelets talking nonsense all round the coast—making love to the silence. Oh, this fragment of pure, sequestered Nature!—Nature as sweet as she always is when she is left to herself!"

"And we're going back," said William,

"to that inferior pot-house which masquerades as a first-class hotel under the guidance of an intelligent Swiss. Back to the sole that is really plaice, and to the *crème de volaille* with a quadrupedal origin, and to the lamb that is frozen and the pease that are tinned. At the next table will be the Reverend Father with the indigestion, and the mature lady with the conversation, and the satisfied American who tells us what he will do with this country when he has bought it."

"I don't like the people," said Isobel. "Mama doesn't like them either. The dinner isn't nearly as good as it looks and sounds, but all the same you think too much about food. You're too material."

"I'm particularly spiritual by nature," said William, modestly. "But, at dinner, food is rather thrust on your attention; and I have an honest man's hatred of imitations. Otherwise, my wants are few. A loaf of bread, a jug—or just the ordinary bottle—of wine, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness, and nobody need trouble about me further. In fact, I wouldn't insist on the bread. It's—good heavens!"

They had just come round the corner to the landing-stage, and in one flash of an eye William had realized that the boat in which he had rowed Isobel across to the island was no longer there.

"The boat's got away," cried Isobel, in anguish.

"So I was observing, and I'm afraid it's my fault. I can't make it out, for the knot that I tied couldn't have slipped or gone wrong. The harder the boat pulled the tighter the knot would get. If there had been anyone on this island beside ourselves, I should say that someone had been having a little game with us."

"Oh, Willy! I've remembered. Can you forgive me?"

"Not at present, because I've got nothing to forgive; but if you'll provide the material——"

"It was my fault—all my fault. It was while you were struggling with our fire to boil the kettle. I slipped back to the boat to get my parasol, and it was right at the other end of the boat; and I untied it to pull it round, and then I tied it up again, and I suppose that was it."

"That's all right," said William.

"But what will everybody think? What will they do?"

"Well, with our customary secretiveness we never said where we were going.

which he gave me the use of, and I doubt very much if anybody saw us unlock the boat-house and get it out. (If we'd been trying to steal the boat, we should have had some of his men round us in no time). So taking one consideration after another, we shall certainly be rescued, but quite possibly it won't be till to-morrow morning."

"It's perfectly awful, but I'm quite sure some one will come for us long before that. Don't look so downhearted, Willy; it will only mean that your dear dinner will be put off for an hour or two. I don't mind it a bit. It's rather adventurous and romantic."



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"HOW SWEET IT WOULD BE," SAID ISOBEL, "TO REMAIN HERE FOREVER."

They know that we took the tea-basket and a rug." He had been carrying these, and he now put them down. "And that's all they know. We might be up one of the many noble mountains that give this desolate country its attraction for the tourist. We might be over at the ruined abbey. The lake is three miles away from the hotel and may never occur to them at all. About half-past eight or nine they will begin search-partying, but they won't have the faintest idea where to search. If we had hired the boat, the man who let it could have been depended upon to rescue us. But this is Jefferson's private boat

"Yes, but there's just a chance that it will be beastly uncomfortable for you, if we have to stop here all night. That's what I don't like."

"We aren't going to stop here. Some other boat will come over."

"Bit late in the day for it."

"Well, something's certain to happen. It always does on desert islands. Now, what ought we to do?"

"I'm told there are a lot of queer cross-currents in the lake, and it's quite possible our boat may have drifted in again. We'll just go round the island and look. Or I'll go alone, if you're tired."

"Not a bit. I'll go one way and you'll go the other, and we'll meet. Then we shall do it in half the time."

The entire circuit of the island could be made in twenty minutes, and they had in all probability many vacant hours before them; but there is a joy in saving time, even when it is a very little time and you have no particular use for it. Old gentlemen of an obese habit will run to catch a train on the underground when there is another in three minutes: and then there are inquests.

So William and Isobel encircled the island. But they found no trace whatever of their boat. Isobel said she had been quite sure from the start that that would never do.

"And now," she said, "I know what."

"Well. What is it?"

"We must try smoke-signals. They're often used by the natives, you know."

"Natives of where?"

"How should I know? Just plain natives you get in travel-books."

"I see," said William, gravely. And then they set to work collecting bracken for the smoke-signal. One of Jefferson's gardeners was to see it, answer it, and start to the rescue at once. Of that, Isobel felt quite sure. In the meantime, her word "travel-books" had started her on a train of thought as she gathered the bracken.

"Willy, dearest," she said, suddenly, "we ought to have a barrel of pickled pork, very little injured by the sea-water. People always have things like that on desert islands."

"They do," said William. "It is washed up from the wreck. They've lost their parents in the wreck, but they don't think nearly so much about losing their parents as about finding that barrel. However, it's no good complaining. We've got no pickled pork and no sea-water to damage it with."

"We've got no wreck," said Isobel; "that's the initial mistake. When you are cast up on a desert island, you have the wrecked vessel fixed firmly on the adjacent coral reef. That is so in the story-books, and it comes in very usefully. For that wreck does not stop at pickled pork. Anything you want, from a steam-crane to a tooth-pick, is washed out of the captain's

cabin and delivered safely on the beach at your feet next morning."

"Yes, I know that wreck. It's a gratis removal of goods, with the tide as the vans."

"I don't know that I don't miss the patent desert-islands' animals even more. You know those animals? They're wild, but not so very wild. When George or any other of the desert-island family gets hold of them they become rapidly docile. George finds a hippopotamus and treats it kindly; next day it is still a little shy; but by the end of the week George is driving it tandem in a curricule (washed up from the wreck, of course) with an iguana as leader."

"What's an iguana?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, but I'm pretty certain I've come across it in the desert-island stories. We've got nothing of the kind here. We haven't even got the deep, dark forest of eucalyptus and opodiodoc, all packed with breadfruit, guava jelly, and ripe bananas, with the monkeys swinging in the trees. Oh, this is nothing of a desert island, and I don't care how soon we get out of it!"

"*Varia et mutabilis semper!* An hour ago, you didn't care how long we stopped here."

"Yes," said Isobel, "but there's a difference between stopping because you want to stop and stopping because you can't get away. Here, we must have got enough bracken for our fire by now."

William struck a match. The dry fern blazed freely, and a column of smoke went up on the still air. But no answering signal came from the mainland, and gradually they realized that their fire had not been seen or had not been understood. Isobel strained her eyes to see a boat being rowed toward them, but no boat came.

"This begins to be a nuisance," she said, impatiently. "It's nearly seven, and I am simply faint with hunger and fatigue."

"What a fool I was to let you tire yourself with gathering that bracken!" said William. "However, I'll bring up the rug and the tea-basket, and we must do the best we can. Very likely your smoke-signal was seen. They may be on the way to us by now."

"On the way to us? They'd have been here by this time. You said yourself we

shouldn't get off before to-morrow, and I don't for a moment suppose we shall get off then. It gets frightfully cold at night, too. Never mind. It can't be helped. It was silly of me to let you arrange things—that's all."

Decidedly, fatigue, hunger, and disappointment were doing deadly work with Isobel's temper.

II.

"Luckily," said William, as he unscrewed the stopper of the bottle, "when one goes on a tea-picnic one always takes far too much milk. That milk will be very useful now. Milk is a food, you know; one doesn't starve when one has milk."

"Who says that milk is a food?"

"The doctors say so."

"Well, I say milk is not a food. Milk's a drink. You drink it; you don't eat it. How can it be a food?"

William, good-natured and pusillanimous, said that the doctors were very likely wrong—doctors often were.

"And there's only about a teacupful of it," said Isobel.

"I never touch milk, except in tea," lied William. "It makes me ill. Lots of men are like that."

"I'm almost certain I've seen you drink it."

"Never. Unfortunately, we used all the tea at tea-time. In fact, we seem to have used everything. There are a few biscuits and—ah!—any amount of butter."

"How many biscuits will there be each?"

"Oh, I'm not going to spoil my dinner by eating anything now!"

"There isn't going to be any dinner," said Isobel, in tones of the deepest melancholy.

"We shan't get it for two or three hours, perhaps, but I'm certain we shall get it ultimately. We'll get off this accursed island somehow. Cheer up, Isie."

Isobel did her best to smile faintly. She let herself be persuaded into drinking all the milk and eating all the biscuits. Then her conscience smote her. She was a very good girl, and, as a rule, her conscience had little to do; so on the rare occasions when her conscience did get to work it did not always work in the most

approved manner. Here, for instance, it urged her to prove that she was quite right.

"I'm quite sure," she said, "that you think I'm in a horribly bad temper, Willy."

William laughed. "Not a bit of it. Naturally, this isn't much fun for you."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," said Isobel with, I fear, a touch of the Christian martyr in her voice. "I was thinking about poor mama and the others. How terribly anxious they'll be! Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, but they won't have begun to be anxious yet. They won't begin to be really troubled before nine. We've been late for dinner before, sometimes, you know."

"Yes, and they've talked to us about it; and we promised that we would never be late again."

"Well, it's not really our fault this time."

"We know that, of course, and our own people will know it, too, and believe it; but will the rest of the people in the hotel believe it? Or will they believe we did it on purpose? It's horrible. It's promising."

"We've been engaged a year. We are to be married next month."

"That doesn't stop people's tongues."

"There are lots of ways of stopping people's tongues," said William, darkly.

By this time Isobel had quite justified herself in her own mind, and believed that she had a legitimate cause for grievance.

"It's really rather too bad," she said. "Naturally, I leave you to manage everything. One always leaves it to the man. Then you bring me to 'this horrible place, and then you go and lose the boat. And you don't seem to have the faintest idea what to do to get us away again. An emergency like this is a test, and you really don't come out of it very well. It destroys one's confidence. One doesn't feel that one can depend on you to get one through. You can only just stand there and talk."

This was severe on the island. It had been a "fragment of pure, sequestered Nature;" it was now a "horrible place." It was severe on William, too; for, after all, it was Isobel, and not he, who had lost the boat. If he did nothing it was chiefly

because there was nothing to do. Isobel was on the verge of tears and at her consummate worst.

"I'm most awfully sorry," said William. "I know how trying it must be for you. I'll go and get the stuff together for another fire—it will show up better when it is dark."

"You can try it, of course," said Isobel, resignedly.

III.

William went, and at that moment his luck turned right round. At first he could hardly believe his eyes. There was the boat, which had been brought back by the queer currents of the lake, drifting quietly along, as if it had never done anything wrong in its life.

"Isie!" he called. "It's all right. Come right along home."

She came running toward him. He pointed out the boat.

"Return of the wanderer," he said.

"Yes, but it's drifting away from us, and even now it's quite out of reach."

"I'm prepared to bet one hundred pounds to one hayseed that it is not out of my reach," said William. "Please hold my coat for a minute."

He waded the first part of the way, swam the rest, and brought back the boat. As he stood on the shore, panting and wringing the water from his clothes, Isobel's conscience smote her once more, and by this time it had got into thorough working order and smote her hard and truly.

"Willy! You're soaked, and you'll simply catch your death of cold."

"Not I. Rowing will keep me warm. If you'll just catch hold here, I'll fetch the basket and the rug."

When he came back, he found her repeating with all the solemnity of a litany: "I am a beast. I am a pig. I won't forgive myself. I'll never, never, never forgive myself."

"Hul—lo!" he exclaimed. "What's all the trouble?"

"I am ashamed of myself. I'm very sorry. It would only serve me right."

"Afraid I can't. Not got time, for one thing. Tumble in, sweetheart. All right? Off we go then."

As he pulled hard away from the island, she continued: "It was simply splendid the way you brought that boat in. I never saw anything quite like it. It was



"HE WADED PART OF THE WAY . . . AND BROUGHT BACK THE BOAT."

magnificent. And to think you did it all for the stupid, spiteful, cowardly she cat that I am."

"I say, don't go on like that," said William, "or you'll make me laugh, and I can't laugh and pull at the same time. To think that I sneered at the intelligent Swiss who runs our hotel. Shan't I fly at his warmed-up garbages as soon as I get a chance!"

"I do wish you hadn't gone into the water like that."

"It won't do me any harm, and it will do us collectively good. It proves that we really did lose the boat."

"You're an angel!"

And luck, having now decided to take the lovers in hand, did the thing thoroughly well. They tucked the boat up in its little home by the edge of the lake and took the path up into the main road, and they had hardly reached the road before they heard behind them the sound of a quick, trotting horse.

"That's Vera!" exclaimed William; "must be." The horse and cart swung round the corner into sight. "By Jove, it is! Hi, there! Tom!"

Vera was a fast mare belonging to the proprietor. William always maintained that the intelligent Swiss must have stolen her, on the grounds that the Swiss would never have bought so good an animal, and nobody would have been fool enough to give her to him.

The man pulled up, and William helped Isobel up into the cart. "You'll be home in a quarter of an hour," he said.

"But aren't you coming, too?"

"Too wet. I'll run for it. I shan't be long after you."

On his arrival, he found that she had already established for him a serviceable reputation as a hero and a genius. As the utmost of his exploit was that he had swum a few yards in his clothes and recognized a horse, he felt that he had obtained the reputation at a very moderate cost.

The hotel-dinner was over, but the intelligent Swiss, susceptible to the beauty of Isobel and the long purse of her father, did wonders. They dined well, under the admiring supervision of Isobel's family. The Swiss produced, with an air of mystery, a very special bottle. "No," he said to

William, "zat is not on ze vine-list. It is not filth, zat. I haf drunk him myself."

And Isobel explained to her mother that if you were in a railway-collision, a colliery-explosion, a shipwreck, and an earthquake simultaneously you were quite all right as long as you had William with you.

"If I'd been with anybody else, she said I should have been sitting on that darling little island without any dinner at this moment."

The length of the swim increased and multiplied exceedingly. By the end of dinner it was represented that William had swum half-way across the lake. She also proved that, but for William, there would have been no cart to take her swiftly home from the lake. I do not know how she did this, because the cart would have overtaken her in any case; and even if she had not recognized the horse, the man Tom would certainly have pulled up when he recognized her. So I do not know how she did it; but she did it, and with such enthusiasm as to convince all who heard her—with the solitary exception of William himself. He protested frequently and firmly, until he found that he was merely earning another reputation for excessive modesty. Then he gave up.

But it was pleasant to sun himself in his lady's favor once more.

IV.

Long after Isobel had gone to bed William sat in the hotel smoking-room, consuming many cigarettes, and listening to the converse of an aged angler.

Now the angler was a cynic, which is not wonderful. While the angler is not catching fish—that is to say, by far the greater part of the time that he is trying to catch them—he has leisure for meditation, and his meditations are likely to take a bitter tone; but I do not know why all cynics are extremely liable to say things about women. There seems to be no reason for it.

The aged angler's principal opponent was the dyspeptic clergyman, whom William and Isobel had dignified by the name of the Reverend Father. But tonight the Reverend Father had gone to bed early, in a state of harassing doubt as

to whether it had been wise of him to take a second helping of iced pudding. Consequently the aged angler had room to spread himself, and he talked on the subject of women.

"You will never find in any woman," he cried, dictatorially, "a really perfect sense of truth and justice! Even the best of them have not got it. The best woman in the world will blame her husband for what is really rank bad luck and not his fault in the very least. If the train in which they are traveling breaks down, and she has a few hours to wait, she always feels and acts as if her husband was in some way responsible."

"But then," said William, "she also praises and loves her husband for his good luck, for which, also, he is not responsible. One injustice cancels the other, and they both go out, and so no harm's done."

"You really think that?"

"Certainly."

"Then all I can say is that you have no proper sense of justice yourself."

"Very likely," said William. "And I'll bet you the want of it doesn't keep me awake to-night. Good-night! everybody."

"Of course," said the aged angler, when William had gone, "we have to take into account that he's very much engaged to be married. Poor chap!"



THE WINTER POOL.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

DEEP in the woods, amid the giant trees,
It lies alone within an open space,
Beloved in summer by the sylvan race
Of God's best poets—birds and golden bees ;
Diana's mirror, full of memories
Of all the nameless wonder of her face
And of the myriad jewel-stars that grace
Orion's glory and the Pleiades.

Behold it now, all ghostly white and still,
Shut in the shadow of the ice and snow,
A solitary, sad, forsaken thing ;
Bereft of beauty, marred and dark until
Diana comes again and looks to know
Her living smile—the loveliness of Spring !

WHAT A MOTHER CAN DO FOR HER DAUGHTER.

BY LAVINIA HART.

I.

THE first thing a mother can do for her daughter is to see that she is properly born. The doctrine of heredity as applied to physical and temperamental tendencies has been well proven. The science of the prenatal influence of maternal thought and environment upon the unborn child is likewise substantiated by abundant instances. The first and fundamental office of a mother for her child, therefore, precedes the date of its birth.

Not every child can be born "with a silver spoon in its mouth." Not every child can be born to ease or refinement or exalted station. Few are born with an equal chance to conquer the obstacles that await them. But what should be the heritage of every child, regardless of clime or condition or kind, is to be healthily born, with physical and moral tendencies toward what is wholesome and good.

We hear much of fate and destiny and kindred bugaboos, but if the truth were known we should probably find that our destinies took shape beneath our mothers' hands before the hour when we first drew breath toward their fulfilment. For what is destiny but the better or worse equipment with which Nature endows us? And what is the finger of fate but a warning digit that mercilessly points to our given temperaments?—which, despite our efforts to develop the good or moderate the bad, confine us within a certain scope—as the circle finished can be no wider of radius than the given arc.

It is not only the child, however, who benefits by the initial advantage of being properly born. The mother of a normal child finds her work simplified. She will get results—sure and lasting results—for her labor, as the farmer who sows in healthy, fertile soil reaps a good harvest.

II.

Good health is at the bottom of all things good. He who is physically healthy is spiritually blessed. If good health does not always make good morals, poor health often conduces to bad ones. Rarely do we find a physical weakling imbued with a con-

tented spirit or lightening the burdens of others with patience and good cheer. The birth of wit is in good digestion; hope springs from a healthy circulation, and out of strong nerves comes success.

The mother who would give her daughter a firm foundation on which to build a happy, useful life should take that daughter's health into consideration before she is born, and thereafter do everything within her power to develop and improve it. Those lightly-regarded children's diseases, of whose symptoms and treatment young mothers are too often ignorant, frequently weaken and undermine constitutions to such an extent they never grow to be robust.

It is impossible to overrate the worth of a strong, vital, healthy personality in a woman. Her influence in the home is so great that her physical condition lightens or leadens the atmosphere of it. The woman of sound health is she who is the comrade of man, the inspiration and the uplift of him.

In the elementary stages of a girl's career, health has a very direct influence upon her character. The inclination to humor a sickly child is almost too great for a mother's resistance. It is impossible to submit a delicate girl to rigid discipline; and discipline is the stuff from which character is made. The children who are early taught conformity to rules acquire an inbred respect for law which amounts to a principle, and which simplifies the philosophy of their lives thereafter. Yet the rules must be wise rules, and consistent, else more is lost in the years of awakening knowledge than was gained in the period of unquestioning faith; and the discipline must be prompted by love and never by anger, else its lesson is lost, and the motive which actuates the punishment is less worthy than the offense.

III.

That old school which taught children life's lessons by rule of rod long ago closed its doors. Increased culture and civilization revealed that there were better and more lasting methods. An impression made

upon a child's mind is everlasting; an impression made upon its body is forgotten with the sting. The old school ignored several important considerations. Children have rights. They are human beings, separate and distinct, with individual souls. They are not goods and chattels. They have no option about being born into a world which demands much and gives little. They are entitled to every advantage their fathers can afford and every indulgent care and wise consideration their mothers can bestow. These considerations, and no less than these, inspire genuine filial devotion; which is made not only of the love which kindred blood engenders, but of the love which admiration and sympathy create, and of the fear which is awe for superior qualities and capabilities—a fear which exalts and emphasizes every great love.

The mother who creates such a bond of love and respect between her daughter and herself stores up power immeasurable to make and to mold; but such a mother must first be, to the best of her ability, what she would have her daughter become. The caprice of chance or the fluctuation of stocks may bring us more of material consideration than we justly deserve; but the status we hold with our intimates is based upon just what we are. It is useless to demand respect, if there be not that within us which commands it without words. It is futile to coax the confidence of another, if that other have not faith in our judgment, reliance upon our sympathy and belief in our loyalty. Nor will it avail to preach truth and practise deceit; or sincerity while we are frivolous; or ambition while we are listless. Pattern succeeds where precept fails. The mother who would make her daughter progress must progress with her; nor will all the gain of this effort accrue to the benefit of the daughter, for if she profit by the experience and wisdom of the elder, the mother in turn benefits by constant association with the gaiety, the enthusiasm, the faith, the quick-recovering hope that are the emblems of youth.

IV.

So may a mother remain young with her daughter and, catching youth's infectious spirit, maintain a comradeship which will serve as an effective medium for offering

counsel and imparting knowledge. So, too, may be averted that catastrophe which all mothers dread—the dethronement as the central figure in a daughter's life; the gradual slipping away from the stage-center to make room for new characters—school-girl chums, rival confidantes, admirers, suitors, husband, children—new conditions and new interests, in which the mother plays the inferior part of an interested on-looker; which is a most unnatural situation. It is within the power of every mother to create within her daughter a need for such companionship as she alone in all the world can give—a tie that will not break through time or separation; that will remain unique and sacred through new friendships and new loves, and from whose satisfying bond not husband, nor children, nor ambition, nor new conditions or varied interests can detract.

It is impossible for a mother to do all within her power for her daughter, unless this bond of love and understanding exists. Without it, counsel is command, and criticism censure. With it, a mother can touch upon every conceivable subject, and be sure of its proper reception. She knows and sympathizes with the character with which she is dealing; for not only has she studied that character but she has helped to make it what it is. With this tacit understanding the mother's motives are as plain as the course they suggest. By this means do principles of morality and ethics fix themselves unconsciously in the daughter's mind, creating moral balance and a normal condition of conscience. Such a girl requires no coaching, no warning, no preparation for special occasions. She is equipped for every emergency. She is clad in an armor of character, which is proof against every attack.

This schooling is delicate work. It requires patience and tact, consistency and the personal embodying of one's own ideas; but it pays. Not the least of its rewards is that it admits the broad view. The girl whose character is broad can grasp wide vistas and maximum dimensions without hurt. The mother of such a girl measures out knowledge with a care to those weights that create a nice balance. She teaches her the doctrine of love; that love is the axis on which the spiritual universe rotates,

from the love of God, which creates for us the sunshine, to the love for God, which lets it sink into our hearts; that the love for Nature is what makes us good, and the love for human nature is what makes us better. But along with this lesson that love is life, she teaches her that modesty is life's staff. Likewise she sets forth the beauty of impulse, of deep feeling, of quick sympathy, of prompt act and unfaltering speech—not failing to dwell on the classic beauty of perfect self-control. She teaches her to seek, and to find, and to emulate the good in every one—not omitting to convey that much knowledge of the bad which shall enable her to separate the wheat from the chaff.

V.

With the shutting down of the old school, a grave error in the training of girls became obsolete. It had been the custom, regardless of the failure of the experiment in the Garden of Eden, to rear girls with ignorant and incomplete conceptions of life; to teach them platitudes rather than truisms. Their moral digestions were weakened from feeding on fancies when they should have been nourished by realisms. When girls are taught to believe that life is all roses, the thorns will play havoc with their unsuspecting hands. The "look-out-for-the-locomotive" sign is a life-preserver. The secret advices of the enemy's camp, of its whereabouts and its workings, have saved even the best of generals from ignoble defeat. There is no virtue in ignorance. Knowledge is the flower of civilization; and, out of whatever soil it springs, its bloom is fair and sweet-scented. Mothers have contended that revealing what is vicious and insincere in human nature will shatter young faith and sully its innocence. Short-sightedness of a bygone school! Innocence founded on ignorance is an uncertain quantity at best—and misplaced faith is a mockery. The mother who, from shallow conceptions or a false sense of modesty, permits her daughter to traverse a road studded with pitfalls and by-paths, unmarked by danger-signals, cannot be held blameless if that daughter trips.

Discovering that human fault and frailty exist can but enhance ones love and respect for the strong and good. Faith in human

nature is a blessing to character. It leavens and keeps sweet the loaf of happiness. But without the knowledge of right and wrong, which helps properly to place that faith, the given blessing becomes a curse—to sour the loaf, and to embitter a character which otherwise would have been noble.

The curriculum for a girl's home training must be exhaustive—it must cover the ground for every possible emergency—else its purpose is unfulfilled, and the mother, as such, misses wide the mark.

VI.

There ought to be a national institution tutoring girls in the ways and means, the motives, manners, morals and methods of men. That national institution could be the home, but too often it is not. The modern man goes out into the world and acquires, by experience, knowledge of men and women, of events and their significance—an effective if costly method that is not open to women.

Women—most women—are gifted with instinct. A few of them have reason and judgment. A few more have will. Yet even the rare combination of all these qualities is tested when a girl is thrust from convent or boarding-school into society, if she has no knowledge of human nature as it is or of human life and its requirements except as she has gathered it from novels, day-dreams and other girls' fancies. Picturesque ideals, no doubt, and almost too pretty to spoil; but spoil they will in the first encounter with reality—and it is better and safer that they should be properly torn down and substantially rehabilitated at the outset.

It is essential for girls to know that all men who flatter are not fools; that all men who smile are not suitors; that fine manners do not always cover fine morals; that "I love you," under the present social system, lacks the ring of truth or the tone of honor when unaccompanied by "will you marry me?"

These and associate truths are not yet generally considered an essential element in a young girl's education. If modern mothers have ceased hiding these truths, they have not yet sufficiently progressed to set them forth and throw light upon them. The tendency is to compromise—and out of the

compromise comes the chaperon. Moderately thoughtful mothers regard the chaperon as something more than a conventional institution. They hope she may be really useful as well as ornamental. They convince themselves that she does more than satisfy appearances—that she is a sort of barrier, *pro tempore*, between their daughters and the world of risqué possibilities and perilous situations. The essential thing, therefore, is to keep them well chaperoned. Which, if the chaperon be better than some who become popular as such, can do no particular harm. A certain amount of restraint is placed upon young people in the presence of an elder; besides, it affords *passé* ladies an opportunity to enjoy life. Love, however—not to speak of several other tendencies—laughs at locksmiths. There is no chaperon whose vigilance can take the place of individual character and conscience. The only chaperon whose back is never turned, whose sight or hearing is never dulled, whose espionage never flags, is a girl's own consciousness of right and wrong. Her greater or lesser respect for the commands of that chaperon will depend upon the character her mother has instilled; upon the fineness of her sense of honor, the depth of her personal dignity, and the quality of culture toward which her training trends—whether it be that thin-skinned variety of so-called culture, which is made up of wordy professions and superficial signs intended to impress, or culture that results from well-established tastes and lofty tendencies, and is bred away down to the bone.

VII.

In these days we hear much of "culture," and "ethics," and "higher education" and "advanced thought." Drawing-room conversation is thickly sprinkled with these terms. In truth, they lend an air; but "culture" and "higher education" are more than terms. Practically applied to ones living, they are as pleasing and profitable in the routine of the day as they are in the theories of conversation; yet these esthetic heights are not reached by flights of fancy nor by holding ones nose high in the air. They are not secured by a single bound, nor by the usage of high-sounding

names. Neither is the open sesame to their beautiful mysteries discovered through a hole in the top. The much-discussed "higher education" is a matter of roots. It deals with the bases of knowledge. It is not a smattering of this or an inkling of that. It is not a finishing process. It is a process of thorough beginnings, practical foundations and first courses.

And culture? Culture is the commonplace, lifted out of the ordinary by those who are fearless. Culture is cleanliness. It is thoroughness. It has to do with clean linen, as well as clean morals. It stands for the lack of smut behind actual doors, no less than behind the inlets and outlets to character. Culture is not a knowledge of the best books, an entrée to the best houses, a smattering of foreign languages, a taste for fine arts or a distaste for the practical. Culture has to do with the practical. It grows out of a thorough knowledge and wholesome treatment of the practical. Its influence is as strong in interviews with the cook as with the king. Its magnitude increases and its power is as keenly felt in the judicious guiding of the fall housecleaning, as it is in the presiding chair of a club for the liberal arts.

We hear much discussion as to the advisability of a college education for women. It is feared that this mysterious "higher education" may unfit women for their duties as wives and mothers. The American woman's critics contend that she is attaining too much culture for the comfort of the American man—that it will put her out of conceit with her natural sphere, which is the household, and create distaste for things domestic. Shades of progress! What is the purpose of culture, if not to make us adaptable?

Toward what does the "higher education" tend, if not to fit most adequately each of us for his life's work? It signifies but little what that work may be—whether the highest art or the lowliest labor—the well-trained mind will be of greatest aid toward its fulfilment, and genuine culture will exalt it to the worker's level.

There is the key-note to the ethics which a mother may convey to her daughter. Culture is not confined to the drawing-room. Culture is not a cloak to be donned in fine company. It is not powder and paint to

be used for make-up over society's foot-lights. Kitchen ethics exist, and they do not demoralize. On the contrary, the woman who is familiar with, and conducive to, the welfare of every department of her household is she who can abandon herself in the drawing-room. It is only when the meaner details of living are systematically cared for that they keep their destined level and create no jar. The wise mother begins with kitchen-lore and leads up to that of the drawing-room and library, instilling primary ethics with a foundation that spurns no detail of practical knowledge. For on such foundation, and such alone, can the more exalted ethics which make and keep an ideal home be attained.

VIII.

Household economics are nearer to love's ethics than we suspect; and the pit of the stomach lies close to the soul. Cold soup and bad service may not corrupt love; but the mind which is occupied with adjusting itself to these unfortunate conditions is for just so long a space detained from loftier and more profitable considerations.

The most desirable accomplishment a mother can bestow upon her daughter is a knowledge of every duty that pertains to the maintenance of a home. Music, languages, fine arts—the pursuance of these talents must depend upon the family purse, and their worth will depend somewhat upon the girl's future station. But into whatever walk of life her choice may lead her she will need—or should need—to be familiar with the requirements for home-making. A mother can best impart this knowledge by affording practical experience—by allowing her daughter to supply the larder, to direct the servants, to arrange the menus, and to take temporary charge of the household régime. Add to this a knowledge of the exactions of husbands, the demands of sons, the requirements of daughters, and all the new and varied responsibilities of the married state; and girls will acquire a profound respect, not unmixed with awe,

for the marital institution. The number of them who marry in haste to repent at leisure will be reduced to a minimum—and the number of ideal homes will increase in proportion.

Yet this consideration for the practical, which is a means, should not obscure the ideal, which is an end. Healthy ideals do not clash with practical conditions. Neither do they create discouragement over the failure to attain to our highest hopes. It is better to have ideals that are never realized than to have no ideals at all. There is a gulf between ourselves and our souls' best aims. It is the gulf of imperfect human nature. But the higher we aim the better we live. Look up, and the stars are our guide. Look down, and the sewers beckon.

IX.

What a mother can do for her daughter, then, sums up to this: she can give her the benefit of a fair and equal start; she can give her the best moral, mental and physical training given materials will permit; she can build up between themselves a bond which shall be a solace in sunshine, a mainstay in storm; she can be not only a preceptor but a pattern for culture and character; she can give her the benefit of her experience as a woman with a woman's world to conquer—the priceless nuggets of wisdom, gleaned from girlhood, wifehood, motherhood; she can train her in all that is practical, and direct her toward all that is ideal.

But these are the things a mother can do for her daughter. What a mother will do for her daughter will be governed by what her mother in turn did for her; by what she did for herself when that mother's work was ended; by the husband she chose to be an influence in her home's environment, and somewhat upon that unknown quantity we best designate as soul—with which the good God has seen fit, in greater or less degree, to endow the presence of her offspring.



CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART VIII.

HENRY PHIPPS.

BY JAMES H. BRIDGE.

THREE is a yellow light in the sky at Pittsburg. People who live there think it is the reflection of furnaces. Others seeing it from afar recognize it as a halo of romance—the romance of millions, almost of milliards. It is the glow of the piles of gold sent there a year or more ago by J. Pierpont Morgan in exchange for sundry title-deeds and other parchments. Since that happy day Pittsburg has had an aurora borealis of its own, and every citizen has walked with an audible metallic clink. The largest segment of the Morgan halo—a trifle over fifty per cent.—settled, of course, about the head of Andrew Carnegie, radiating auriferous beams from Bessemer to Balmoral. The next biggest piece, worth perhaps a hundred millions, cases the brows of Henry Phipps, giving him a prominence which he would gladly avoid. For great as is his wealth his modesty is still greater. The founder, and for many years the leader, of the industrial aggregate known as the Carnegie Steel Company has stood so long in the shadow and seen the search-light of publicity turned other-wards, that his eyes blink confusedly whenever it is directed upon himself. While the world resounds with the name of Carnegie, that of Phipps is seldom found even in the biographical files of newspaper-offices where the makings of obituary notices are kept. Not one writer in a thousand nor one reader in a million knows that the honor of founding the greatest iron and steel business in the world and guiding it to its first success belongs to Henry Phipps.

The story of his success in life is even more romantic than that of Carnegie's; for, unlike his former partner, he owes nothing to speculation. He began life with nothing—not even a full common-school education—



HENRY PHIPPS.

and by sheer grit, foresight and attention to business built up a fortune running into nine figures. Except, perhaps, in the latest phase of it, when Morgan paid more than five hundred millions for what a year before could have been bought for three hundred millions, there was not a single

Early in 1903, *THE COSMOPOLITAN* will issue a handsomely-bound volume of five hundred pages, in which will be included the lives of eighty men notable in the American world of production. It may be said that but slight effort has heretofore been made to secure disinterested testimony bearing upon the early education, struggles, and moral, mental and business evolution of the men who are so prominently before the public in connection with the world of finance, manufactures and transportation. As the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* are aware, this is being attempted in the *Captains of Industry*; and, because of the great care taken in preparation, the collection in book form should prove a really valuable addition to every household library.

element of luck in his whole career. He never took a chance and, except that just named, never made a profit that was not "earned" in the most restricted sense of the word. In this his great fortune is probably unique.

In another way, also, his career is without parallel for a man as successful as he has been: he never made an enemy, nor lost a friend. To-day, as fifty years ago, he is lovingly known in Pittsburg as "Harry Phipps."

Henry Phipps was born in Philadelphia, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1839. His father was a hard-working man with no pretense, except a pride in his English origin and a keen appreciation of his own good workmanship. His wife also came from a Shropshire family, and had more than the average mental equipment of the English middle-class of her day. She was fond of books, and had a good memory for what she read. She was earnest in the discharge of her duties, and brought up her children in habits of thrift and industry. It was from his mother that Henry Phipps derived his mental qualities. From his father he inherited the physical alertness which has always characterized him.

During Henry's childhood his parents moved to Allegheny, where business was brisk enough to warrant the employment of three or four workmen in the shoe business in which he engaged. Among these workmen was one of the now best-known millionaires of Pittsburg. But the business could hardly have been a profitable one, for at thirteen years of age we hear of young Phipps earning a dollar and a quarter a week as general-utility boy with a jeweler named Barton, who had a small shop at the corner of Cherry Alley and Liberty Street, Pittsburg. Here he had an alarming experience which he remembers to this day: he accepted for his employer a counterfeit ten-dollar bill. That meant two months' wages. It was county-fair day, and the town was full of strangers; and the hapless lad started out on the apparently hopeless quest of the man who had cheated him. Having once got on his track, however, the boy did not leave it until he had run his quarry to earth and recovered his loss. He also served a short

term working for John D. Egan in a small shop where newspapers, looking-glasses and odd things of all sorts were sold. Had Egan kept the same shop in Thrums he would have been immortalized by Barrie. As it is, Pittsburg only remembers him as a quaint character who had been a monk, had eloped with a nun, and in other ways had displayed a startling originality in the working out of his career.

There was no great future in sight for the Egan business, however interesting its past; and the Barton horizon being equally narrow, young Phipps borrowed twenty-five cents from his brother and advertised in the "Pittsburg Dispatch" for a fresh situation. That advertisement appeared in the issue of May 10th, 1856. The nascent ambition of the youth was already in evidence. The advertisement brought a reply from the firm of Dilworth and Bidwell, who had something to do with iron and iron spikes, and were the local agents of the Dupont Powder Company. Beginning here as office-boy, he was soon promoted to the position of bookkeeper; and in a few years, when the firm was dissolved, Dilworth taking the spike-mill and Bidwell the powder business, young Phipps was taken by the latter into partnership. This was about 1861.

A year or more before this, however, when Phipps was not quite twenty-one years old, he had become silent partner and night bookkeeper of Kloman & Company, who had a small forge and blacksmith shop in Duquesne Borough, now a part of Allegheny. The Kloman shop was about three miles from the Phipps home in lower Allegheny, and after his day's work at Bidwell's, the young bookkeeper had three miles of muddy, rough walking in the fall, winter and spring, and hot dusty walking in the summer to get to his night work at Kloman's. There was also a three-mile walk home again in the dark. But Phipps, ever ready to find compensations, professed to enjoy this nightly tramp of six miles, because part of it was along the old tow-path of the Pennsylvania canal. In this way he developed grit, fortitude, perseverance and other qualities which later fitted him for his captaincy in the army of industrialism.

This Kloman forge was the microscopic

germ from which grew the greatest steel business in the world. By 1861 the firm was known as Kloman and Phipps, and the business had grown beyond the capacity of the Duquesne forge. A small iron-mill was therefore built at Twenty-ninth Street, Pittsburgh.

About two years later a young Scotchman, named Carnegie—not the one whose philanthropy has since become so picturesque, but his young brother, Thomas Morrison Carnegie—joined the firm. Phipps and he had been child friends and boy companions; their association in business was now riveted in affection, sympathy and mutual esteem. They were ideal partners, each supplementing and rounding out the faculties of the other. Their business grew apace, and for the next few years prospered beyond all expectation.

In the meantime, Andrew Carnegie, the brother of Mr. Phipps' partner, while occupying a salaried position on the Pennsylvania Railroad, had made a couple of lucky speculations, one in an invention and the other in an oil-property. He had also, sometime in 1864, invested a part of these profits in a rolling-plant, known as the Cyclops Mill; but after running this mill at a loss for some six or nine months he proposed to his brother and Mr. Phipps a union of interests by which the Cyclops Mill should be taken under the management that had made the Kloman-Phipps concern so successful. The Cyclops Mill was a fairly valuable property, but the stigma of failure was upon it; and Mr. Phipps and his partners refused to take it into the combination unless a generous cash contribution accompanied it. Anxious to be rid of his burden, Andrew Carnegie agreed to their demands and he finally paid them a lump sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be divided among them and not to be used in the business. In return he accepted forty per cent. of the stock of the combination, which now called itself the Union Iron Mills Company. It consisted of Andrew Kloman, Henry Phipps, Thomas M. Carnegie, each with twenty per cent. of the shares of the corporation, and Andrew Carnegie with the remaining forty per cent. This was in May, 1865, some six years after Mr. Phipps had joined Kloman in his little business, and three years

after Thomas M. Carnegie had been taken into their partnership. To the accident which gave one partner forty per cent. and to the others only twenty per cent. each of the stock of the Union Iron Mills is due the prominence of Andrew Carnegie and the comparative obscurity of his partners in all the subsequent organizations which grew around this early enterprise.

It involves no denial of Andrew Carnegie's undoubted ability to assign to Henry Phipps and Thomas Morrison Carnegie the credit of the early success of this common enterprise. They had been in the iron business for years. They were both men of the highest capacity. They had practical knowledge of their work. They had the inspiriting record of success, and even the unprofitable rolling-mill which Andrew Carnegie brought into the combination became immediately profitable under their skilful management. Indeed, it was not long before the Cyclops plant, as well as the Twenty-ninth Street mill, was rebuilt and enlarged to meet the growing needs of the business.

It is interesting to note the first use made by Mr. Phipps of his share of the purchase-money paid by Andrew Carnegie on the formation of the Union Iron Mills Company. According to precedent and prudential maxims he ought to have invested it in more mills to produce more iron, to earn more money, to buy more mills, and so on, *ad infinitum*. But instead of this he gave himself a grand and glorious holiday, the remembrance of which brings the sparkle to his eyes even to this day. He made a tour, mainly on foot, through Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, his companions being Andrew Carnegie and John Vandervort, who afterward became his partner. During their absence of nine months the faithful "Tom" Carnegie managed the business and carried it with complete success through a very trying time.

Andrew Kloman soon got involved in outside ventures and was forced to sell out of the Union Iron Mills to forestall the sheriff. His interest was bought by his partners.

In 1872 the Lucy Furnace, named after the wife of Thomas M. Carnegie, was

built, and here another great man was discovered by Mr. Phipps and taken into the firm. This was H. M. Curry, under whose management the Lucy Furnace soon led the world in production of pig-iron. Beginning with sixty to seventy-five tons, it later ran up to as much as three hundred tons of pig-iron a day. Both Curry and Thomas M. Carnegie have long been dead, but their work was alive when J. Pierpont Morgan bought it at so high a price a couple of years ago. And Henry Phipps has been before all in his readiness to acknowledge the services of these honored dead to the iron and steel industry of America.

To tell of all that Mr. Phipps has done since would be to summarize the history of the organization, successively known as the Carnegie-Phipps Company, Carnegie Brothers, and finally as the Carnegie Steel Company. In an imperfect way this is a matter of general knowledge. Its growth has been one of the wonders of our day. From a capitalization of five millions in 1886, to twenty-five millions in 1892, and to one hundred and sixty millions in 1899, its expansion but kept pace with its earning power; and when the alleged Steel Trust was formed a couple of years ago, it was discovered that without the giant offspring of the little Kloman-Phipps forge it was no trust at all, but only a collection of formerly-competing plants, with the best-equipped and greatest competitor of all left outside.

In all this change and growth Mr. Phipps' special position was of great importance. It was that of directing the financing of what were then large businesses with limited capital. He was ever watching cost-lines and seeing to it that, as much as possible, a full day's production came for a full day's pay, and that improvements in furnaces, iron mixtures, *et cetera*, were constantly replacing less-economical methods. It was in these particulars that the great Carnegie plant ultimately surpassed all others, giving it many advantages over competitors; but in early days there were many times when pig-iron was more easily produced than cash, and the financial director sat up at night nursing the infant industry.

Mr. Phipps was not only a great finan-

cier; he was a discoverer of new and economical processes. One example of his ingenuity is recalled in this connection.

At the Lucy Furnaces what is known as "mill-iron" was one of the products made between 1875 and 1890. The mixture then in use was seventy-five to eighty per cent. of Lake Superior ore, and twenty to twenty-five per cent. of puddle-furnace cinder. The cost of this cinder per unit of iron was less than one-tenth the cost per unit of iron made of ore, but the cinder contained more than three times the phosphorus that was in the same amount of ore. As is well known, phosphorus is an undesirable element in iron; and therefore the use of the cheaper mixture was limited. Mr. Phipps knew that the Union Iron Mills, in common with all similar works, made a large amount of heating-furnace cinder, technically known as "flue-cinder," which was considered a waste product and was thrown out on the river-banks. He quietly had some of this cinder analyzed, and found it as rich in iron as the puddle-furnace cinder. It worked as well in the furnace, and carried less than one-fifth the amount of phosphorus. He therefore changed the furnace-mixture to sixty per cent. of flue-cinder and forty per cent. of Lake Superior ore, and despite this great economy a better pig-iron was produced than before. This was kept a trade-secret for many years, during which hundreds of thousands of tons of flue-cinder were bought at prices much below the cost of puddle-furnace cinder, and the Lucy Furnaces were coining money when competitors were saying that "sledding was rough."

The special angel who has charge of the record of men's good works is the only one who knows the extent and frequency of Mr. Phipps' benefactions, for he is unfashionably secretive in matters of this kind. Some of the things he has done are too big for concealment, such as the great Phipps conservatories in Pittsburg and Allegheny. There are also a fine gymnasium, with baths, laundry, reading-room, *et cetera*, and an extensive playground that bear his name in the Pittsburg ward where he spent his youth. The gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the homeless Boers was recently chronicled in the press; but so far as he can he prevents his left hand from

knowing of the good his right hand is doing; and unless the recipient of a gift advertises it, it is never known to the world at large.

In person Mr. Phipps is "pony-built," but of surprising rapidity of motion. His hair and beard are just beginning to show an occasional silver thread, but otherwise he is not a day older than he was seventeen years ago, when, as I have reason to remember, his muscular alertness was suggestive of long athletic training, for with a single movement he caught me as I was falling down an unguarded stairway in a Pittsburg theater and saved me from a serious injury. In manner and voice he is of feminine gentleness; but under the suave and persuasive exterior is a firm and compelling will that is usually productive of a ready assent to any proposition which he thinks worth pressing. At the same time his power over his fellows is based on human affection, and his kind and sympathetic manner inspires a devotion in subordinates that expresses itself in prompt and ready service. His own frankness is so spontaneous and natural that it begets

confidence in return; and in days gone by whenever a mission called for exceptional tact and forbearance it was usually assigned by his colleagues to Henry Phipps.

The silence and shadow to which his own modesty and the great prominence of others in the concern have always placed him have served temporarily to obscure the services he constantly rendered his firm, but they are known to the future historian of the great enterprise he founded, and no doubt they will eventually be set forth in their proper form and place. To the end he kept his supremacy as financial director among the great men who, one by one, were added to the group which gathered under the Carnegie banner. For thirty-five years he served as chief steward of the ever-growing organization, until Mr. Morgan came and lifted the load from his hands to his brow. And now he enjoys his well-earned rest in a Scotch castle, and is looking forward to a tranquil seat at his own fireside in a Fifth Avenue palace. It is an appropriate, if somewhat conventional, rounding-off of his remarkable business career.

JOHN FAIRFIELD DRYDEN.

BY JAMES H. BRIDGE.

HERBERT SPENCER has somewhere said that the chief difference between the savage and the civilized man is the former's lack of foresight. Notwithstanding the hardships of primitive life, the savage but slowly learns to practise self-denial in order to provide for remote contingencies. Given ample provision for to-day, he has no anxiety about the uncertainties of to-morrow.

This trait is also seen in varying degrees in every large community, and is a fair index of the graded intelligence of its people. It is not the skilled workman among ourselves who lives a hand-to-mouth existence; it is he who occupies the lowest position of labor to which his inferior mental equipment limits him. It is from those of the latter class that the ranks of pauperism are recruited. It is they who, after a life of vicissitudes, finally reach the potter's field in a public conveyance. In New York City prior to 1875, the rate of pauper funerals per ten thousand of the

population was over thirty-three. Despite the larger proportion of foreign poor now inhabiting the city, this rate has since been lowered by one-third. The diminished suffering during life which is connoted by the change cannot be expressed in figures; neither can the relief afforded by the timely payment of insurance funds to the family which has just lost its bread-winner. When it is stated that before 1875 insurance for wage-earners was practically unknown in America, and that at the present time one family in five throughout the country carries a policy of the life-insurance company over which the subject of this sketch presides, it will be seen how rapid has been the movement toward thrift and prudent living among the American poor. Join this to the fact that deposits in savings-banks have multiplied five-fold in thirty years, and the movement is seen to have assumed very impressive proportions.

It is to John F. Dryden more than to any other individual that this beneficial

change in the character of American working-people is due. The story of his life is the story of the up-building of a great institution, having for its purpose the development of thrift and self-help, and the placing of the blessings of life-insurance protection within the reach of the masses. In 1875, ordinary life-insurance, issued by many large companies, had reached large proportions; but there had been no distinct attempt to make level-premium insurance available to the industrial population. It is true that working-men, in their way and at their own expense, had made efforts to provide by association for the contingencies of illness and death; and thousands of ventures under the names of "health-insurance," "cooperative-insurance," or secret orders, had been organized, and flourished for a short time, but many of them had failed, and all were seen to rest on unsound foundations.

They were unstable mainly because they added to their benefit features a life-insurance provision for a definite sum, without taking into account the laws of mortality and finance—the underlying principles of life-insurance science. Generally, no distinction was made on account of difference in age; and in many other ways the fundamental principles of life-insurance were violated, with resulting loss and suffering to all concerned.

It was left to Mr. John F. Dryden and to those associated with him to demonstrate in practise the possibility of extending the benefits of real life-insurance to the masses, and to show that properly-applied life-insurance principles could be made to serve the useful purpose of providing for the burial expenses of every member of the family in return for a small weekly premium, collected at the houses of the insured. Mr. Dryden first submitted his plans to people in his native state of Maine, but obtained no support. Even in New York no opportunity was afforded for a practical demonstration of his ideas, Governor Hoffman vetoing a franchise which Mr. Dryden had obtained after infinite pains. The city of Newark, however, important as a manufacturing town, with conditions closely resembling those of English cities in which the system of industrial insurance had proved successful, gave en-

couragement to his proposal; and that city was finally chosen for the initial effort. The selection of Newark for the purpose of launching a scheme of working-men's insurance turned out to be a wise one, for a large proportion of its population depended upon weekly wages, and the merchants and manufacturers had been so frequently called upon for subscriptions to bury the dead or furnish aid in sickness and distress that they readily recognized the necessity for more systematic and modern ways of meeting a great need.

In 1873, a bill was passed by the legislature of the state of New Jersey, chartering the Widow's and Orphans' Benefit Society for the purpose, as it was stated, of placing "the blessings of life-insurance within the reach of those classes whose narrow means restrict them to the payment of monthly premiums." This society never transacted business on any extensive scale; and its chief interest is found in the fact that, in February, 1875, its name was changed to The Prudential Friendly Society, of which Mr. Dryden was the first secretary. This was the beginning of industrial insurance in the United States. During the year, three hundred and four applications for insurance were received. Twenty-five years later this little society had grown into one of the leading financial institutions of the world, with over five million policies in force, providing life-insurance protection exceeding seven hundred million dollars, employing some fifteen thousand agents, whose whole time is spent in visiting the homes of the industrial population in almost every state and territory in the Union, carrying with them the gospel of thrift, foresight and independence. So firmly has industrial insurance become established in the country, and so rigidly have the laws underlying the principles of insurance been followed, that there has never been a single failure of a legitimate industrial-insurance company in the United States; and, in marked contrast to the history of the thousands of attempts at pseudo-insurance transacted under various names, not a single dollar has ever been lost to a policy-holder in an industrial company on account of financial insolvency or the betrayal of a trust.

John F. Dryden, the pioneer in this great

and beneficial movement, and who has thus acquired the title of founder of industrial insurance in America, was born at Farmington, Maine, on August 17, 1839. Like many of the men whose achievements have placed them among the captains of industry, he spent his early years on a farm. While his parents were not exactly poor they were yet unable to afford him a college education; but with the independence and energy which have characterized his whole career he set out to earn for himself the money to take him through Yale College. This he did by teaching in a country school. As soon as his savings permitted, he entered the Yale law-school; but after two years' work his health broke down, and he was forced to abandon his course of study and leave the university. Many years afterward, however, his name was restored to the rolls of his alma mater, and in recognition of his achievements the honorary degree of Master of Arts was bestowed upon him.

From the moment of leaving college the subject of life-insurance engaged his attention. He became an agent, and his hours of leisure he devoted to a study of the theory of life-insurance and finance, the construction of life-tables and the calculation of life-contingencies, with special reference to the needs of the masses of wage-earners.

In the year 1865, having obtained the report of State Insurance Commissioner Wright, of Massachusetts, in which it was contended that industrial insurance, as practised in England, could not be successfully operated in America, Mr. Dryden concluded otherwise, and decided that as

soon as he had accumulated a sufficient capital he would put into effect the system which had proved so beneficial in England. With such modifications as were called for by the different conditions of America, he was able, after the lapse of a few years, to do this, with the gratifying results already set forth.

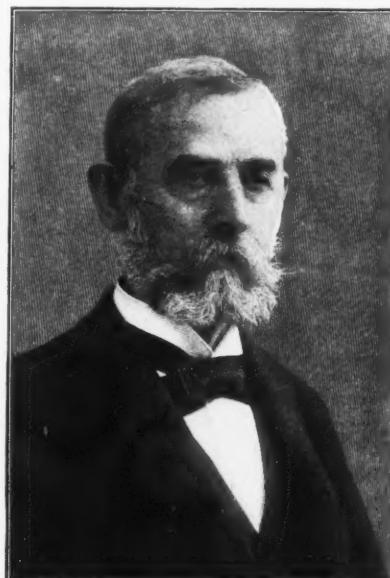
Mr. Dryden was one of the founders of the Fidelity Trust Company, which has also met with extraordinary success. He is a director of the Union National Bank of Newark, the Western National Bank,

Mercantile Trust Company and the United States Casualty Company of New York, and about a dozen other financial corporations.

He is a man of quiet, domestic habits and unobtrusive personality. His great business success has not destroyed his interest in higher things. He is a well-read and widely-informed man of culture. His home is beautified with many rare paintings and tapestries, and even his office reveals his love of art. It is palatial in its proportions and design; and the ceiling and walls of

the adjoining directors' room are superbly frescoed.

Last February the legislature of his state followed the example of Yale University and paid him the highest honor in its power, making him United States Senator in place of the late General Sewell. While he has been a Republican all his life he never before engaged in active politics and never held a public office; so that the act of the state legislature was almost unprecedented. It was a graceful testimony to the esteem of his fellow citizens and their appreciation of his worth.



JOHN FAIRFIELD DRYDEN.

JAMES ANTHONY BAILEY.

BY WHITING ALLEN.

OF all living Americans there are but few who are more widely known to the public throughout the world than James Anthony Bailey; almost paradoxically it may be said that there is no prominent man of whose private life so little is known to the public. His portrait has been printed many millions of times and has been seen by many millions of persons. But it would be difficult to imagine a gentler or more unassuming personality.

His birthday is the anniversary of that of the Nation, July 4th; the year, 1847. Detroit, Michigan, was his birthplace. He was the youngest of six children, equally divided between the sexes. His father was a victim of the cholera epidemic of 1852, and his mother died some two or three years later, leaving what was at that time regarded as a very comfortable fortune. After his mother's death he became, as he naïvely puts it, "a sort of a Cinderella" of the family. A small man, physically, he was a small child, and upon his little shoulders was placed the burden of all the family "chores." This made him late at school, for which he was punished by being kept in after school hours. This punishment in turn made him late in returning home—a punishment following there, also. His grit, however, was greater than his size, and he made no complaint. When he had reached eleven years of age he started for school one morning, knowing that he would be late. When he reached the schoolhouse his spirit revolted at the punishment he knew was awaiting him, and he determined to bear it no more. He wandered around the town for two days and nights, caring for himself as best he might, and on the third day he started to walk into the country. While trudging along the country highway he was overtaken by a farmer who had been in Detroit to sell a load of hay. Asking for a ride it was given him, and by degrees the farmer learned from him his story. It resulted in his being hired to do what he could on the farm, for which he was to receive the munificent wages of three dollars and fifty cents per month during the summer. In the winter months he was to go to school and receive his board

for what chores he might do around the place. The little fellow was compelled to wade a mile and a half through the snow to the schoolhouse, and it is a matter of pride with him now that he was never tardy nor punished for misconduct during the two winters that he attended that school. When his third summer on the farm approached, he asked for a raise of wages from three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars per month, as there was a boy a year older than he, working on the adjoining farm, who was getting four dollars, and that boy did not do as much work as he did. The farmer refused the advance asked, and young Bailey "struck." He walked ten miles into the little town of Pontiac. From a liveryman, who was likewise the landlord of the village hotel, he obtained employment at the hotel. Some two months later, or, to be exact, on June 17th, 1860, he took the first step in his career as a showman. Frederick H. Bailey and a man named Benjamin Stevens arrived in Pontiac as the advance-brigade of the Robinson and Lake show, a little concern which traveled by wagons across the country. Young Bailey assisted the elder Bailey, and did his work so well that the show-agent took a great fancy to his little namesake, and asked him to go along with him without any stipulated wages. Mr. Bailey consulted first with the landlady of the hotel, who had assumed a maternal care over him, and she gave her consent with the proviso that if he did not like traveling with the show he was to come back to the hotel. He never went back.

Six weeks later, business called the elder Bailey back to the show, and Stevens was taken ill at Jackson, Michigan. Little Bailey, despite his small size and only thirteen years of age, was not dismayed, but went ahead and made all the arrangements and did all the work, with the assistance of some men he had employed, and did it well. His success on that day determined his career definitely. When the elder Bailey returned, and discovered how well the little fellow had performed the work of himself and another experienced man, he was amazed. It was not long before

the proprietors of the show heard about it, and young Bailey thenceforth was regarded as a most valuable acquisition to their forces. In the years 1861 and 1862 he continued to work in advance of the same show. This work averaged about seven months in the year. The remaining five months, which included the winter, he found employment as a bill-poster, usually around Louisville and Cincinnati. In the winter of 1862, Mr. Lake took him to his home in Zanesville, Ohio, bought an express wagon, gave him the use of one of his horses, and set him up in the express business, but for some reason, unaccountable to him now, he regarded it as demeaning. Instead of driving through the main streets of the town looking for "jobs," he kept himself with his outfit in the side-streets toward the edges of the town, and at the end of the week he had secured but one job, for which he had received twenty-five cents. He was delighted when he was pronounced a failure as an expressman.

In the winter of '63, he went to Nashville, Tennessee, and secured employment from Dufield and Flynn, managers of the Nashville Theater. During the day he posted and carried bills around the town, and at night sold tickets for the gallery and acted as an usher in the theater. Nashville at that time was full of Federal soldiers, and the theater was always crowded to suffocation. One evening a man named Green, who was a sutler in the Fourteenth Army Corps, and who served specially the One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, went to the theater and was unable to secure a seat. He took standing-room, however; and, once inside, proposed to Usher Bailey that he would give him five dollars if he would get him a seat. The little

usher indignantly refused the money, and told him that the only place to buy seats was out at the box-office. This honesty on the part of the boy made a deep impression upon the sutler, and some weeks later Mr. Green offered him seventy-five dollars a month to become his clerk. He accepted the offer, and remained a sutler's clerk until the end of the war. He saw and was in all of the battles from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The regiment to which he was attached, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio, was in the midst of all of those engagements, and frequently he was left in charge of all the supplies. He voluntarily

acted as mail-agent for the regiment, and frequently distributed mail during battles. At Altoona, he was delivering mail on the skirmish-line, and was carrying a bunch of letters in his uplifted hand, when a bullet or piece of shell struck the letters, and cut off one corner as cleanly as if it had been done by a knife. At Buzzards' Roost, the battle raged so hotly around his tents that he was obliged to move them twice to

save them from capture.

At the battle of Kenesaw Mountain he made collections for a month, and carried upon his person at the end of the day over seventeen thousand dollars. A great deal of this money was in the form of long coupon-bills used in that day, and the money was literally sticking out of his pockets. He was surrounded by many desperate men. He did not sleep that night, but, with a gun in his hand, safely guarded his treasure until Mr. Green returned and relieved him of it. At the end of the war he reentered the show business as an agent at the age of eighteen years, and at the age of twenty-one years became a general agent, the youngest man that ever occupied that responsible position, and receiving the largest



JAMES ANTHONY BAILEY.

salary the place had commanded up to that time.

At the close of the season of 1873, he invested the savings of several years of frugality and sobriety in a one-quarter interest in what was then known as the Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby show. The following year, Mr. Whitby was killed. Mr. Bailey then secured his interest, also. In another year, Mr. Cooper had bought Mr. Hemmings' interest, and the Cooper and Bailey show was founded. The business in those days was not enormously profitable, and there were times when the strictest economy was necessary in order to remain out "on the road," but Mr. Bailey then possessed the same qualities of attention to business and irrepressibility that have ever marked his career, and he would not be dismayed.

With a daring that older showmen considered madness, he took his first step toward international fame, in 1876, by taking the Cooper and Bailey show to Australia. It was the first circus in the antipodes. In those days, the fate of himself and his venture, which was regarded as desperate, was a matter of conjecture among all the show-world on this continent. It was quite as successful in that vast and sparsely-settled country as might have been expected by the most sanguine friends. He remained in Australia throughout the summer of 1876, and then took his show to New Zealand. After remaining there several weeks, he set sail for Callao, Peru.

The ship was a small sailing-vessel, but the showmen confidently anticipated making the voyage in from thirty to thirty-five days, and they provisioned accordingly. The second day out from Auckland, they met with a loss which fairly upset them. They had a finely-trained elephant which was the great feature both of the menagerie and of the arena performance. This elephant, like all others, had his likes and dislikes, and among those to whom he was not friendly was a trapeze-performer. This man carelessly leaned against a loosely-built stall in which the elephant was confined on the upper deck. The elephant thrusting out his trunk caught the man's coat-tail, tore it off, and ate it. In the pocket of the coat-tail was a tin box of wax matches. The combination of sulphur and

tin was too much for the beast, and in less than twenty-four hours he died in great agony. It was an irreparable loss at that time, and marked the beginning of a long and trying voyage of fifty-two days. Alternate gales and long periods of no wind at all staggered the little vessel or becalmed it. To Mr. Bailey and his followers, the word "Pacific" as applied to the western ocean was, on the majority of those days, a horrible sarcasm. The thirty-five days' rations had to be divided among seventeen more days. As this division had not been anticipated until the vessel had been out some three weeks, the provider was indeed scanty. For several days, there were serious mutterings among the sailors and showmen. Each faction declared that the other was being served with more than its share of food. The discipline of the sailors was even exceeded by that in which Mr. Bailey held his men in control, but starving men have little regard for discipline, and for many days both the captain of the ship and Mr. Bailey found it necessary to remain in sight heavily armed, in order to control their forces and prevent mutiny. Mr. Bailey says that he has no pleasure in recalling the incidents of that trip, and that it was the most unpleasant of his entire career.

It was a very famished cargo of men and beasts that at last landed at Callao. It did not add much to Mr. Bailey's feeling of exultation at reaching land again when he was met at the dock by the agent, J. B. Gaylord, who shouted to him, before the ship had made fast to the dock: "Go back! Go back! This country is no good. You'll starve to death here." There was no going back, and the show went ashore. It exhibited at Callao, Lima, Santiago, Valparaiso, then through the Straits of Magellan, and then up to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. Thence Mr. Bailey started homeward, but was induced to go up the Santos river and exhibit in a town of the same name. Then he went to Rio de Janeiro. After exhibiting there about a week, he loaded his show on a ship called the "Tycho Brahe." Some things were left behind—for instance, a camel, whose market value in New York at that time was about one hundred and fifty dollars, or one-fifth the cost of transportation.

It was cheaper to present him to the zoölogical gardens at Rio de Janeiro. The "Tycho Brahe" made no stops between Rio and Brooklyn, which port it reached in December, 1878. The South American tour was the only unsuccessful one that Mr. Bailey ever experienced. The receipts in all the places visited were very large, but the enormous expense of transportation and sustenance between the points at which stops were made was so great that the profits were wiped away.

In 1879, Mr. Bailey employed, for the first time, electric lights for illuminating purposes in a tented exhibition. In the winter of '80, at the winter quarters in Philadelphia, he had the good fortune to become possessed of the first baby elephant ever born in captivity.

At that time, his greatest competition in America was with the P. T. Barnum show. In '79, '80 and '81 the two shows clashed in opposition very frequently, and almost without exception the victory was with the Cooper and Bailey aggregation. Mr. Barnum was extremely anxious to make peace with Mr. Bailey, and he offered Mr. J. L. Hutchinson an interest in his outfit, without a money consideration, if he could induce Mr. Bailey to join hands with him. Mr. Hutchinson finally succeeded in doing so, and the Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson show was established. Subsequently, Mr. Hutchinson retired, and Mr. Bailey bought out Mr. Cooper, and the firm of Barnum and Bailey was established. To the skilful hands of the junior partner were left the details of the practical management, and to the nearly always unerring judgment of the younger man was entrusted not only the all-important selection of the routes but the formation and composition of the show.

From the moment of this combination between the great metropolitan showmen, Barnum, and Mr. Bailey, or, as he was called, "the young Napoleon of the show-world," innovation was the order of the hour. From the old, one-ring show—traveling by wagons, hauled by horses and mules—the talking and singing clowns and "Shakespearian jesters" to the two, then three rings, and then the hippodrome races added, was a brief transition. Scarcely had the public ceased to gasp in amazement at the magnitude of the modern circus of Mr.

Bailey's creation when Jumbo came, just twenty years ago. The mastery of his business was demonstrated by the manner in which Jumbo was made the most widely-advertised animate thing of all time—and therein was the true genius of the man displayed. In passing, it may as well be said that it was due to that predominating element in the man—his knowledge of human nature. The act of a stubborn elephant, who kneeled down as all other elephants do when they do not want to be moved and who wept as all other elephants do when punished, was by his genius transformed into an appeal to the powers that rule England above and below that he might not be taken out of Her Majesty's Kingdom.

Four years after Jumbo's arrival, the great flow of wealth that came with him induced Mr. Bailey to take his first vacation. Two years of inactivity and Mr. Barnum's urgent appeals to him to assume again the direction of the great enterprise brought him back once more into the harness, which has since not been laid off.

In 1890, Mr. Bailey's daring led him to take his show to London. When it is understood that the largest European circus was upon a par in size and quality with the one-ring show of this country, and advertised as quietly as any grocery or dry-goods store, the effect of the alliteration, metaphor and verbal sky-rockets employed in the announcement of the "Yankee" show may be in a measure imagined.

Mr. Barnum's death left the immense concern in Mr. Bailey's hands alone. A burden that would have staggered others did not daunt to him. No clearer demonstration of this fact could have been made by him than his assumption of the vastly increased responsibilities involved in the purchase and subsequent management of the Adam Forepaugh show in January, 1891, immediately after the death of the veteran showman who was its founder, and whose name it bore.

Again, in 1898, he turned his face to the metropolis of the world. It is no mere figure of speech to say that he went to a splendid triumph.

During the past three years he has toured central Europe between Russia and Spain.

Besides the one bearing his name, he is

also an equal owner of two of the other greatest amusement enterprises in existence. While he does not give them much personal attention, his judgment and desires govern his partners in them.

In his three enterprises, he has employed nearly three thousand persons, who in turn support possibly ten thousand more. Wherever his exhibitions may go, his business covers a wide area with city, state and national authorities, with railroads and steamship-lines, with provision-dealers, with artists, printers, painters, carvers, tent-makers and builders of all kinds of vehicles—carriages, chariots and cars—with newspapers, magazines, and all other engines of publicity. With all he is familiar. Greater versatility in business is required of him than of almost, if not quite, any other man.

James Anthony Bailey has never had a law-suit with anyone with whom he has been engaged in business. It is the custom, with scarcely ever any deviation therefrom, for his employees to make him their banker, and they receive all they may not have needed for immediate wants in a lump sum at the end of a season. Of his responsible employees, managers, agents, et cetera, none ever ask, expect or receive even the scratch of a pen to show that

he is indebted to them or will become so. The amount of salary is always a matter of his simple, spoken word. Added to that he has a custom that is very pleasant to his employees of handing them unasked-for gratuities of handsome proportions. His is the hidden hand of charity, and the quickest manner in which to arouse his anger is to make any allusion to it. Frail in bodily appearance, his energy is tireless, and he has the alertness of movement of a boy in a ball-game. A pronounced blond, with the mildest blue eyes imaginable, a voice as soft as a woman's, and a manner as gentle, without a discordant note in his nature, clean minded and clean handed, no vices save inordinate smoking, a horror for intoxicants in whatever guise, his is almost the last imaginable individuality that might be suspected of being an all-the-world-conquering showman.

Perhaps the simplest and best description of him so far given was by his associate director in the Barnum and Bailey Company, the world-traveled journalist, Mr. George O. Starr, when he said: "Mr. Bailey is a good man and a great man. He was born great. Chance made him a showman, but he would have been equally great in whatever place his lines might have fallen."

GEORGE FREDERICK BAER.

BY W. C. HOLLISTER.

RECENT events have caused the public to feel great interest in the president of the Reading Railroad. What manner of man is he who for so long a time stood almost single-handed against any settlement of the coal-strike? There is an impression in the public mind, based probably upon his name, that George F. Baer is of recent German origin. This is an error. His family has been American for several generations, although his ancestors came originally from Germany. Fleeing from the Palatinate to escape persecution, they settled in eastern Pennsylvania long before the Revolution, and some of them took part in the war for independence.

Mr. Baer, therefore, comes of fighting stock. His fight for the coal-operators during the summer and fall is still a matter of immediate public interest. He could

not have made a more determined struggle if, with ex-President Kruger, he had announced to the world that he would "stagger humanly" before he would fail.

Mr. Baer early evidenced his fighting blood. At the age of nineteen he raised and became captain of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. That was in '61. He went to the front and participated in the battles of Antietam, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Before his twentieth birthday he became a major. He was one of the youngest officers in the Army of the Potomac, and the youngest to reach the rank of major.

A son of Solomon and Anna M. Baer, the future president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad was born in Somerset Township, near the village of Lavansville,

in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, on the thirteenth day of April, 1842. He is, therefore, sixty years of age. His parents were of very limited means, but they made up in industry what they lacked in capital. Inheriting merely this trait of industry, Mr. Baer otherwise owes his advancement chiefly to himself.

In 1848, the family moved to a farm near Somerset Borough, then known as the Isaac Ankany place, and now known as the "Highland Inn." For three years they occupied this farm as tenants, and during this time young Baer attended the common schools of Somerset County. Later, when his parents moved into the town, he attended the little high-school of the Rev. Charles Loose, on South Street.

In his early youth, he became an apprentice to Chauncey F. Mitchell, of the Somerset "Democrat" printing-office. After learning the printer's trade, he spent a year at the Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, (of whose Board of Trustees he is now president.) After this year at college, with his brother's help he gained control and became the editor of the Somerset "Democrat."

As might be expected, his editorial policy was strongly Democratic. At the beginning of the Rebellion, the paper, under his management, did not cry lustily for war, as so many other papers and individuals about it did. Overzealous radicals did not approve of his moderation. They stopped their subscriptions. They did more than that. They organized a mob, and marched to the newspaper-office for the purpose of wrecking the building.

Armed with the old "light-horse" pistols which had been worn (more for ornament than use) by his father as Brigade-

inspector of Somerset County, young Baer, accompanied by his friends, who were armed in similar fashion, defied the mob from the door and windows of the building, and it finally dispersed, as mobs will when they are faced with courage. The seat he occupied in those days could not have been called an "editor's easy chair." In the end he preferred physical to mental fighting, and laid down the pen to take up the sword.

Upon the expiration of his term of service in the Federal Army, with the early-won promotion already recorded, he returned home and began to read law in the office of

one of his brothers. He was admitted to the bar on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1864, and for several years thereafter practised before the Somerset County courts. The first day of April, 1868, marked his removal to Reading, in search of a wider field of activity. This step he was advised to take by the Honorable Alexander King, at that time the presiding judge of the Somerset County courts. Judge King's prediction of thirty-four years ago that this then twenty-six-

year-old attorney would some day be one of the foremost lawyers of his native state has come to be quite true. Mr. Baer and that "some day" became acquainted, many years ago, in Reading.

It was with an equipment, therefore, of editorial, military and legal training that George F. Baer faced his future, at twenty-six years of age, thirty-four years ago, in Reading. He attained a notable fame in Pennsylvania long before the outside world ever heard of him. At the outset of his legal career, he engaged in a general law practise.

Later on, he won a victory in a great damage suit against the Reading Railway. Those then in control are said to have seen



GEORGE FREDERICK BAER.

in the young attorney a dangerous opponent, and he was enlisted in the service of the corporation. He became a close student of the law as it relates to railroads, and to-day there is no better authority on the subject in the United States.

His alliance with large railroad interests has been the means of keeping Mr. Baer out of politics, the arena in which so many able legal minds find congenial employment, although he has always assigned lack of time at his reason for declining political honors when they were about to be thrust upon him by the leaders of his home district. For years he was a "straight" Democrat.

Mr. Baer is understood to have been one of Mr. Morgan's legal advisers for ten years before the general public was aware of his existence. He is an organizer. He has for years successfully operated several paper-mills, employing many workmen. He has been attorney for, and one of the directors of, the Reading Railroad Company for many years. He is a director of the Temple Iron Company. He is now president of the reorganized Reading Railroad Company, its branches, its allied coal and coke interests, and of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Study the biographies of most railroad-men who occupy high positions, and it will be found that they have been educated in railroad-management, step by step, through all the lower grades of the business. They have worked themselves up from promotion to promotion, and men who were once brakemen, machinists, telegraph-operators and even section-hands are now superintendents, general managers and even presidents of great railroad-systems. Practical knowledge, gained by such advancement, is invaluable in the railroad-business as in any other line of work. The ability to assimilate details and to acquire such knowledge is the sort of talent most sought by owners of railroad-properties, for both high and low positions. Railroad-managers are usually drawn from the ranks of subordinates. It is seldom that such selections are made from among lawyers or professions other than that of railroading.

A story is told of a railroad-manager who was drawn from the ranks of another profession. A subordinate official sent him a report which gave a "bad rail" as an

excuse for a delay to a passenger-train. Had the new general manager grown up in railroad-service, he would not have replied: "Have the bad rail removed at once."

But there are exceptions in the railroad-business, as in all others. It is sometimes one thing to have ability and quite another to make subordinates believe it, so that their confidence may be won and their best work inspired. A good business man, educated in any particular class of work, if he is possessed of executive ability, of the gift of leadership, and of judgment in the selection of his lieutenants, can manage a railroad-property as well as he has perhaps managed a department-store.

To this class of men Mr. Baer belongs. It is universally acknowledged that he is a practical and successful railroad-manager, even though he did skip the minor grades when he strode from the chair of a corporate counselor to that of his present position. Personally, Mr. Baer is erect, although slight of figure; he is of average height, wiry of build, with head well-poised, and a quick, nervous walk which at each step brings his heels to the pavement with a ring. At first sight, he gives no indication of the physical and mental forces he possesses. He is quiet and unostentatious. In conversation, he is affable; to his friends, most genial. A year ago, he was an ordinary, not-very-well-known American man of business. Now his name has encircled the globe. Few men have inspired more pens in a single year than he.

His residence, known as "Hawthorne," is one of the most attractive homes in Reading. He is a member, and was formerly the president, of the Pennsylvania German Society.

Mr. Baer's predominant characteristic is determination, as students of physiognomy may find from his face. He is positive in everything he undertakes. His position is never doubtful on any question. Those who know him best were quite prepared for the attitude he assumed in the recent coal-strike. He is a man of principle. If he thinks he is in the right, he fights to uphold his opinion. He is a disciplinarian. If he issues an order, he requires that it be obeyed, and if he is told by one whose authority he recognizes to carry out an order, he does so.

The key-note to Mr. Baer's character, therefore, is found in his possession of a mind which pursues fearlessly to its end the course which seems to it to be right. Recognizing this, men who had confidence in his ability appointed him a captain of their industries. His career up to the closing of the coal-strike offers a striking example of self-advancement, of success won and kept at the point of the sword.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

WHY should a university president be included among Captains of Industry? Because the industry he represents is of the most far-reaching character. The country has most to hope from the head of a great university who will take up his problem as a successful manufacturer takes up his, on lines of clear vision. The work of such a man is not limited by his own reach—it is like the infinite multiplication of bacteria in a receptive medium. The mental fermentation set up by the university president may be helpful or noxious—the leaven of yeast or the poison of ptomaines—but in either case it is a force of limitless possibilities.

We are developing in America an entirely new type of men to fill what is in effect an entirely new office. The potentate, at once dictator, scholar, business man and oracle, who is the typical head of a modern American university, has had no counterpart among the American college presidents of the past or the European university rectors or chancellors of the present. And the right kind of man to fill a position of such exacting demands is hard to find, and when found is guarded as a treasure above rubies.

Some years ago it was my fortune to be summoned to join a posse engaged in a search for a suitable head for a western university. I asked an expert to tell me

something about Nicholas Murray Butler. "He is one of half a dozen men," responded this authority, "who are kept busy refusing offers of college presidencies." And that described him. He was born to be a university president, and boards of trustees everywhere recognized the fact.

When Nicholas Murray Butler succeeded Seth Low at thirty-nine—just the age at which Charles M. Schwab took charge of the United States Steel Corporation at about the same time—in point of years he was the youngest chief of a great university in the United States. But he had already lived three or four lives; in fact, on the side of experience, he was at least from eighty to a hundred years old. He had been simultaneously a professor, a college president, a school administrator, an editor, and a practical politician in the best sense. Born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, on April 2d, 1862, he graduated from the high school at Paterson, thirteen years later. Nearly two-thirds of his life has been spent in connection with Columbia, which he entered at sixteen, and with which he has been associated ever since. When we say that he was graduated from Columbia at twenty, became a Master of Arts there at twenty-one, and a Doctor of Philosophy at twenty-two, studied at Berlin and Paris as a University Fellow in Philosophy in 1884 and 1885, was assistant in philosophy in



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

1885-86, tutor in 1886-89, adjunct professor in 1889-90, and Professor of Philosophy and Education, and Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy from 1890 to 1901, we seem to have accounted quite thoroughly for his time. But this is only one line of his multifarious activities. In 1886, the Columbia tutor founded the New York College for the Training of Teachers, now Teachers' College, and for the next five years he was its president. From 1887 to 1895, he was a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education. In 1889, he was Special Commissioner from New Jersey to the Paris Exposition. Thus, in the latter year, this young man of twenty-seven was holding four separate positions, any one of which might reasonably have been expected to claim the entire time of one person.

But young Butler was not satisfied yet. In 1892 and 1893, he was president of the Paterson Board of Education. This was a help to Paterson, but it was training for Mr. Butler—preparation for future duties. In 1895, he was president of the National Educational Association. He became editor of the "Educational Review," of the "Great Educators" series, of the "Teachers' Professional Library," of the Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy and Education, and monographs of education in the United States that formed part of the American educational display at the Paris Exposition of 1900. Incidentally, he tried a little authorship.

Nor must it be imagined that in all these varied activities there was anything of a perfunctory nature. He stirred up everything he touched; he never followed the line of least resistance. His work on the New Jersey state and local boards of education involved an entrance into practical politics, and the young Columbia professor played the game with a skill and nerve that astonished the old stagers. He revolutionized the public-school system of New Jersey, and later he performed the same service for the city of New York, against the solid opposition of eight thousand teachers. He could not go to sleep, even in the tempting editorial easy chair of the "Educational Review." His innocent reference to a member of the New York Board of Education as a "fine old educa-

tional mastodon" subjected the publishers of that magazine to an official boycott.

President Butler is now at the head of an institution which, considered even from the lowest material point of view, demands the abilities of a captain of industry for its management. Under his charge is an army of five thousand one hundred and thirty-four students, led by four hundred and seven professors and instructors and sixteen administrative officers. The students represent every state in the Union, the territories of Oklahoma and New Mexico, Porto Rico, the District of Columbia, and twelve foreign countries, distributed among all of the six continents of the globe. The university holds property valued at about twenty-five million dollars, less a debt of almost five millions, and President Butler has just announced that it imperatively needs ten millions more at once.

Whatever else the head of an institution like this may be, it is clear that he must be a great administrator. The old-time college president was essentially a scholar. The modern one can dispense with profound scholarship, but he must have a grasp of great affairs. Nicholas Murray Butler possesses a combination of qualities rarely found together. He is not only a scholar, but one whose specialty is philosophy—seemingly the last possible remove from real life—and yet, at the same time, he is intensely practical, electrically energetic, and charged with that dynamic quality we call executive ability. He knows the great secret of successful administration—namely, that the head of affairs must be free for great things, and that the little ones must be left for subordinates. He insists that the president of Columbia ought to be relieved "absolutely from any direct contact with matters of detail." He adds: "It is clear that Columbia University has already reached the point where the time and the thought of the president must be given wholly to the study and consideration of large questions of policy and to the relations of the University to the community."

He urges the separation of the work of instruction from that of administration, for the equal benefit of both. "Administrative work," says his last report, "has been done by teachers in active service;

and, either as deans or as members of important committees, they have divided their time between their books and laboratories and their classes on the one hand and their office duties on the other. More than one great teacher and investigator has been spoiled by this division of interest, and such administrative work has been very indifferently done by scholarly men, to whom it was a necessary and an irksome task."

It would be impossible for Nicholas Murray Butler to be long in a position like the presidency of Columbia without undertaking to shake things out of their accustomed ruts, and he has emphatically shaken them in his recent recommendation that the college course leading to the degree of A. B. be reduced to two years. As a typical example of President Butler's modes of thought and action, this proposition is worth attention. Superficial critics have treated it as if it meant nothing more than "cheapening the A. B."—calling a boy a Bachelor of Arts when he was really nothing more than a sophomore. But the matter of degrees is really an unimportant detail of President Butler's plan. He is looking at education itself, of which a degree is only a label. He appeals for a treatment of the subject "from the standpoint of present-day needs and the largest social service."

He sees a system of education in a chaotic transition stage. We have an assortment of primary and secondary schools, crowded with superfluous subjects, wasting years of the pupils' lives in useless repetitions. On top of that we have the college, doing part of the work that is done by the European *gymnasia* and part of that done by the university. Then we have a whole galaxy of graduate and professional schools, some of them requiring graduation from college before entrance, and others calling for nothing more than a high-school education or even less. The graduate of a law or medical school, as such, is not necessarily a liberally-educated man. But when the university authorities try to meet this situation by requiring graduation from college as a condition of admission to the professional schools they run against the difficulty that the young man is not launched upon his professional life until long after he ought to be well established. Rather

than submit to this, many students skip the college altogether, and go into the world, knowing law and medicine and nothing else. President Butler is trying to devise an arrangement that will preserve the college as part of the educational system, thereby making it practicable for the professional schools to require a liberal training of applicants for admission, and enable their graduates to begin their careers in the world without a handicap of years. The question of degrees is a minor detail. President Butler points out the facts that the Columbia degree in 1860 represented almost exactly the work of two years now, and that the A. B. degree is now no longer, as it was then, the standard of scholarship. "That standard is now set, not by the undergraduate courses in the colleges, but by the postgraduate instruction in the universities and by the requirements demanded for the degree of doctor of philosophy." But, after all, the matter of labels for scholarship is a small affair. The essential thing is the scholarship itself.

Nicholas Murray Butler is essentially a modern man and a city man. He exults in the character of Columbia as a metropolitan institution. In his latest report, he says: "The reason for the vast and rapid development of the urban university is, as Cardinal Newman said two generations ago, that a city is by its very nature a university. It draws to itself men and women of all types and kinds; it is the home of great collections of art and science, and it affords abundant opportunities to come under the influence of the best music and the best literature of our time. The great city, and especially New York, is intensely cosmopolitan, and contact with its life for a short time during the impressionableness of youth is in itself a liberal education. Columbia is the typical urban university, and it is national to the core in its interests and sympathies. It typifies the earnestness, the strenuousness, the practicality and the catholicity of New York City, and its constituency is drawn from every part of the nation."

"Earnestness," "strenuousness," "practicality" and "catholicity"—these characterizations of the University of the Metropolis might well be applied to its energetic head.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WALTER JUAN DAVIS.

THE wind was making a strong effort to turn him back. It pulled at the ends of his torn neckerchief as if it would have choked him; it sang through the holes in his hat; it tugged at the fringes of the rags in which his body was bundled; it met him squarely and hurled itself in his face—his hairy, bloated face—and made his bleared eyes wink, for it threw ashes in them.

But the old tramp shuffled along up the track against the wind, and hardly seemed aware of the force he was opposing. Somewhere inside this old and sodden ruin of manhood was a quiet chamber with light and warmth in it. The tramp's mind had retired thereto.

The night seemed very dark a little distance away, but where the wanderer walked it was dimly luminous, and what light there was appeared to be all in use upon the two endless rails that gleamed evenly ahead to where the blackness blotted them out. There had been rain, and the cinders along the track crunched softly and gave beneath the tramp's feet. The air was growing colder, for it was December, and winter was at hand.

Presently the tramp, who was tall and hump-shouldered, slouching along thus toward the east, his head sidewise to the wind, collided with another bale of rags.

"Wot in devil you doin'?" angrily inquired the west-bound traveler as he slipped and went down.

"Keep off, then," said the tall tramp.

The man who fell was a short, stout man, a rather little man, as compared with the other. He scrambled to his feet and made as if to strike his opponent.

"Don't be a fool," said the tall man, stopping his arm.

The short man seemed to think his advice good. The wind shrieked at the two men, pushed them about and huddled them together.

"Trampin' too, eh?" The resentment of the short man was shorter than he. "You jist's well turn back an' go wi' the wind. They ain't nothin' on that-er-way," he added, in a discouraged tone.

"There's nothing where I came from, either," said the tall man.

"Uu-u-f! but it's gittin' cold" grunted the other. "Comin' 'long back wi' me?"

"It's eight miles to Bunceton, and it's a hard game, but I guess it's as good as any."

He whirled about and trudged alongside the short man in the direction whence he had come. The wind caught his torn coat-tails and seemed to be trying to tie them around his waist. This ripped the coat farther up the back, so that it was divided at a point midway between his shoulders. At a slipshod, shuffling gait they moved along. Suddenly a great roaring, regular and increasing in strength every moment, came to their ears. The sound was unlike that made by the blast; it was penetrating and personal. It directed itself straight to the tramps. The wind shouted to all the world to go indoors and keep out of its way. This other was a menacing thing that sullenly gave these two to understand that it owned that track and would travel on it over any and all obstructions. Soon the creeping noise of wheels came with the other—a sliding sound that bore the increasing roar atop of it. The air began to be filled with the growing tumult.

"It's a freight. Come off!" said the short man, edging over upon the ends of the ties outside the rail; but his companion, with his chin tucked down, let the wind blow him on and made no effort to step aside. The stout man gave him a pull, and then he waked apparently from deep reverie, keeping his equilibrium by stepping over the rail and stumbling down the slight embankment to solid earth.

At that moment the snorting engine, swaying slightly and all a-throb with its momentum and gigantic work, pounded ponderously by. As it passed, the fireman raked the furnace and littered the track with glowing granules, by whose light the tramps saw two or three great, swift strokes of the driving-beams. Then hurrying after, as if in dread of the darkness closing in behind, came the cars, with clanking chains and rattling brakes. Some

of them were old, and had been much used in the transportation of cattle, and the odor of rotting straw escaped from them. Each of these rattling vans seemed to get by faster than its predecessor. At last, the clumsy caboose at the end, with a final clang, bundled along past. Its two red lights, glaring back at the wayfarers, grew weaker and weaker and then shut, in the dark and distance, like tired eyes.

The homeless creatures by the track, with their backs bent up against the blast, were numb and moved stiffly when they again began to walk.

The tall man soon began to move mechan-

point which he now made without preface. Instead of sixty, as he now was, he would be just thirty. He would be a lawyer with a good income, living in a neat suburb of the city. He would have a wife, petite, with a sweet, trustful face that would upturn to him a-smile when he came home —blue eyes, tender lips that met his, lovingly——

“Git off o’ me! Whut you buttin’ up ag’inst me fer?”

It was the short man who interrupted. The dreamer felt like choking him. It was miserable to be thus bundled back into the cold.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble. "SHE IT WAS WHO USED TO MEET HIM AT THE DOOR."

ically. He was dreaming once more. The short one waddled along with sullen, brute endurance. Both of the men were hungry and chilled to the bone, but in this extremity of want and exposure, one of them was, in some sort, enjoying himself.

He was again building the bright castle he had built so many times before. He saw himself as he had been before he became so utterly abject. Let him see—a lawyer’s clerk he had been, had he not? Yes, but he would skip over all that, skip what he had been, for that was of little account. He would dream this from a

“I’m tired, cold, sleepy—ain’t that a haystack over there?”

The small tramp had pulled his tall companion half around and was pointing out a dim, conical thing that loomed vaguely in the near-by half-gloom.

“I think it is. We’ll go to it,” was the answer.

They found it was a pile of straw from which some farmer had threshed grain. They went around to where they were protected from the wind and routed some warm and sleeping hogs that lay together.

With loud indignant whines and grunts,

the swine moved farther around and rooted out new beds for themselves.

The tramps rolled into the wallow they had vacated. Ah, how warm and pleasant it was in there!

The tall man sat bent with his head between his hands and his hands resting on his knees; the other cuddled himself in a round heap where a huge sow had lain. The man who sat up went back to his illusion as one returns to a banquet from which he has been called by an unwelcome visitor. A sweet wife? Yes, there was where he had left off. She it was who used to meet him at the door. The door would open into a hallway on the floor of which would be a heavy rug.

His wife would tiptoe up to him, kiss him and put her arm around him, and thus, together, they would go into the little sitting-room where brightly-blazing logs threw out yellow-red warmth from the fireplace; and there would be a warm supper awaiting him in another room. Meats brown and crisp, from which a delicate odor of invitation would steal out to him so that his keen appetite would begin to be served ere he had taken a taste; thin, dainty, half-transparent, rose-tinted cups filled with tea, giving out light, alluring vapors—Ah, what a meal! What comfort!

Afterward, sitting by a shaded lamp, the dear ones hand in his, her cheek against his, while they both read a gentle book of travel through spring meadows, or a tale of love—or, perhaps, not reading but merely pretending, using this as a delicate convention even in this sweet privacy, so secretive and modest the fond affection that enraptured them.

After awhile a red light streamed in under the ragged eaves of the house of straw, and the eyes of the tall tramp blinked in the steady rays. He bent forward, scrambled stiffly to his knees, and gazed out over the landscape. An inch of snow had fallen, and the weather was colder. The hogs were up and rooting and squealing in the wind.

"Well, it's morning. You coming?" queried the tall tramp, shaking his companion, who lay huddled where he had dropped himself.

"Uh? G'won! Lemme 'lone," growled

the short one, rolling over; but as he chanced to turn upon a mischievous straw that struck him fairly in the eye, he sat up, swore and presently scrambled out into the open, shivered in the keen wind, and then pulled himself up standing and began stumping along behind his fellow traveler, who was directing his numb, unsteady legs back toward the railroad-track.

The sun's glare lost its redness. It grew stronger, but there was no warmth in it. Indeed, the brightness seemed to put a keener edge upon the blast which cut like a glittering, newly-ground blade. At every sweep it went to the bone, and yet it was a beautiful day. The tall tramp realized that in spite of gnawing hunger and the pangs of cold. The snow-dust, sown wild by the gale, showed a million prismatic glints; little, happy birds whirled up and down the wind in chirping, cheerful tens and hundreds; against the white, far reaches of the landscape the bare branches of the trees wrought black, fantastic filigree, the white smoke rolled from the red chimneys of the farm-houses and leaped and spread itself out in welcome to the rampant air that swallowed it up.

There was some subtle suggestion of holiday abroad that dazzling, cold morning. Ugh, how the wind did cut and cut! It had changed direction, and, instead of being at their backs, it raged against the ragged breasts of the two tramps. The cold affected the men differently. The short man was pudgy and fat and better fitted to fight this weather, which only stung his seasoned epiderm; but he roared out oaths and cowered and cringed in his discomfort.

The tall man's lank, cadaverous frame had the ache of death in it, and his limbs worked mechanically and with pain, yet he did not wince nor moan. There seemed to be two of him. He vaguely realized that his body suffered, but his soul had waked. If only the physical anguish would abate somewhat, if only he could get a bite to eat to ease his gnawing hunger, he would renew his revel in the past. Ah, that was the time to live in, the old time! What mattered this miserable now? Even moderate bodily comfort would suffice. Only to dream again, only to renew that sweet reverie of the night before!

By now they had tramped some miles. They were approaching a station. Off to the left was a straggling village. A few of the small, frame houses stood on the right of the track. From one of these a ruddy, joyous boy came bounding. He headed toward the town and was crossing the track as the wanderers came along.

"Hey, kid, what's eatin' yer?" said the short tramp.

The boy stopped and stared, big-eyed, then remembered himself and his joy, laughed and cried out in an exultant treble.

"I'm goin' ter the store ter buy things. I got money—whole dollar—in a spang-

had slid the new dollar into some receptacle in his nondescript garb.

"Shet up, you little fool, an' run along home 'fore I smash yer one!" exclaimed the robber, pulling himself free of the boy's grasp.

"Gimme ba-a-ck my mon-ey! It's my Christmas money! Oh-h-h!" cried the boy, bitterly.

"Yes, give it back!" The tall tramp's half-frozen hand had gripped the back of the smaller man's neck.

His companion, stricken with amazement and partly asphyxiated by the strength of the grasp that held him, turned, sputtering: "Why, what's the matter? You



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

"JUST GRINNED AND SAID: 'MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOYS!'"

new pocketbook. See here!" He began to tug at something bulky that fit his pocket snugly. It came out with a jerk. Sure enough, a new pocketbook of yellow, squeaky leather!

"I got it for Christmas. Look! Place to put stamps! Place for bills! Three separate places for money!" He was turning the receptacle inside out, displaying its many fine features with great pride. "Here's the place for big silver, see? Got my dollar in there—here, gimme that back, now!"

The lad's manner and tone had changed in an instant. He had grabbed the short tramp by his coat of rags. The vagabond

gone clean nutty? Dog-gone it, don't you see—?"

"Give it up. I say!" said the tall tramp, shortly, and in a more determined tone.

In throes of choked profanity the lesser mendicant fished up the dollar from some interior fastness of his raiment and dropped it into the hand of the anxious urchin who fled away with it as though chased by demons.

The short man mumbled and swore resentfully as the two moved on. The taller one paid little attention. He, too, was muttering to himself.

"Christmas! Christmas!"

The short tramp stepped off the track when the station was reached.

"I'm goin' down into this here town and try fer a hand-out," said he, turning half around to his companion. "If you hadn't 'a' got so d---d pious we could 'a' had——"

"Thought you said you were going down to the town," said the other man.

"Betcher life I am."

"Well, go on then. I'm not going." He moved off past the station, down the track, right in the eye of the wind.

"Plumb nutty!" exclaimed the short man, as he began to make speed toward the cluster of houses.

The tall man fought the blast alone now, but, though his lean form bent to it, he lifted his eyes occasionally and gazed about him, and again he repeated the word "Christmas!"

This, then, was why the sunshine was so bright, the swirling birds so madly gay and all the glittering earth and tingling air so full of seeming joy. He had kept no track of time, this frayed remnant of a man. Holidays had come and gone without his knowledge, but now, while the cold cut deeper and drowsiness began to dull the pain of it, he was glad he had knowledge of the day.

Christmas! Here was a chance for further reverie. Let him think of that last Christmas he had known just before he disgraced himself and fled the law. Let him think! Let him think!

Ah, here was the picture! His mind was full of it now. Flickering firelight in the neat sitting-room. The light of early dawn creeping in at the windows. Two stockings, stuffed beyond their normal

capacity, swinging over the hearthstone. Beside each of them a chair containing the overflow of Christmas things awaited the excited, wildly hilarious lads who, already stirring in the room above, would soon burst in, exultant.

Had the wind been from behind, the tall tramp would have heard the great roaring thing that was sweeping toward him down the grade. It was strange he did not feel the earth trembling. But he felt nothing, heard nothing but the soft voice that came down the years to him:—

"Did you put a card on Robbie's sled?"

And again: "Oh, won't Willy dance when he sees that little violin!"

And then the mad, glad rush of the boys.

"Merry Christmas, Mama!" "Merry Christmas, Papa!"

He was numb when the shock came; perhaps a little more so afterward, but that was all—no struggle, no pain, just ease and rest.

The head-brakeman came back and met the rear-brakeman and the conductor as they lifted the body into the caboose.

"It's all day with him, ain't it?" he asked, gazing down at the limp, inert thing at his feet.

"Oh, sure!" said the conductor. "Neck broke, ribs caved in, smashed all up—croaked in less 'n a minute. But nervy? Say, you orter heard him when we got to him and turned him over."

"Wouldn't it kill you?" interjected the rear-brakeman.

"What'd he say?" asked the head-brakeman.

"Jist grinned and said: 'Merry Christmas, boys!'—if he didn't, damn me!"



CORA URQUHART POTTER.

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

THREE was a time when no one spoke of Mrs. Potter's art. People praised instead her charms, her beauty, her grace. If any one had suspected that she had art he might have called it artifice, for in those days she was prominently known as a society belle.

Mrs. Potter had come from the South. She was Cora Urquhart, the daughter of Colonel David Urquhart of Louisiana. She was beautiful and scarcely twenty when she became the wife of James Brown Potter, son of Howard Potter and nephew of the Bishop of New York.

For ten years afterward she tried to reconcile herself to leading what she has since called a "butterfly existence" in the most fashionable society of America. We have had it described to us frequently, sometimes with constumely, sometimes with compliments. To succeed in it, whatever adjectives it may deserve, requires talent as to succeed elsewhere. Mrs. Potter succeeded. She was one of the youngest matrons in the most exclusive set, and one of the most

popular. She was in demand for cotillions and balls; she was invited to country houses and city banquets. She was an admirable partner at a dance or a dinner. She was exquisitely graceful, and she knew how to listen sympathetically, which is often a clever woman's way of gaining reputation as a conversationalist. She was both beautiful and individual.

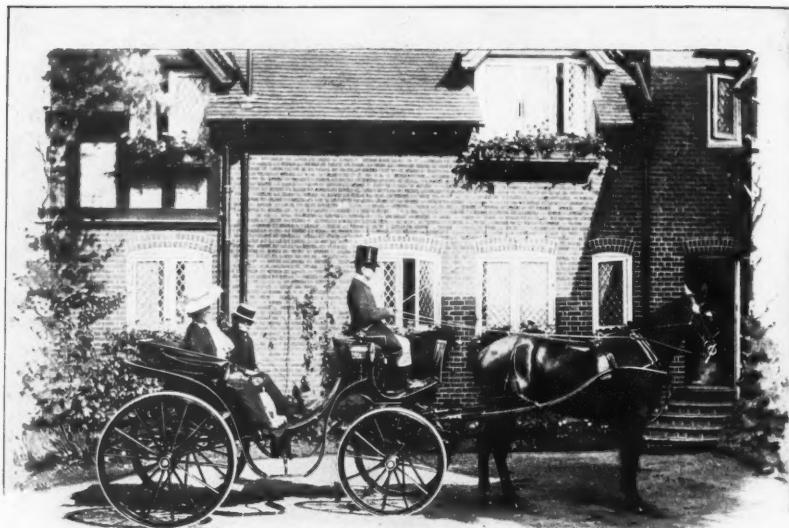
When, however, Mrs. Potter entered, with all the zest of a person who was not doing it for mere amusement, into the arena of amateur theatricals, people began to realize that this was no mere butterfly they had among them, content to sip the honey of praise and compliment.

These theatricals, the proceeds of which

went first to one charity and then to another, were the beginning of the training that was to fit her for such parts as "Thérèse Raquin" and "Charlotte Corday." In rapid succession—so rapid, indeed, that for an amateur it was amazing—Mrs. Potter appeared in "The Romance of a Poor



MRS. POTTER STUDYING A PART.



OFF FOR A REHEARSAL.

Young Man," "The Old Love and the New," "The Cape Mail," "A Russian Honeymoon," "A Moonlight Marriage." She was still the darling of society; nothing was allowed to reach her ears that was not flattering and complimentary.

All sorts of stories were told about her at this time. They dealt chiefly with her accomplishments. No one denied them to her. Her feats of memory were said to be as remarkable as her talent for mimicry. One night, after a performance for charity at the Madison Square Theater, her memory was put to a remarkable test. Some verses had been sent during the evening to the theater with a request that she should recite them. She did not know them, but she said yes. Outside her door, during an entr'acte, while she was dressing, the stage-manager slowly read them over to her several times. "I am ready," she announced, finally; and few in the audience had the least idea that Cora Potter had begun to study her lines while they were waiting to applaud her.

There isn't a doubt that she was clever; also, there isn't a doubt she was crude.

She had gifts. She was universally conceded to be a beauty. Her hair, a glorious copper color; her eyes, brown with

yellow lights; her skin, like the inside of a shell, were constantly extolled in her hearing and out of it.

Her charm, however, has been easily the more potent factor in the success that is now acknowledged to have been hers.

She was still one of the most admired in the younger set when her recitation in a Washington drawing-room of "'Ostler Joe,'" a poem by George R. Sims, aroused comment that was not altogether flattering.

But Mrs. Potter was consistent; also courageous. She shrugged her shoulders and turned her back upon the society that reproached her. She went to Europe, and there she announced that art for art's sake had claimed her. Incidentally she said things that were not polite even if they were true. She said: "I was an atom dawdling in society that fawned on me for its amusement and played with me as a toy. I chased the firefly of ambition and bright hopes till my ambitions were crushed out of me by the sordid surroundings of a miserable society existence, of keeping up appearances as unsatisfying when kept up as they were false, until at length some good angel whispered to me that the secret of life was—work."

"'Ostler Joe'" made her talked of from

one end of the country to the other. On all sides there were those who disparaged her. There were, however, some who upheld her. She had both the faults and the virtues of an impetuous woman. She had often offended thoughtlessly, and often she had served generously. Her friends recounted her good deeds, of which the category was long. They told of her strength, of her unselfishness, of her tact, of her skill. They told



AT GRAY LODGE.

a story of how, when some society woman after the "Ostler Joe" episode, it was of her acquaintance had been unjustly announced from Europe that Mrs. Potter

FAR FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

slandered, and was weeping because she could not defend herself, she had taken the blame boldly, declaring that she could stand censure. They told of the girls of a certain working - club, where she used to go twice a week to recite, who adored her. They declared that she never broke an engagement to meet them as she sometimes forgot or postponed her fashionable dinners.

Only a few months



THE ACTRESS.

was shortly to make her début in London as an actress.

Meanwhile, she had the sense to study. She went to what should be the best school in the world—the greatest actresses of France. She was the pupil of Plessy, of Bartet, of Samary, of Laurent—all great names and all great teachers. They encouraged her; they realized that Nature had done much for her. Study, they enthusiastically declared, would do the rest.

Their pupil went over to London, where it is not as easy as it reads, even if one is an American, loaded with introductions, to become the fashion. She met the Prince of Wales, and the doors of the great were thrown open to her. They would have closed again if she had been merely commonplace. Instead she was as original as one may be when one is charming.

When she first appeared, fifteen years ago at the Haymarket Theater, as Ann Sylvester, in Wilkie Collins's story of "Man and Wife," the Prince

of Wales sat in a box, and the smart set of London packed the house.

She was indeed the veriest amateur. Possessed to an unusual degree of the charm of which we have spoken, she had not found out how to exploit it in the glare of the footlights. She was groping in the dark with power, with talent, with beauty. She was never for a moment then, and indeed not until many months later, herself. She was constrained and theatrical until the charm that pervaded her slightest action in private life, from the putting on of a hat to the drawing forth of an arm-chair, began, as it were, to discover itself on the stage. Gradually, as a child learns how to walk, she found out how she might make the little tricks of the drawing-room, of which she was past mistress, tell over the footlights. She began to understand her art.

Some of it even then was lodged in a most musical and appealing voice, and much of it in tremendous energy and perseverance.

There is no question that Mrs. Potter has persevered. She has toured the country, playing in the theaters of South Africa, of India, of China, of Japan, of Australia, of England, always till latterly associated with Mr. Kyrie Bellew, one of the best artists of the English-speaking stage. Even a woman without aptitude would have gained at least experience. What then must it have brought to



THE CHATELAINE.



RECITING "THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR," SURROUNDED BY CRIMEAN VETERANS.

a woman endowed with talent of no me-
diocre sort?

Mrs. Potter had fancy, grace, imagination, ideality, even in the old days, when, undaunted by criticism, she essayed one part after another. They were all there, but acting is a trade like any other, and she hadn't discovered the trick of presenting them. Her critics first declared her utterly bad. They did worse—they made fun of her. Then gradually they turned and discovered her as she had discovered herself.

Possibly they first proclaimed and acclaimed her sincerely when she played "Thérèse Raquin" and "Charlotte Corday." They spoke then of her strength, of her polish, of her refinement, of her ease, of her surety.

She had arrived. Mrs. James Brown Potter is an actress, no longer to be judged by a standard of physical attractions. As "Miladi" in Mr. Tree's production of "The Three Musketeers," she captured London four years ago. In "Carnac Sahib," by Henry Arthur Jones, in which she played another siren part, she added to the strength of her position. Her most recent triumph

was first heralded as a failure. She was rehearsing "Calypso" in Mr. Stephen Phillip's classical play "Ulysses," when the poet found fault with her performance. Report said he feared it was too fervid. Mrs. Potter immediately resigned from the cast and remained out of it until she was petitioned to return and save it from failure. Her triumph was accentuated by an immediate increase in the box-office receipts.

London has its periodical fashion in women as well as in clothes. The latter it gets from Paris, the former from any country under heaven. Mrs. Potter is not only to-day praised as an actress, she is also welcomed as an acquisition in the private drawing-rooms that she used to frequent before she went touring through the countries of the world. Her tours have not spoiled her. She is as feminine, and there are those that say apparently as young, as when she started out determined to prove that she could act.

In her city house in St. John's Wood, and in her country home at Maidenhead on the bank of the Thames, she has set herself exquisitely. No one understands better how to do this than Mrs. Potter. She

is an honest lover of art, sincere in her admiration of beautiful forms, and as enthusiastic over an artistic gem as she is contemptuous of a poor imitation. It is said of her that her sensitiveness in matters of art once made for her an enemy of a woman high in the social world. Mrs. Potter shuddered at the sight of a present she had brought her—a *Venus of Milo* in zinc.

"I have brought it to you from Paris," said the fashionable woman. "It is a novelty, a great discovery; it is more durable than bronze; it is yours."

"Hide it," cried Mrs. Potter, covering her eyes to keep out the sight of it.

Her houses are stacked with treasures collected by a lover of art. In her rooms are to be seen two massive silver candlesticks that once belonged to Madame Du Barry, the fan that has been authentically established as having been used by Marie Antoinette, verses written by Robert Browning,

rare specimens of chased Indian silver, the sword that slew nine Chinamen at Hong Kong, and autographed photographs from the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Empress Eugénie, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and a dozen other royal persons. In every niche and corner there are curios, miniatures, engravings, paintings. These are offset at Gray Lodge, her country home, by furni-

ture that is in a style of a century and a half ago. The house is on the plan of Shakespeare's at Stratford-on-Avon, with old church windows of iridescent glass of which Mrs. Potter herself went in search. Her taste is everywhere—in her blue-and-rose-pink boudoir, hung with miniatures of Isabey and Romney—in the gray-blue dining-room whose walls form a delicious background for a sideboard covered with old Chelsea. At Gray Lodge, Mrs. Potter is in the country. She has her horses, her dogs, her birds, her donkey, and her baby Shetlands, "Calypso" and "Ulysses."

The house in St. John's Wood is less pretentious but equally famous. Mrs. Potter by living in it has made it so. It is set in a mass of green, with a tangle of rose-bushes in the background. There on fine days she has teas, which the lions of society attend. She was one of the most conspicuous among the



"LUCKY DOG."

Americans to aid in benefits during the South African war.

Mrs. Potter's success has not been sudden. It has been attained by years of work, in which she has shown that she has courage and the indomitable will to persevere. She was probably conscious even when she was most crude that she had the latent ability that to-day has grown worthy to be dignified as art.



FROM the time he got his inexplicable wound, Hearne had manifested disquieting symptoms. Until then, the only exceptional thing about him had been his adaptability to the predicament in which we were struggling. You would have thought he was to the manner born—instead of having always been a dweller in cities, attending to business. He had never before seen Nature in her wildness and isolation; had never even camped out in the Adirondacks. Yet here he was wandering in that pathless and terrible southern desert, where existence was a constant battle, and hope hourly more dim; and he acted like one in his native element.

He contemplated, almost as with a remembering glance, the appalling waste and solitude; he inhaled uncomplainingly the dry, burning breath of the shimmering sands; he looked familiarly at the weird fauna and flora; the dearth of food and water did not dismay him, and more than once he discovered both where I, used to such experiences, would have unknowingly passed them. He was cheerful even when our two mules succumbed, which left us to toil on on foot; and yet he had been an absolute tenderfoot up to the time when we undertook our disastrous journey.

Otherwise he was not a noticeable person; quiet, composed and plucky, with a face of great intelligence, though hardly

handsome. His eyes, however, were remarkable—clear, dark, steady and very expressive; they were observant and yet abstracted. He was rather less than forty years old, of medium height and weight, with an erect, symmetrical figure. At first, I ascribed his serenity and confidence partly to temperament, partly to ignorance of our peril; but later I had reason to modify this view.

"You'll pull through, all right!" he had more than once said to me, in his easy drawl, with that smile in his eyes which was one of his most winning manifestations.

"You leave yourself out of it, then?" I finally remarked.

"Oh," he returned, "I'm all right! I seem somehow to be at home here."

"You must be a new illustration of heredity," I said, jesting as men will *in extremis*. "Your ancestors were cave-men, or cliff-dwellers."

He gave me another smiling look, but made no answer.

The wound, as I was saying, was mysterious. For three days we had seen no living thing except insects and reptiles; even Indians avoided this wilderness. We had been struggling on, with the smallest possible amount of baggage; and on that night I slept the sleep of exhaustion.

I know not what sound or movement awakened me. I sat up. It was just before dawn. Hearne was squatting on the sand, attempting to bind up his left shoulder with a handkerchief. My first thought was that he had been bitten by a snake, but to my inquiry he replied that he had been shot with an arrow.

"Indians!" I exclaimed, scrambling to my feet. "Where? How long since?"

"Oh, a few minutes ago," he said, quietly. "No harm in it—just a little blood-letting. He missed the heart. There's no danger. You know, those folks hadn't discovered poisons."

"What folks are you talking about?" "The folks that made that," he answered; and he held up the most curious arrow I ever saw.

It was unlike any used by the Indians of that region. It was not more than fifteen inches long. The shaft was apparently made of the wing-bone of some large bird. It was light, but very strong. The head was of semi-transparent jasper. It was rudely fashioned, but it was needle-sharp. In place of feathering, there was some contrivance which I at first took for thin plates of mica; but they turned out to be fish-scales. Altogether it was as primitive and yet, for its purposes, as effective a weapon as ever man made.

"Did you see the fellow who shot this off?" I asked.

"Oh, I fancy we've met before," was his singular reply. "He always had it in for me." He smiled, reminiscently, and added, as if to himself: "It was quite like old times."

By this time the light of dawn—a still, clear light—was streaming over the vast expanse. Though I gazed earnestly in all directions, the level surface showed unbroken by any object bigger than a horned toad. Nor were there any traces of human footsteps within a hundred yards of our resting-place, except the tracks we had made the night before. How, then, did Hearne get the arrow in his shoulder? He could give no explanation; at any rate, he did not. I examined the arrow again. Some of Hearne's blood was dried on the jasper. I stuck the thing in my belt, and I have it still.

"You don't need to worry," said Hearne, noticing, I suppose, the foreboding look I cast on him. "One travels in a long orbit, and once in so long one passes over the same ground. I was rather expecting something of this sort. I'm beginning to get my bearings. But you're not in it, you know. You're all right. There'll be a change to-morrow."

Except that his manner was so entirely natural and tranquil, I should have thought

him light-headed. Possibly, by his talk about our "orbit," he meant that we had been traveling in a circle, as lost men often do. But I knew that we had not done this; and I have since come to the conclusion that he referred to something altogether different.

Of course, our rate of progress was diminished by his weakness. We dragged ourselves along step by step throughout that day, our shadows gradually shortening in front of us, as the incandescent ball of the sun climbed higher, and then lengthening behind us as it declined toward the awful wastes beyond. But, weak though he was, Hearne did not lose heart.

However, his light-headedness (if it were that) increased. Once he stopped and picked up a blue stone, which somewhat resembled lapis lazuli. It was roughly oval in shape, and holes had been drilled at the two foci of the oval. One could hardly tell whether it were natural or artificial. But Hearne seemed to know all about it.

After examining it with a pleased expression, he remarked: "That's one of hers. She must have dropped it here to show us we're on the right trail."

"She?" I repeated.

"She wore it as a forehead ornament, you know," he rejoined. "We used to find 'em sticking in the reef once in a while, but they were rare. But, my soul! how long ago? May be a million years!"

"Early Eocene, eh?" said I, humorizing him. I had not as yet detected method in his madness.

As the day advanced, and we toiled on, he following 'in my footsteps, I heard him say something in a conversational tone; but, on turning, I found he was addressing some one to me invisible. Afterward, this happened frequently. Sometimes the dialogue—his part of it—was animated. It was like hearing a man talking into a telephone. The purport was never clear. Often a word would creep in belonging to no language known to me; and these became commoner, till at last entire sentences were formed of them. It had a pleasant, flowing sound, like that of some of the South Sea Island tribes. Yet I recognized none of these in it.

"Look there!" he suddenly exclaimed,

pointing off to the left. "They're beginning to show up at last, you see."

I looked and looked, but there was nothing except the bare desert to see.

"Oh, I forgot! Of course, you couldn't," he added, noticing my perplexity. "But the power is coming back to me. I used to have it when I was a boy. It is an odd thing, when you come to think of it; but it seems natural enough, too."

"What is it you see?" I asked.

"Oh, just the folks!" he replied. "You couldn't understand. I'll explain to you later, maybe. We'll be at the place before sundown."

I suspect that my own mind must have begun to be affected by the contagion of these visions of his. During that afternoon, it seemed to me that I heard soft footfalls and breathings around me. Out of the corner of my eye I once fancied I caught a glimpse of a strange figure with shaggy hair and brilliant eyes, which vanished when I turned. It was evanescent—evidently a hallucination projected from my exhausted brain; but there was that sensation that many of us have had in solitude—of the presence, the propinquity of something, some one, removed from our sphere in a fourth dimension, perhaps, but almost within reach. Hallucinations are contagious; and I laid mine, such as they were, at the door of my companion's powerful preoccupation. Two madmen lost in a desert of sand and fire!

An hour before sunset, as I was plodding on, with eyes fixed dully on the space before my feet, I heard Hearne exclaim in a fresh, reviving tone: "There! There it is, now!"

I glanced heavily upward; but what I beheld stopped me in my tracks, and set me all a-tremble with wonder and delight.

A hundred rods in advance of where we stood, the hitherto interminable desert seemed to break off abruptly and descend into a deep lower land. In the foreground of the latter were forests of tropic vegetation, with broad glades of turf interspersed between their dark masses. A river wound through the wide levels, and at a distance of several miles it merged through spreading mouths into a sea of unimaginable blue which sparkled in the light of the red, descending sun.

The coast of this sea extended into remoteness on the right; and from it arose a chain of low, steep mountains, their naked contours of a dull red hue, which, in the play of light and atmosphere, took on all the tints of the spectrum. Above their summits, the far distance melted into a violet haze; and high above this, loftier than seemed possible, were uplifted other peaks of inconceivable altitude, their breathless acclivities crowned with everlasting snows. Such glory seemed hardly terrestrial.

My eyes reverted to the nearer landscape. The trees of which the forests were composed were of unfamiliar species. Some of them resembled palms; but the majority had rather the aspect of huge shrubs of titanic grasses, as if the riotous weeds of a neglected garden had been enormously magnified. As I gazed, I perceived, moving here and there amidst the trees or across the glades, animal forms which were new to me, save in pictures illustrative of creatures of former geologic periods. They were clumsy and monstrous—nightmare shapes; and many of them were evidently of vast dimensions; and yonder, flapping its way ponderously across the vale, from right to left, went a creature that was not a bird. Its wings, of an iridescent brown color, were not feathered, but bat-like; and its body was unmistakably reptilian. It labored through the air in short undulations, and disappeared below the edge of the high bluff on which we stood.

As it did so, I heard a faint halloo. Glancing downward, I saw three or four brown, naked figures running across a glade on the left. They were looking upward, and seemed to be in pursuit of the flying reptile. Their skin, though brown, seemed to be tanned by the sun, rather than native to that hue. Their hair was thick and shaggy, and it streamed back over their shoulders. Some carried small, thick bows in their hands. Others carried darts or hatchets. Their bodies and limbs were powerfully muscular, and they ran with immense speed. In a few moments they had plunged into the forest and were lost to my view.

I now discerned, three or four miles away, on one side of the fan-shaped river-mouths, a collection of small, rectangular

objects, of a uniform brown color, spread out upon a level space which sloped to the sea-beach. Amidst them moved groups of figures, too small at that distance to be distinctly seen, even in that translucent atmosphere, but manifestly human. The dwellings (for such they obviously were) were small and low, and of most primitive construction—nothing more, no doubt, than a framework of stakes, covered with hides. This village and its inhabitants completed the broad outlines of the scene. Other details I saw, but, in the astonishment and emotion of the moment, neglected to fix them in my memory—being ignorant till too late of their extraordinary significance and value.

"Where are we?" was my involuntary interrogation. "That range of low mountains looks like the northern coast of the Red Sea; but there's no such river there, or such people; and the snow mountains—they're as tall as the Himalayas! There are none like them in this continent. Those animals, too—that dragon! What is this?"

"Mountains have time to go up and down again in a million years," Hearne remarked, in his quiet drawl; "and animals and men—they come and go."

I had spoken to myself, for I had temporarily forgotten the existence of my companion. I turned to him at the sound of his voice. He was standing in a contemplative attitude, looking down upon the wondrous spectacle with no indication of surprise in his face. He seemed rather like one who revisits after an absence the home of his youth; and the next instant he said something that was quite as astounding as the scene itself: "Do you see that sharp bend of the river, before it separates to enter the sea, with a steep rock jutting out in the bight of it? We used to bathe there. There's thirty feet of water just off the cliff, and hardly any current. I'd like to be in it again this minute!"

"You bathed there?" I echoed, stupidly. "What is this? Are we crazy?"

Hearne smiled at me, and shook his head. "A little less so than usual, that's all," he said. "The things are always there, but we can't always see them."

I gave up all effort to understand. The

demands of Nature were too urgent. "Let's get down there while we can see, and have some of that water," I said.

"Wait till the sun goes down," returned Hearne, putting out a restraining hand.

But I saw no reason for waiting. The sun was already near its setting. It hung, a splendid sphere of ruddy gold, just above the waters of the sea, on which it cast a molten luster. If we hung back till dark, we would risk perils which might otherwise be avoided. There was no time to lose. The cool waters of that brimming river irresistibly called me. "You rest here, and I'll bring you a drink," said I, as I set forward.

I moved as rapidly as I could, but distances are deceptive in the desert, and I did not seem to approach much closer to the verge of the bluff. Meanwhile, the sun descended nearer and nearer to the meeting-line of sea and sky. The mountains momentarily changed their hues, and vast shadows were thrown across the plain. The snow-clad pinnacles were still illuminated with full sunshine, which now assumed a rosy tinge. I stumbled onward, panting with the exertion. The sun changed its form. It began to elongate, and took the shape of a pear, the stem of which touched the sea. The pear became an oval, pressed in at the sides; then it became a hemisphere. The landscape perceptibly darkened. Now there was but a golden button left on the dark brink; and now that, too, had vanished.

It vanished; and with it a wide shadow rolled from the horizon in my direction, and overspread all the scene. The colors, the forms, faded from sight; only the snow summits remained, and they now wore the aspect of towering clouds. I stopped and gazed. There was nothing in front of me but the gray levels of the desert, stretching illimitably toward the west!

"You fool!" I shouted. "A mirage!"

I flung myself down on the ground, with rage and despair in my heart. I had made my last struggle. I lay face downward, with my arms outspread. In this spot my bones should lie forever. The hot sand scorched my cheek, but I did not heed it. It was the sudden disappointment that

killed hope in me. I, an old plainsman, had been deceived by one of the commonest of the illusions of the desert. Never before indeed, perhaps, had an illusion so complete and elaborate mocked the senses of a human being; but what of that! I had been deluded; and there was nothing left for me now but to die.

I heard a voice speaking—Hearne's, doubtless—but I made no response, nor did the sense of the words reach me. A hideous toad, covered with warts, and with a projection over each eye, hopped on my hand; but I did not stir. The darkness rapidly increased. Let night come, or day; all was one to me. There I lay overwhelmed and beaten; and presently I lost all consciousness of outward things, and sank into a profound stupor.

From this oblivion, through a complexity of extravagant dreams, I was gradually aroused. Morning was come, and I was still alive. I lifted myself on one elbow, and looked about me. A figure was coming toward me from the west, his face illuminated by the clear light of dawn. It was Hearne; he walked with a light step, and in his hand he carried something spherical and heavy. It seemed to me that water dripped from it; and with that I arose stiffly to a sitting posture. Was this another hallucination?

"All right, old chap!" Hearne hailed me, cheerfully. "Sorry to keep you waiting, but I couldn't get back sooner. When you've had a good drink and a bit of something to eat, you'll feel better."

It was real water that he had in the gourd. Oh, the exquisite delight of it! Real food, too, was in his pouch, but what it was I never knew. I devoured it, as a famished dog might, and strength and spirit came back to me. Hearne sat beside me, watching me with a pleasant look and serving me kindly. I felt no impulse to question him. The sweetness of the physical relief made all else indifferent. How he had come by these provisions seemed for the time unimportant. Here they were! Miracles are easily accepted when they are beneficent. In an hour I was almost myself again.

"You look better, too," I observed. "It was a close shave."

"Yes, our troubles are over," he re-

plied. "They treated me better than you might have thought, after such a long time—though if they'd all been like that rascal who shot me, I'd have fared hard. But he was always cantankerous; and I don't blame him, seeing what I'd cost him. She fixed my shoulder for me," said he, pulling open his shirt. The wound, which had been an ugly, ragged one, was marvelously healed. There was only a thin, red scar to show where it had been.

"I suppose I'm yet mad," said I; "but I don't mind, as long as I feel comfortable. That may have been mirage-grub, but it couldn't have been better if it came from a New York restaurant."

"We may not be together much longer," Hearne said; "and before we part, I have a yarn to tell you. Our adventure has been unusual, but there was nothing supernatural about it; and you don't need to worry about your sanity—or mine either, for that matter. I can't explain everything, but maybe I can give you a line on the mystery. Do you mind?"

"I should be everlastingly grateful. For my part, I can't tell where the dream began and the reality ended, the last day or two. It'll be half an hour at least before I can move, after that breakfast; and meanwhile, if you can give me any idea of what has been going on, the time will be well spent."

"The philosophy of the thing I can tell little of," said he, drawing up his knees and putting his arms round them. "It doesn't go easily into words. We say nothing can alter natural laws, and that's right; but we know some of the laws only in their lower arcs. They go on and return out of our plane, something as sounds pass out of our hearing, or rays of light out of our sight; and in the invisible parts they may cause effects which seem paradoxical or miraculous. Probably we shall compass their whole orbit one of these days; and, meanwhile, there are certain organizations which already have faculties beyond the ordinary, and they can see and hear and do things that are generally impossible."

"Clairvoyance, and so on," I said.

"Well, I was that way when I was a boy. I could see and hear things, and after a while I found that other people couldn't. I soon learned which belonged especially

to me and which were common to everybody; and after that I had no trouble—at first they used to think I was lying, and punish me. If I got off alone, and sat still for a bit, the things would appear; and they looked just like real things. They were real, in their way. I could travel to various places; some of them were near where we lived; others were farther away; at last I could go anywhere I liked, sitting still in our barn or down by the brook, all the time. Whenever I had a chance to compare what I had seen or heard in this way with what actually existed, I found I had been right; and so I took it for granted I was right in the other cases. If I read of anything that interested me in my geographies or histories, I would investigate them personally in this way, and sometimes I puzzled my school-teacher by what I knew. I was careful not to tell how I had found it out."

"How about visiting other planets?" I asked; for I had had my dreams.

"That seemed to need some preparation that I didn't have. Of course, I knew nothing about the methods of development that they've discovered and now use. I was only a boy, and playing a lone hand. But I soon hit upon something that interested me quite as much; and that was that I could try back and come upon things that had happened long ago. By fixing my mind upon it, I could reach back to the beginnings of the history-books. There I was, in the midst of them, and things went on all round me quite naturally. But only once in a while was I able to take a part in the affairs myself; and finally it dawned upon me that this was when I had, during a previous lifetime, lived in that place and time. In those cases I seemed to take up the past life where I had dropped it, and go on with it, and the people saw me and knew me—which they otherwise did not. I had heard nothing at that time about the reincarnation theory; but it didn't seem to me strange that I had lived before. A boy has no idea of death, and neither can he imagine a time when he was not alive. I knew nothing, either, about the theory of the astral condition—that a sort of cast-off shell of our bodies or souls continues to exist indefinitely, and can be revivified by its former owner, if he can

put himself in accord with it. I read of those things long afterward; but at the time, I just blundered along, and no doubt missed a good deal through ignorance of the real situation."

"This is great!" I interjected. "I begin to see your drift. But I never took any real stock in those oriental notions before."

"Well, you see, I said to myself, 'Why not follow back this series of previous lives of mine, and see where I'll come out?' So I set out; and Columbus or Marco Polo never had half the fun that I did. I went back to the beginning of things; and I would need a year to give you an outline of the queer things I ran up against. Often I would lose my way—that is, get off my own trail; but I persisted, and always picked it up again at last. I suppose there was a sort of scent in it, and, by traversing this way and that, I would hit on it. I can only conjecture how far I went; but to cut it short, I found myself one day in a place where there were pterodactyls, flying dragons and ichthyosaurs, with vegetation and people to correspond. Nobody knows when that was; it may have been a million years ago, or more, or less. It makes no difference. I was there; and there I met the girl I used to know in those days. And we lived right down in that village by the sea that you and I were looking at last night."

"Good Lord, Hearne!" exclaimed I, staring in his face; "do you mean to say that wasn't—I mean, was that—?"

"No, it wasn't a mirage," he replied. "What we saw was in the astral light, if you like to give it that name. Probably you saw it because I did—there was a kind of sympathetic relation between us at the moment."

"It began before that," I said. "I had glimpses of things as we were coming along."

"I remember hearing you speak of the Eocene age," he rejoined; "and I guess you weren't far out. What we saw used really to be here in those days; and though, as you know, I have never been in these parts in my present body, I lived here then, and the scenery and other things were as you saw them. This desert and the present environment, generally, came long

afterward. But, as I say, I found this girl again, and she seemed to me, as she had done before, the only creature in the world worth seeing and being with; so, after that I used to waste no time investigating other parts of creation or chronology; but, every chance I got, I would come straight here, and we would be together.

We were about as near as you could get to the original man and woman. There was a *anoth*er young fellow there who used to interfere with us. He wanted my girl himself. It was he who shot me night before last with that arrow there." He pointed to the weapon in my belt.

"But the arrow is real!" said I, protestingly.

"I know; and so were the water and food you breakfasted on just now. As I began with saying, the laws of Nature get beyond our compass occa-
sionally. But there's nothing supernatural about it."

"Well, go on," I said.

"Well, you can imagine that a boy who could play hookey to such an extent as that, was liable to get remonstrated with by his parents and teachers; they found me several times in a trance condition, and

they made a great row about it. In the midst of it—I was then about fifteen years old I suppose—I fell ill, and came near dying. It was nearly a year before I got well; and then I found that the power had left me. I recovered it, partially, twice or thrice since then, when I would fall ill; but gradually I got interested in other

matters, went into business, and so on; and with one thing and another, it was not until we started on this desert trip, and I got so weakened physically, that the power fully returned to me. I soon saw that we were approaching the place where I had so often been in another state; and presently, as I suppose you understand now, the folks began to meet us, and keep along with us; and I knew it would be all right for us in the end.

That little blood-letting only made my perceptions clearer. Well, we arrived; and last night, after you fell over, I went down in the valley, and she and I met. I wish you could have seen her! There's nothing in the shape of woman nowadays that comes near her."

I thought it over, and shook my head. "It's beyond me!" I said. "What is a



Drawn by Edmund Frederick.

"THEY . . . SEEMED TO BE IN PURSUIT OF THE FLYING REPTILE."

dream, if this isn't? You are alive, and you may be able to send your soul back into time, as you say; but what is she? Didn't she die a million years ago?"

"If you had been with me last night, you wouldn't have thought so!" answered Hearne, with smiling eyes.

"Well, what are you going to do about it now? And where are we, in this twentieth century?"

"We are forty miles from a settlement," said Hearne; "and we shall be relieved very soon. As for me, I think I prefer the country down by the sea, and the people who live there; and I hope to arrange things so that— Ah, yonder come your friends!"

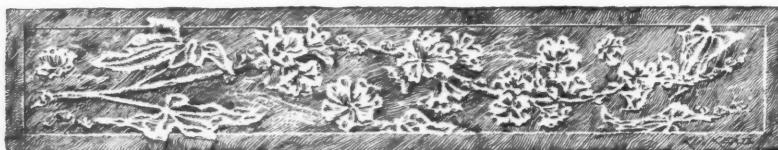
He pointed westward. Sure enough, a party of men on horseback were riding toward us across the desert. They were not the naked men of the Eocene age, but

American citizens of to-day; and I, who am also of to-day, was glad to see them.

In another half-hour they rode up to us, questioned us, and heard our story—not the story that Hearne had just told me. They had a couple of pack-mules with them. After some consultation, the loads were so distributed that Hearne and I could ride the latter. I got into the saddle. Hearne was doing the same, and had one foot in the stirrup, when all at once he turned white, put his hand over his heart, and fell back. He was dead.

I have always believed that it was as he would have wished. Further than that, I don't care to speculate. But he and that girl of his, the beauty of all time, are surely together and happy somewhere.

We arrived at the settlement before sunset, bringing Hearne's body; and there he is buried.



LOVE'S FEARLESSNESS.

BY ELSA BARKER.

LOVE comes to me with nothing in his hand,
And in his eyes promise of many tears.
Between our yearning hearts the gulf of years
Yawns emptily—and never to be spanned!
Our feet are deep in the uncertain sand
Of the world's ways; its noise is in our ears;
While life that lies in wait is big with fears
And purposes we may not understand.

Yet bravely have we pledged Love eye to eye,
Defying Fate to do her worst with us!
And though the murky clouds are ominous,
White wing to wing, our spirits dare the sky,
In faith that we shall find that marvelous
Still temple where Love's mystic jewels lie.

MANKIND IN THE MAKING.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

IV.—THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MIND AND LANGUAGE.

THE new-born child is at first no more than an animal. Indeed it is among the lowest and most helpless of all animals, a mere vegetative lump, assimilation-incarnate—wailing. It is for the first day in its life deaf, it squints blindly at the world, its limbs are beyond its control, its hands clutch drowningly at anything whatever that drifts upon this vast sea of being into which it has plunged so amazingly. And imperceptibly, subtly, so subtly that never at any time can we mark with any certainty the increment of its coming, there creeps into this soft and claimant little creature a mind, a will, a personality, the beginning of all that is real and spiritual in man. In a little while there are eyes full of interest and clutching hands full of purpose, smiles and frowns, the babbling beginning of expression and affections and aversions. Before the first year is out there is obedience and rebellion, choice and self-control, speech has commenced, and the struggle of the newcomer to stand on his feet in this world of men. The process is unanalyzable; given a certain measure of care and protection these things come spontaneously, with the merest rough encouragement of things and voices about the child they are evoked.

But every day the inherent impulse makes a larger demand upon the surroundings of the child, if it is to do its best and fullest. Obviously, quite apart from physical consequences, the environment of a little child may be good or bad, better or worse for it in a thousand different ways. It may be distracting or overstimulating, it may evoke and increase fear, it may be drab and dull and depressing, it may be stupefying, it may be misleading, and productive of vicious habits of mind. And our business is to find just what is the best possible environment, the one that will give the soundest and fullest growth not only of body but of intelligence.

Now, from the very earliest phase, the infant stands in need of a succession of interesting things. At first these are mere

vague sense-impressions, but in a month or so there is a distinct looking at objects; presently follows reaching and clutching, and soon the little creature is urgent for fresh things to see, handle, hear, fresh experiences of all sorts, fresh combinations of things already known. The new-born mind is soon as hungry as the body; and if a healthy well-fed child cries it is probably by reason of this unsatisfied hunger. It lacks an interest, it is *bored*—that dismal, vacant suffering that punishes the failure of living things to live fully and completely. As Mr. Charles Booth has pointed out, in his "Life and Labour of the People," it is probable that in this respect the children of the relatively poor are least at a disadvantage. The very poor infant passes its life in the family-room; there is a going and coming, an interesting activity of domestic work on the part of its mother, the preparation of meals, the intermittent presence of the father, the whole gamut of its mother's unsophisticated temper. It is carried into crowded and eventful streets at all hours. It participates in pot-house *soirées*, and assists at the business of shopping. It may not lead a very hygienic life, but it does not lead a dull one. Contrast with its lot that of the lonely child of some woman of fashion, leading its beautifully non-bacterial life in a carefully secluded nursery, under the control of a virtuous, punctual, invariable, conscientious rather than emotional nurse. The poor little soul wails as often for events as the slum baby does for nourishment. Into its gray nursery there rushes every day or every other day, a breathless, preoccupied, excessively dressed, cleverish, many-sided, fundamentally silly and universally incapable woman, who vociferates a little conventional affection, slaps a kiss or so upon her offspring, and goes off again to collect that daily meal of admiration and cheap envy which is the gusto of her world. After that gushing, rustling, incomprehensible passage, the child relapses into the boring care of its bored hireling for another day.

The nurse writes her letters, mends her clothes, reads, and thinks of the natural interests of her own life, and the child is "good" just in proportion to the extent to which it doesn't "worry."

The ideal environment should contain the almost constant presence of the mother, for no one is likely to be constantly so various and interesting and untiring as she. It is entirely on account of this ideal environment that monogamy finds its practical sanction, because it insures the presiding mother the maximum of security and self-respect. A woman who enjoys the full rights of a wife without a complete discharge of the duties of motherhood, profits by the imputation of things she has failed to perform. To secure an ideal environment for children in as many cases as possible is the second of the two great practical ends—the first being sound births—for which the rules of sexual morality exist.

The ideal environment should no doubt center about a nursery—a clean, airy, brightly-lit, brilliantly-adorned room, into which there should be a frequent coming and going of things and people—but, from the time the child begins to recognize objects and individuals, it should be taken for little spells into other rooms and different surroundings. In the lonely, convenient, servantless abode over which the able-bodied, capable, skilful, civilized women of the future will preside, the child will naturally follow its mother's morning activities from room to room. Its mother will talk to it, chance visitors will sign to it. There should be a public or private garden available where its perambulator could stand in fine weather, and its promenades should not be too much a matter of routine. To go along a road with some traffic is better for a child than to go along a secluded path between hedges; a street-corner is better than a laurel-plantation as a pitch for perambulators. . . .

When a child is five or six months old it will have got a certain use and grip with its hands, and it will want to handle and examine and test the properties of as many objects as it can. Gifts begin. There seems scope for a wiser selection in these early gifts. At present it is chiefly woolly animals with bells inside them, woolly balls, and so forth, that reach the baby's hands.

There is no reason at all why a child's attention should be so predominantly fixed on wool. These toys, I observe, are colored very tastefully, but as Preyer has advanced strong reasons for supposing that the child's discrimination of colors is extremely rudimentary until the second year has begun, these tasteful arrangements are simply an appeal to the parent. Light, dark yellow, perhaps red, and "other colors" seem to constitute the color-system of a very young infant. It is to the parent, too, that the humorous and realistic quality of the animal forms appeal. The parent does the shopping, and has to be amused. The babyish parent who really ought to have a doll instead of a child is sufficiently abundant in our world to dominate the shops, and there is a vast traffic in facetious baby-toys, facetious nursery-furniture, "art" cushions and "quaint" baby-clothing, all amazingly delightful things for grown-up people. These things are bought and grouped about the child, the child is taught tricks to complete the picture, and parentage becomes a very amusing afternoon employment. So long as convenience is not sacrificed to the esthetic needs of the nursery, and so long as common may compete with "art" toys, there is no great harm done, but it is well to understand how irrelevant these things are to the real needs of a child's development.

A child of a year or less has neither knowledge nor imagination to see the point of these animal resemblances—much less to appreciate either quaintness or prettiness. My own little boy at seven months took no sort of interest in woolly lambs and such like treasures. He waved them about in his hand to make them rattle, if one called his attention to them, and then dropped them. He would have been as well off without them. He was much more interested in the crumpling and tearing of paper, in the crumpling of chintz, and in the taking off and replacing of the lid of a little box. I think it would be possible to devise a much more entertaining set of toys for an infant than is at present procurable, but unhappily they would not appeal to the intelligence of the average parent. There would be, for example, one or two little boxes of different shapes and substances with lids to take off and on, one or two rubber things that

would bend and twist about and admit of chewing, a ball and a box made of china, a fluffy, flexible thing, like a rabbit's tail with the vertebrae replaced by cane, a velvet-covered ball, a powder-puff, and so on. They could all be plainly and vividly colored with some non-soluble, inodorous color. They would be about on the cot and on the rug where the child was put to kick and crawl. They would have to be too large to swallow, and they would all get pulled and mauled about until they were more or less destroyed. Some would probably survive for many years as precious treasures, as beloved objects, as powers and symbols in the mysterious secret fetishism of childhood—confidants and sympathetic friends.

There may be, I may note here, as a friend points out to me, a further objection to the present predominance of woolly animals among infantile toys. They may train little children to regard small animals as maulable soft things which can be made, by suitable pinching and wrenching, to squeal or squeak very delightfully. That is scarcely a desirable impression to create. The child learns that the eyes are removable, and so forth; it wrenches, nips, bites and hauls. Presently, when the turn of the live puppy or kitten comes—it may go hard with the kitten or puppy. To very little children all things are interesting—the animal form is totally unnecessary. Only in the early part of the second year do images and likenesses and counterfeits become at all distinctively entertaining things.

While the child is engaged with its first toys, and with the collection of rudimentary sense-impressions, it is also developing a remarkable variety of noises and babblements from which it will presently disentangle speech. Day by day it will show a stronger and stronger bias to associate definite sounds with definite objects and ideas, a bias so comparatively powerful in the mind of man as to distinguish him from all other living creatures. Other creatures may think, may in a sort of concrete way come almost indefinitely near reason (as Professor Lloyd Morgan, in his very delightful "Animal Life and Intelligence," has shown), but man alone has in speech, the apparatus, the possibility at any rate, of being a reasoning and reasonable creature. It is of course not

his only apparatus. Men may think out things with drawings, with little models, with signs and symbols upon paper, but speech is the common way, the highroad, the current coin of thought.

With speech humanity begins. With the dawn of speech the child ceases to be an animal we cherish and crosses the boundary into distinctly human intercourse. There begins in its mind the development of the most wonderful of all conceivable apparatus, a subtle and intricate keyboard, that will end at last with thirty or forty or fifty thousand keys. This queer, staring, soft, little being in its mother's arms is organizing something within itself, beside which the most wonderfully organized orchestra one could imagine is a lump of rude clumsiness. There will come a time when at the merest touch upon those keys, image will follow image and emotion develop into emotion, when the whole creation, the deeps of space, the minutest beauties of the microscope, cities, armies, passions, splendors, sorrows, will leap out of darkness into the conscious being of thought, when this interwoven net of brief, small sounds will form the center of a web that will hold together in its threads the universe, the All, visible and invisible, material and immaterial, real and imagined, of a human mind. And if we are to make the best of a child, it is in no way secondary to its physical health and growth that it should acquire a great and thorough command over speech, not merely that it should speak, but what is far more vital, that it should understand swiftly and subtly things written and said. Indeed this is more than any physical need. The body is the substance and the implement; the mind, built and compact of language, is the man. All that has gone before, all that we have discussed of sound birth and physical growth and care, is no more than the making ready of the soil for the mind that is to grow therein. As we come to this matter of language we come a step nearer to the intimate realities of our subject; we come to the mental plant that is to bear the flower and the ripe fruit of the individual life. The next phase of our inquiry, therefore, is to examine how we can get this mental plant, this foundation substance, this abundant, mastered language,

best developed in the individual, and how far we may go to insure this best development for all the children born into the world.

From the ninth month onward the child begins serious attempts to talk. In order that it may learn to do this as easily as possible, it requires to be surrounded by people speaking one language and speaking it with a uniform accent. Those who are most in the child's hearing should endeavor to speak—even when they are not addressing the child—deliberately and clearly. All authorities are agreed upon the mischievous effect of what is called "baby-talk," the use of an extensive sham vocabulary, a sort of deciduous milk-vocabulary that will presently have to be shed again. Froebel and Preyer join hands on this. The child's funny little perversions of speech are really genuine attempts to say the right word, and we simply cause trouble and hamper development if we give back to the seeking mind its own blunders again. When a child wants to indicate milk, it wants to say milk, and not "mooka" or "mik," and when it wants to indicate bed the needed word is not "bedder" or "bye-bye" but "bed." But we give the little thing no chance to get on in this way until suddenly one day we discover it is "time the child spoke plainly." There comes a time when children absolutely loathe these adult imbecilities, and I can still remember quite vividly a day of wrath in my sixth year when I rose in revolt against an invitation to "look at zhee moo-cows." Preyer has pointed out very instructively the way in which the quite sufficiently difficult matter of the use of I, mine, me, my, you, yours and your, is made still more difficult by those about the child adopting irregularly the experimental idioms it produces. When a child says to its mother, "me go mome," it is doing its best to speak English, and its remark should be received without worrying comment; but when a mother says to her child, "me go mome," she is simply behaving stupidly and losing an opportunity of teaching her child its "mother tongue."

In learning to speak, the children of the more prosperous classes are probably at a considerable advantage when compared with their poorer fellow children. They

hear a clearer and more uniform intonation than the blurred, uncertain speech of our commonality, that has resulted from the reaction of the great synthetic process of the past century upon dialects. But this natural advantage of the richer child is discounted in one of two ways; in the first place by the mother, in the second by the nurse. The mother in the more prosperous classes is often much more vain and trivial than the lower-class woman; she looks to her children for amusement, and makes them contributors to her "effect," and by taking up their quaint and pretty mispronunciations and devising humorous additions to their natural baby-talk she teaches them to be much greater babies than they could ever possibly be themselves. They specialize as charming babies until their mother tires of the pose, and then they are thrust back into the nursery to recover leeway, if they can, under the care of governess or nurse.

The second disadvantage of the upper-class child is the foreign nurse or nursery-governess. There is a widely-diffused idea that a child is particularly apt to master and retain languages, and people try to inoculate their children with French and German as Lord Herbert of Cherbury would have inoculated them with antidotes for all the ills their flesh was heir to—even, poor little wretches! to an anticipatory regimen for gout. The root error of these attempts to form infantile polyglots, is embodied in an unverified quotation from Byron's "Beppo," dear to pedagogic writers:—

"wax to receive and marble to retain"
runs the line, which the curious may discover to be a description of the faithful lover, though it has become as firmly associated with the child-mind as has Sterne's:

"tempering the wind to the shoru lamb,"
with Holy Writ. And this idea of infantile receptivity and retentiveness is held by an unthinking world in spite of the universally accessible fact that hardly one of us can remember anything that happened before the age of five, and very little that happened before seven or eight, and that children of five or six, removed into foreign surroundings, will, in a year or so, if special measures are not taken, reconstruct their idiom and absolutely forget every word of their mother tongue. This foreign nurse

comes into the child's world, bringing with her quite weird errors in the quantities, the accent and idiom of the mother tongue and greatly increasing the difficulty and delay on the road to thought and speech.* And this attempt to acquire a foreign language prematurely at the expense of the mother tongue, to pick it up cheaply by making the nurse an informal teacher of languages, entirely ignores a fact upon which I would lay the utmost stress in this paper, which indeed is the gist of this paper, that only a very small minority of English or American people have more than half mastered the splendid heritage of their native speech. To this neglected and most significant limitation the amount of public attention given at present is quite surprisingly small.

There can be little or no dispute that the English language in its completeness presents a range too ample and appliances too subtle for the needs of the great majority of those who profess to speak it. I do not refer to the half-civilized and altogether barbaric races who are coming under its sway, but to the people we are breeding of our own race, the barbarians of our streets, our suburban "white niggers" with a thousand a year and the conceit of imperial destinies. They live in our mother tongue as some half-civilized invaders might live in a gigantic and splendidly equipped palace. They misuse this, they waste that, they leave whole corridors and wings unexplored, to fall into disuse and decay. I doubt if the ordinary member of the prosperous classes in England has much more than a third of the English language in use, and more than half in knowledge, and as we go down the social scale we may come at last to strata having but a tenth part of our full vocabulary, and much of that blurred and vaguely understood. The speech of the colonist is even poorer than the speech of the home-staying English. In America, just as in Great Britain and her colonies, there is the same limitation and the same disuse. Partly, of course, this is due to the pettiness of our thought and experience, and so far it can only be remedied by a general intellectual amplification, but partly it is due to the general

ignorance of English prevailing throughout the world. It is atrociously taught, and taught by ignorant men. It is atrociously and meanly written. So far as this second cause of sheer ignorance goes, the gaps in knowledge are continually resulting in slang and the addition of needless neologisms to the language. People come upon ideas that they know no English to express, and strike out the new phrase in a fine burst of ignorant discovery. There are Americans, in particular, who are amazingly apt at this sort of thing. They take an enormous pride in the jargon they are perpetually increasing; they boast of it, they give exhibition performances in it, they seem to regard it as the culminating flower of their continental republic—as though the old world had never heard of shoddy. But indeed they are in no better case than that unfortunate lady at Earlswood who esteems newspapers stitched with unraveled carpet and trimmed with orange-peel, the extreme of human splendor. In truth, their pride is baseless, and this slang of theirs has no sort of distinction whatever. Let me assure them that in our heavier way we in this island are just as busy defiling our common inheritance. We can send a team of linguists to America who will murder and misunderstand the language against any eleven of the Americans may select.

Of course there is a natural and necessary growth and development in a living language, a growth that no one may arrest. In appliances, in politics, in science, in philosophical interpretation there is a perpetual necessity for new words, words to express new ideas and new relationships, words free from ambiguity and encumbering associations. But the neologisms of the street and the saloon rarely supply any occasion of this kind. For the most part they are just the stupid efforts of ignorant men to supply the unnecessary. And side by side with the invention of inferior cheap substitutes for existing words and phrases, and infinitely more serious than that invention, goes on a perpetual misuse and distortion of those that are insufficiently known. These are processes not of growth but of decay: they distort, they render obsolete, and they destroy. The obsolescence

* The same objection applies to the Indian ayah and the black "mammy," who are such kind, slavish and picturesque additions to the ensemble of white mother and children.

and destruction of words and phrases cuts us off from the nobility of our past, from the severed masses of our race overseas, far more effectually than any growth of neologisms. A language may grow, our language must grow, it may be clarified and refined and strengthened, but it need not suffer the fate of an algal filament, and pass constantly into rottenness and decay whenever growth is no longer in progress. That has been the fate of languages in the past because of the feebler organization, the slenderer, slower intercommunication and above all the insufficient records of human communities, but the time has come now—or, at the worst, is rapidly coming—when this will cease to be a fated thing. We may have a far more copious and varied tongue than had Addison or Spenser—that is no disaster—but there is no reason why we should not keep fast hold of all they had. There is no reason why the whole fine tongue of Elizabethean England should not be at our disposal still. Conceivably Addison would find the rich, allusive English of George Meredith obscure, conceivably we of this time might find a thousand words and phrases of the year 2000 strange and perplexing, but there is no reason why a time should ever come when what has been written well in English since Elizabethean times should no longer be understandable and fine.

The prevailing ignorance of English in the English-speaking communities enormously hampers the development of the racial consciousness. Except for those who wish to bawl the crudest thoughts, there is no means of reaching the whole mass of these communities to-day. So far as material requirements go it would be possible to fling a thought broadcast like seed over the whole world to-day, it would be possible to get a book into the hands of half the adults of our race. But at the hands and eyes one stops—there is a gap in the brains. Only thoughts that can be expressed in commonplaces will ever reach the minds of the majority of the English-speaking peoples under present conditions.

A writer who aims to be widely read to-day must perpetually halt, must perpetually hesitate at the words that arise in his mind; he must ask himself how many people will stick at this word altogether or

miss the meaning it should carry; he must ransack his memory for a commonplace paraphrase, an ingenious rearrangement of the familiar; he must omit or overaccentuate at every turn. Such simple and necessary words as "obsolescent," "deliquescent," "segregation," for example, must be abandoned by the man who would write down to the general reader; he must use "impertinent" as if it were a synonym for "impudent," and "indecent" as the equivalent of "obscene." And in the face of this wide ignorance of English, seeing how few people can either read or write English with any subtlety, and how disastrously this reacts upon the general development of thought and understanding amidst the English-speaking peoples, it would be preposterous, even if the attempt were successful, to complicate the first linguistic struggles of the infant with the beginnings of a second language. But people deal thus lightly with the mother tongue because they know so little of it that they do not even suspect their own ignorance of its burden and its powers. They speak a little set of ready-made phrases; they write it scarcely at all, and all they read is the weak and shallow prose of popular fiction and the daily press. That is knowing a language within the meaning of their minds, and such a knowledge a child may very well be left to "pick up" as it may. Side by side with this they will presently set themselves to erect a similar "knowledge" of two or three other languages. One is constantly meeting not only women but men who will solemnly profess to "know" English and Latin, French, German and Italian, perhaps Greek, who are, in fact, beyond the limited range of food, clothing, shelter, trade, crude nationalism, social conventions and personal vanity, no better than the deaf and dumb. In spite of the fact that they will sit with books in their hands, visibly reading, turning pages, penciling comments, in spite of the fact that they will discuss authors and repeat criticisms, it is as hopeless to express new thoughts to them as it would be to seek for appreciation in the ear of a hippopotamus. Their linguistic instruments are no more capable of contemporary thought than a tin whistle, a xylophone and a drum are capable of rendering the *Eroica Symphony*.

In being also ignorant of itself this wide ignorance of English partakes of all that is most hopeless in ignorance. Except among a few writers or critics there is little sense of defect in this matter. The common man does not know that his limited vocabulary limits his thoughts. He knows that there are "long words" and rare words in the tongue, but he does not know that this implies the existence of definite meanings beyond his mental range. His poor collection of every-day words, worn-out phrases and battered tropes, constitutes what he calls "plain English," and speech beyond these limits he seriously believes to be no more than the back-slang of the educated class, a mere elaboration and darkening of intercourse to secure privacy and distinction. No doubt there is justification enough for his suspicion in the exploits of pretentious and garrulous souls. But it is the superficial justification of a profound and disastrous error. A gap in a man's vocabulary is a hole and tatter in his mind; words he has may indeed be weakly connected or wrongly connected—one may find the whole keyboard jerry-built, for example, in the English-speaking Baboo—but words he has not signify ideas that he has no means of clearly apprehending; they are patches of imperfect mental existence, factors in the total amount of his personal failure to live.

This world-wide ignorance of English, this darkest cloud almost upon the fair future of our confederated peoples, is something more than a passive ignorance. It is active, it is aggressive. In England at any rate if one talks beyond the range of white-nigger English one commits a social breach. There are countless "book-words" well-bred people never use. A writer with any tenderness for half-forgotten phrases, any disposition to sublimate the mingling of unaccustomed words, runs as grave a risk of organized disregard as if he tampered with the improper. The leaden censures of the "Times," for example, await any excursion beyond its own battered circumlocutions. Even nowadays and when they are veterans Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Henley get ever and again a screed of abuse from some hot champion of Lower Division Civil Service prose. "Plain English" such a one will call his desideratum, as one

might call the viands on a New Cut barrow "plain food." The hostility to the complete language is everywhere. I wonder just how many homes may not be witnessing the selfsame scene as I write. Some little child is struggling with the unmanageable treasure of a new-found word, has produced it at last, a nice, long word, forthwith to be "laughed out" of such foolish ambitions by its anxious parent. People train their children not to speak English beyond a threadbare minimum; they resent it upon platform and in pulpit, and they avoid it in books. Schoolmasters as a class know little of the language. In none of our schools, not even in the more efficient of our elementary schools, is English adequately taught. . . . And these people expect the South African Dutch to take over their neglected tongue! As though the poor partial King's English of the British colonist were one whit better than the Taal! To give them the reality of what English might be; that were a different matter altogether.

These things it is the clear business of our New Republicans to alter. It follows, indeed, but it is in no way secondary to the work of securing sound births and healthy childhoods, that we should secure a vigorous, ample mental basis for the minds born with these bodies. We have to save, to revive, this scattered, warped, tarnished and neglected language of ours, if we wish to save the future of our world. We should save not only the world of those who at present speak English, but the world of many kindred and associated peoples who would willingly enter into our synthesis, could we make it wide enough and sane enough and noble enough for their honor.

To expect that so ample a cause as this should find any support amongst the festering confusion of the old politics is to expect too much. There is no party for the English language anywhere in the world. We have to take this problem as we took our former problem and deal with it as though the old politics, which slough so slowly, were already happily excised. To begin with we may give our attention to the foundation of this foundation, to the growth of speech in the developing child.

From the first the child should hear a

clear and uniform pronunciation about it, a precise and careful idiom and words definitely used. Since language is to bring people together and not to keep them apart, it would be well if throughout the English-speaking world there could be one accent, one idiom and one intonation. This there never has been yet, but there is no reason at all why it should not be. There is arising even now a standard of good English to which many dialects and many influences are contributing. From the Highlanders and the Irish, for example, the English of the South are learning the possibilities of the aspirate *h* and *wh*, which latter had entirely and the former very largely dropped out of use among them a hundred years ago. The drawling speech of Wessex and New England—for the main features of what people call Yankee intonation are to be found in perfection in the cottages of Hampshire and West Sussex—is being quickened, perhaps, from the same sources. The Scotch are acquiring the English use of shall and will, and the confusion of reconstruction is world-wide among our vowels. The German *u* of Mr. Samuel Weller has been obliterated within the space of a generation or so. There is no reason at all why this natural development of the uniform English of the coming age should not be greatly forwarded by our deliberate efforts, why it should not be possible within a little while to define a standard pronunciation of our tongue.

We have available now for the first time, in the more highly evolved forms of phonograph and telephone, a means of storing, analyzing, transmitting and referring to sounds, that should be of very considerable value in the attempt to render a good and beautiful pronunciation of English uniform throughout the world. It would not be unreasonable to require from all those who are qualifying for the work of education, the reading aloud of long passages in the standard accent. At present there is no requirement of this sort in England, and too often our elementary teachers at any rate, instead of being missionaries of linguistic purity, are centers of diffusion for blurred and vicious perversions of our speech. In the pulpit and the stage, moreover, we have ready to hand most potent instruments of dissemination, that need

nothing but a little sharpening to help greatly toward this end. At the entrance of almost all professions nowadays stands an examination that includes English, and there would be nothing revolutionary in adding to that written paper an oral test in the standard pronunciation. By active exertion to bring these things about, the New Republican could do much to secure that every child of our English-speaking people throughout the world would hear in school and church and entertainment the same clear and definite accent. The child's mother and nurse would be helped to acquire almost insensibly a sound and confident pronunciation. No observant man who has lived at all broadly, meeting and talking with people of diverse culture and tradition, but knows how much our intercourse is cumbered by hesitations about quality and accent, and petty differences of phrase and idiom, and how greatly intonation and accent may warp and limit our sympathy.

And while they were doing this for the general linguistic atmosphere, the New Republicans could also attempt something to reach the children in detail.

By instinct nearly every mother wants to teach. Some teach by instinct, but for the most part there is a need of guidance in their teaching. At present these first and very important phases in education are guided almost entirely by tradition. The necessary singing and talking to very young children is done in imitation of similar singing and talking; it is probably done no better, it may possibly be done much worse, than it was done two hundred years ago. A very great amount of permanent improvement in human affairs might be secured in this direction by the expenditure of a few thousand pounds in the systematic study of the most educational method of dealing with children in the first two or three years of life, and in the intelligent propagation of the knowledge obtained. There exists already, it is true, a number of Child Study Associations, Parents' Unions and the like, but for the most part these are quite ineffectual talking-societies, akin to Browning Societies, Literary and Natural History Societies; they attain a trifling amount of mutual improvement at their best, the members

read papers to one another, and a few medical men and schools secure a needed advertisement. They have no organization, no concentration of their energy, and their chief effect seems to be to present an interest in education as if it were a harmless, pointless fad. But if a few men of means and capacity were to organize a committee, with adequate funds, secure the services of specially-endowed men for the exhaustive study of developing speech, publish a digested report and, with the assistance of a good writer or so, produce very cheaply, advertise vigorously and disseminate widely a small, clearly-printed, clearly-written book of pithy instructions for mothers and nurses in this matter of early speech, they would quite certainly effect a great improvement in the mental foundations of the coming generation. We do not yet appreciate the fact that, for the first time in the history of the world, there exists a state of society in which almost every nurse and mother reads. It is no longer necessary to rely wholly upon instinct and tradition, therefore, for the early stages of a child's instruction. We can reinforce and organize these things through the printed word.

For example, an important factor in the early stage of speech-teaching is the nursery-rhyme. My little boy toward the end of his first year, having accumulated a really very comprehensive selection of sounds and noises by that time, began to imitate first the associated motions and then the sounds of various nursery-rhymes—*pat-a-cake*, for example. Unfortunately, neither my wife nor I know a sufficiently ample selection of such rhymes, the boy's nurse is in the same case, and it seems impossible to get a really serviceable collection. But in the book I imagine, there would be among many other things a series of little versicles, old and new, in which to the accompaniment of simple gestures, all the elementary sounds of the language could be easily and agreeably made familiar to the child's ears.

And the same book, I think, might well contain a list of foundation things and words and certain elementary forms of expression with which the child should become perfectly familiar in the first three or four years of life. Much of each little

child's vocabulary is its personal adventure, and heaven save us all from system in excess! But I think it would be possible for a subtle psychologist to trace, through the easy, natural tangle of the personal brier-rose of speech, certain necessary strands that hold the whole growth together and render its later expansion easy and swift and strong. Whatever else the child gets, it must get these fundamental strands well and early if it is to do its best. If they do not develop now, their imperfection will cause delay and difficulty later. There are, for example, among these fundamental necessities, idioms to express comparison, to express position in space and time, elementary conceptions of form and color, of tense and mood, the pronouns and the like. No doubt, in one way or another, most of these forms are acquired by every child, but there is no reason why their acquisition should not be checked by the help of a wisely-framed list, and any deficiency deliberately and carefully supplied. It would have to be a wisely-framed list, it would demand the utmost effort of the best intelligence, and that is why something more than the tradesman enterprise of publishers is needed in this work. The publisher's ideal of an author of educational works is a girl in her teens, working for pocket-money. A little quintessential book is wanted, better and cheaper than any publisher, publishing for gain, could possibly produce; a book so good that imitation would be difficult, and so cheap and universally sold that no imitation would be profitable. . . .

Upon this foundation of a sound accent and a basis vocabulary must be built the general fabric of the language. For the most part this must be done in the school. At present in Great Britain a considerable proportion of schoolmasters and school-mistresses, more particularly those in secondary and private schools, are too ill educated to do this properly—there is excellent reason for supposing things are very little better in America—and to begin with it must be the care of every good New Republican to bring about a better state of things in this most lamentable profession. Until the teacher can read and write, in the fullest sense of these words, it is idle to expect him or her to teach the pupil to do these things. As matters are at present

the attempt is scarcely made. In the elementary and lower secondary schools ill-chosen reading-books are scampered through and abandoned all too soon in favor of more pretentious "subjects," and a certain preposterous nonsense called English grammar is passed through the pupil; stuff which happily no mind can retain. Little girls and boys of twelve or thirteen, who cannot understand and never will understand anything but the vulgarest English, and who will never in their lives achieve a properly-punctuated letter, are taught such mysteries as that there are eight—I believe it is eight—sorts of nominative, and that there is (or is not) a gerundive in English, and trained month after month and year after year to perform the oddest operations, a non-analytical analysis and a ritual called parsing, that must be seen to be believed. It is no good mincing the truth about all this sort of thing. These devices are resorted to by the school-teachers of the present, just as the rules of Double and Single Alligation and Double Rule of Three and all the rest of that solemn tomfoolery were "taught" by the arithmetic-teachers in the Academies of the eighteenth century, because they are utterly ignorant and know themselves to be utterly ignorant of the reality of the subject, and because, therefore, they have to humbug the parent and pass the time by unreal inventions. The case is not a bit better in the higher-grade schools. They do not do so much of the bogus teaching of English, but they do nothing whatever in its place.

Now it is little use to goad the members of an ill-trained, ill-treated, ill-organized and poorly-respected profession with reproaches for doing what they cannot do, or to clamor for legislation that will give more school time or heavier subsidies to the pretense of teaching what very few people are able to teach. We all know how atrociously English is taught, but proclaiming that will not mend matters a bit, it will only make matters worse by making schoolmasters and schoolmistresses shameless and effortless, unless we also show how well English may be taught. The same course is to begin by establishing the proper way to do the thing, to develop a proper method, and demonstrate what can be done by that method in a few selected schools,

to prepare and render acceptable the necessary class-books, and then to use examination and inspector, grant in aid, training-college, lecture, book and pamphlet to spread the sound expedients. We want an English Language Society, of affluent and vigorous people that will undertake this work. And one chief duty of that society will be to devise, to arrange and select, to print handsomely, to illustrate beautifully, and to sell cheaply and vigorously *everywhere*, a series of reading-books, and perhaps of teacher's companions to these reading-books, that shall serve as the basis of instruction in standard English throughout the whole world. These books, as I conceive them, would begin as reading-primers, they would progress through a long series of subtly graded stories, passages and extracts, until they had given the complete range of our tongue. They would be read from, recited from, quoted in exemplification and imitated by the pupils. Such splendid matter as Henley and Whibley's collection of Elizabethan prose, for example, might well find a place toward the end of that series of books. There would be an anthology of English lyrics, of all the best short stories in our language, of all the best episodes. From these Readers the pupil would pass, still often reading and reciting aloud, to such a series of masterpieces as an efficient English Language Society could force upon every school. At present in English schools a library is an exception rather than a rule, and your clerical headmaster, on public occasions, will cheerfully denounce the trash-reading, snippet-reading habits of the age, with that defect lying like a feather on his expert conscience. A school without an easily accessible library of at least a thousand volumes is really scarcely a school at all; it is a dispensary without bottles, a kitchen without a pantry. For all that, if the inquiring New Republican find two hundred linen-covered volumes of the "Eric or Little by Little" type, mean goody-goody thought, dressed in its appropriate language, stored away in some damp cupboard of his son's school, and accessible once a week, he may feel assured things are above the average there. My imaginary English Language Society would, I imagine, make it a fundamental duty, firstly to

render that library of at least a thousand volumes or so specially cheap and easily procurable, and secondly by pamphlets and agitation to render it a compulsory minimum requirement for every grade of school. It is far more important, and it would be far less costly, even as things are, than the cheapest sort of chemical laboratory a school could have, and it should cost scarcely more than a school-piano. . . .

I know very little of the practical teaching of English; my own obviously very fragmentary knowledge of our tongue was acquired in a haphazard and toilsome fashion, but I am inclined to think that in addition to much reading aloud and recitation from memory, the work of instruction might consist very largely of continually more extensive efforts towards original composition. Paraphrasing is a good exercise, provided that it does not consist in turning good and beautiful English into bad. I do not see why it should not follow the reverse direction. Selected passages of mean, stereotyped, garrulous or inexact prose might very well be rewritten, under the direction of an intelligent master. Retelling a story that has just been read and discussed, with a change of incident, perhaps, would also not be a bad sort of exercise, writing passages in imitation of set passages and the like. Written descriptions of things displayed to a class should also be instructive. Caught at the right age most little girls and many little boys, I believe, would learn very pleasantly to write simple verse. This they should be encouraged to read aloud. At a later stage the more settled poetic forms, the ballade, the sonnet, the rondeau, for example, should afford a good practise in handling language. Pupils should be encouraged to import fresh words into their work—even if the effect is a little startling at times—they should hunt the dictionary for material. A good book for the upper forms in schools dealing in a really intelligent and instructive way with Latin and Greek, so far as it is necessary to know these languages in order to use and manipulate technical English freely, would, I conceive, be of very great service. It must be a good exercise to write precise definitions of words. Logic also is an integral portion of the study of the mother tongue.

But to throw out suggestions in this way is an easy task. The educational papers are full of this sort of thing; educational conferences resound with it. What the world is not full of, is the capacity to organize these things, to drag them, struggling and clinging to a thousand unanticipated difficulties, from the region of the counsel of perfection to the region of manifest practicability. For that there is needed attention, industry and an intelligent use of a fair sum of money. We want an industrious committee, and we want one or two rich men. A series of books, a model course of instruction, has to be planned and made, tried over, criticized, revised and altered. When the right way is no longer indicated by prophetic persons pointing in a mist, but marked out, leveled, mapped and fenced, then the scholastic profession wherever the English language is spoken has to be lured and driven along it. The New Republican must make his course cheap and attractive, easy for the teacher and good for the teacher's pocket and reputation. Just as there are plays that as actors say "act themselves," so, with a profession that is rarely at its best and often at its worst, and which at its worst consists of remarkably dull young men and remarkably dreary young women, those who want English well taught must see to it that they provide a series of books and instructors that will teach by themselves whatever the teacher does to prevent them.

Surely this enterprise of text-books and teachers, of standard phonographs and cheaply-published classics is no fantastic impossible dream! So far as money goes—if only money were the one thing needful!—a hundred thousand pounds would be a sufficient fund from first to last for all of it. Yet modest as its proportions are, its consequences, were it done by able men throwing their hearts into it, might be of incalculable greatness. By such expedients and efforts as this we might enormously forward the establishment of that foundation of a world-wide spacious language, the foundation upon which there will arise for our children subtler understandings, ampler imaginations, sounder judgments and clearer resolutions, and all that makes at last a nobler world of men.

At the end of the fifth year, as the natural outcome of its instinctive effort to experiment and learn acting amidst wisely-ordered surroundings, the little child should have acquired a certain definite foundation for the educational structure. It should have a vast variety of perceptions stored in its mind and a vocabulary of three or four thousand words, and among these and holding them together there should be certain structural and cardinal ideas. They are ideas that will have been gradually and imperceptibly instilled, and they are necessary as the basis of a sound mental existence. There must be, to begin with, a developing sense and feeling for truth and for duty as something distinct and occasionally conflicting with immediate impulse and desire, and there must be certain clear intellectual elements established already almost impregnably in the mind, certain primary distinctions and classifications. Many children are called stupid and begin their educational career with needless difficulty through the unsoundness of these fundamental intellectual elements, an unsoundness in no way inherent but the result of accident and neglect. And a starting handicap of this sort may go on increasing right through the whole life.

The child at five, unless it is color-blind, should know the range of colors by name and distinguish them easily, blue and green not excepted. It should be able to distinguish pink from pale red and crimson from scarlet.* Many children, through the neglect of those about them, do not distinguish these colors until a very much later age. I think, also, in spite of the fact that many adults go vague and ignorant on these points, that a child of five may have been taught to distinguish between a square, a circle, an oval, a triangle and an oblong and to use these words. It is easier to keep hold of ideas with words

than without them, and none of these words should be impossible by five. The child should also know familiarly by means of toys, wood blocks and so on, many elementary solid forms. It is a matter of regret that in common language we have no easy convenient words for many of these forms, and instead of being learnt easily and naturally in play they are left undistinguished and have to be studied later under circumstances of forbidding technicity. It would be quite easy to teach the child in an incidental way to distinguish cube, cylinder, cone, sphere (or ball), prolate spheroid (which might be called "egg"), oblate spheroid (which might be called "squatty ball"), the pyramid, and various parallelepipeds, as, for example, the square slab, the oblong slab, the brick, and post. He could have these things added to his box of bricks by degrees; he would build with them and combine them and play with them over and over again and gain an intimate knowledge of their properties, just at the age when such knowledge is almost instinctively sought and is most pleasant and easy in its acquisition. These things need not be specially forced upon him. In no way should he be led to emphasize them or give a priggish importance to his knowledge of them.

In addition the child should be able to count,† it should be capable of some mental and experimental arithmetic, and I believe (I do not know because I am insurmountably stupid with music), that a child of five might be able to give the *sol fa* names to notes and sing these names at their proper pitch. Possibly in social intercourse the child will have picked up names for some of the letters of the alphabet, but there is no great hurry for that before five certainly, or even later. There is still a vast amount of things immediately about the child that needs to be thoroughly learnt,

*There could be a set of color-bands in the book that English Language Society might publish.

†There can be little doubt that very many of us were taught to count very badly and that we are hampered in our arithmetic throughout life by this defect. Counting should be taught by means of small cubes, which the child can arrange and rearrange in groups. It should have at least over a hundred of these cubes—if possible a thousand—they will be useful as toy-bricks and for innumerable purposes. Our civilization is now wedded to a decimal system of counting, and to begin with it will be well to teach the child to count up to ten and to stop there for a time. It is suggested by Miss Mary Everest Boole that it is very confusing to have distinctive names for eleven and twelve, which the child is apt to class with the single numbers and contrast with the teens, and she proposes at the beginning ("The Cultivation of the Mathematical Imagination," Colchester, Benham & Co.), to use the words "one-ten," "two-ten," thirteen, fourteen, et cetera, for the second decade in counting. Her proposal is entirely in harmony with the general drift of the admirably suggestive diagrams of number order collected by Mr. Francis Galton. Diagram after diagram displays the same hitch at twelve, the predominance in the mind of an individualized series over quantitatively equal spaces until the twenties are attained. Many diagrams also display the mental scar of the clock-face, the early counting is overmuch associated with a dial. One might perhaps head off the establishment of that image and supply a more serviceable foundation for memories by equipping the nursery with a vertical scale

and a premature attack on letters divides attention from these more appropriate and educational objects. It should, for the reason given in the foot-note, be still ignorant of the Arabic numerals. It should be able to handle a pencil and amuse itself with free-hand.

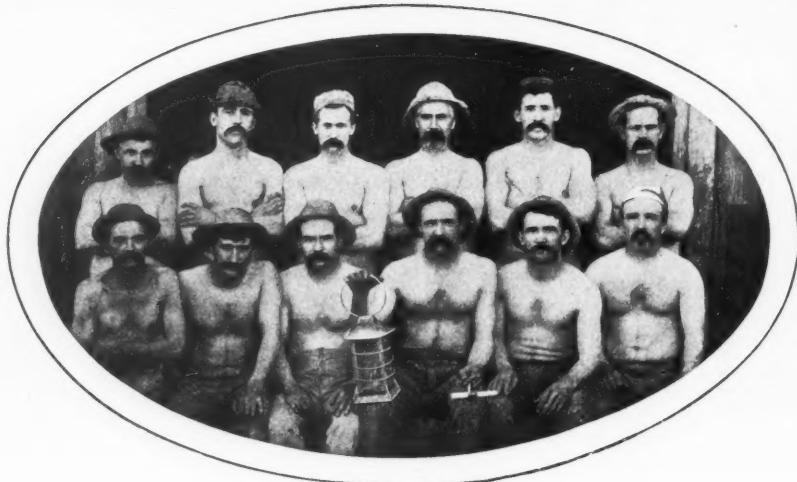
The child will already be a great student of picture-e-books at five, something of a critic (after the manner of the realistic school), and it will be easy to egg it almost imperceptibly to a level where copying from simple outline illustrations will become possible. About five, a present of some one of the plastic substitutes for modeling clay now sold by educational dealers, will be a discreet and acceptable present to the child—if not to its nurse.

The child's imagination will also be awake and active at five. He will look out on the world with anthropomorphic (or rather with pedomorphic), eyes. He will be living on a great, flat earth—unless some officious person has tried to muddle his wits by telling him the earth is round—amidst trees, animals, men, houses, engines, utensils, that are all capable of being good or naughty, all fond of nice things and hostile to nasty ones, all thumbable and perishable and all conceivably esurient. And the child should know of fairy-land. The beautiful fancy of the "little people" even if you do not give it to him, he will very probably get for himself; they will lurk always just out of reach of his desiring curious eyes, amidst the grass and flowers and behind the wainscot and in the shadows of the bedroom. He will come upon their traces; they will do him little kindnesses. Their affairs should interweave with the affairs of the child's dolls and brick castles and toy-foundlings. Little boys like dolls—preferably masculine and with movable limbs—as much as do little

girls, albeit they are more experimental and less maternal in their manipulation. At first the child will scarcely be in a world of sustained stories, but very eager for anecdotes and simple short tales. At five, I suppose, a child would be hearing brief fairy tales read aloud. At five it is undesirable that the child should have heard horrifying things, and he should not be afraid of the dark. (If he has heard of these things you should find which servant needs dismissal.) It is, I am sorry to believe, very difficult to eliminate the horrors of fear absolutely from a child's life. Vulgarly illustrated toy-books should be guarded against; I remember I was haunted intolerably by certain vivid renderings of giants in Jack the Giant Killer, and by a melodramatic gorilla, killing a man, that figures in a popular natural history much in the hands of children. An intelligent censorship may do much to ward off these sufferings until this passion of fear—so needless in the civilized life—begins that process of withering which is its destiny under our present and future security. Cowardly mothers and nurses who scuttle from cows and dogs and prancing horses may do infinite harm to a child by confirming this vestige of our animal past. The simple and obvious fearlessness of those about him should wean the child steadily from his instinctive dread of strangers and strange animals and strange unexpected objects and sudden loud noises. . . .

This is the hopeful foundation upon which at or about the fifth year the formal education of every child in a really civilized community ought to begin. There are, however, certain general questions to be disposed of, before we can deal in a satisfactory manner with that formal education and the work of the New Republican in regard to it.

of number divided into equal parts up to two or three hundred, with each decade tinted. When the child has learned to count up to a hundred with cubes it should be given an abacus, and it should also be encouraged to count and check quantities with all sorts of things—marbles, apples, bricks in a wall, pebbles, spots on dominoes, and so on, taught to play guessing-games with marbles in a hand and the like. The abacus, the hundred square and the thousand cube will then in all probability become its cardinal numerical memories. Playing-cards (without corner indices) and dominoes supply good recognizable arrangements of numbers and train a child to grasp a number at a glance. *The child should not be taught the Arabic numerals until it has counted for a year or more.* Experience speaks here. I was so unlucky as to learn to read and write very young; I learnt my Arabic numerals prematurely before I had acquired any sound experimental knowledge of numerical quantity and, as a consequence, my numerical ideas are incurably associated with the peculiarities of the figures. When I hear the word seven I do not really think of seven or seven-ness at all; even now, I think of a number rather like four and very unlike six. Then, again, six and nine are mysteriously now, and unreasonably linked in my mind, and so are three and five. I confuse numbers like sixty-three and sixty-five, and find it hard to keep seventy-four distinct from forty-seven. Consequently, when it came to the multiplication table I learnt each table as an arbitrary arrangement of relationships and with an extraordinary amount of needless labor and punishment. But obviously with cubes or abacus at hand it would be the easiest thing in the world for a child to construct and learn its own multiplication table whenever the need arose.



GROUP OF MINERS READY FOR WORK.

ROMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MINES.

I.—THE COMSTOCK AND ITS GREAT BONANZA.*

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

ON a certain day in January, 1873, a man stood staring at a thin, blue thread in the face of a tunnel twelve hundred feet underground. There was something behind that opaque wall, but what? Wealth and power or ruin, thought this man. He could see that alternative clearly, for he and his partners had staked their all on this venture. If the little, blue thread of vein matter pinched out, then he, James G. Fair, would have to ask his enemies, of the "Bank - of - California crowd," for a job as superintendent of one of their mines. His friend, John W. Mackay, could hardly hope for as good luck as that. He would have to be satisfied with a chance to use his muscular arms in swinging a pick, at four dollars a day. James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien would need to trust to their saloon in San Francisco for a living. On the other hand, if the vein should broaden into a bonanza, these four men would take their places along with Sharon and Ralston, among the financial magnates of the Pacific coast. They would be millionaires. They could

have city mansions on California Street and country-seats at San Mateo. It is not likely that Fair saw farther than that. Yet beyond that silent wall of rock lay secrets that might have sent a quiver through even his seasoned nerves. There, in a vast chamber seven hundred feet long, five hundred feet high, and from ninety to three hundred and fifty feet wide, lay the greatest mass of precious ore ever uncovered in a single spot. The huge vault was filled with it—so packed with richness that when they began to rifle it they often had to adulterate its treasures with poorer ores to facilitate the milling.

But there was more in the "Big Bonanza" than merely eighteen hundred tons of pure silver and eighty tons of fine gold. That gigantic treasure-vault was peopled with fateful shadows. From its depths the man who then stood peering thoughtfully at its barred gate was to rise to the United States Senate. The daughter of a day-laborer was to become a Roman princess. The treasures of the bonanza were to unlock the guarded doors of Fifth

*The first of a series, covering the stories, far stranger than the most ingenious fiction, of the great mines of America and Europe, which will appear during 1903 in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*.



SENATOR WM. M. STEWART.

with Asiatic possessions of whose presence under our flag no prophet was frantic enough to dream.

Nor was that all. In that mighty treasure-vault was hidden the fate of parties and of national policies for at least a generation—perhaps for many generations—to come. The silver-question might never have become a political issue, William Jennings Bryan might never have become a presidential candidate, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt might never have been presidents, had James G. Fair lost the little thread at which he was staring on that January day of thirty years ago.

But he did not lose it. He followed it, foot by foot, as an Indian follows a trail. Once he took sick, and his miners, lacking his miraculous "nose for ore," dropped the clue. When Fair returned to the drift he found his men tunneling cheerfully away in barren rock. He found the lost thread again, and patiently followed it. At last, it was no longer a thread, but a broadening vein. It became an inch wide, a foot, two feet, three, four, five, six, seven feet. In another month, the men were drifting in a lead twelve feet wide. Meanwhile they had been sinking a shaft to tap the ore-body, and at the junction the vein was forty feet wide. Then a short drift from the shaft brought the explorers into Nature's imperial throne-room—the great hall of the "Big Bonanza."

Imagine a room as long and as wide as the capitol at Washington, and so high that if the capitol were piled on top of St. Peter's at Rome its dome would just reach the ceiling. Pack that hall with a solid

Avenue and Newport. Telegraph-wires, strung by Comstock money, were to span the continent, and cables across the Atlantic and the Pacific were to link us on one side with England and on the other mass of gold and silver ore—shimmering green and gray chlorides, luscious black sulphurets, shining, jetty, silver glance and coils of native gold and silver wires. Decorate the mass with sparkling crystals of purple, pink, violet, white, green and rose quartz, and you will have some idea of the wonders of the "Big Bonanza."

I have said that this mighty treasure-chest contained in its depths the fate of parties and of national policies. Its discovery came precisely at the time when the question of bimetallism was dawning upon the popular consciousness in America and in Europe. Germany and the United States had just demonetized silver. The next year, when the silver flood from the Comstock was at its height, France suspended free coinage. Soon afterward the battle for the reopening of the mints began to rage in the United States, to be temporarily ended by the Bland-Allison truce in 1878. During all this time, the "Big Bonanza" was pouring out its deluge of shining bullion. The volume was great in itself, but it was infinitely exaggerated in the general imagination. It was seriously said that John W. Mackay was worth six hundred million dollars. This conclusion was obtained by the simple process of making a liberal estimate of Mr. Mackay's income, and treating it as the interest on a deposit of invested capital. It did not seem to occur to such statisticians that the income of the bonanza kings was their only capital, which they were digging out of Nature's strong box as fast as drills and blasting-powder could do the work. Yet the contents of that box had been pretty accurately estimated. William G. Wright ("Dan De Quille") the veteran

mining reporter of the *Virginia Territorial Enterprise*, had figured the contents of the deposits at one hundred and sixteen million seven hundred and forty-eight



THE LATE JAS. G. FAIR.



THE LATE JOHN W. MACKAY.

thousand dollars. The amount actually extracted, from first to last, was one hundred and eight million eight hundred and sixty-one thousand two hundred and thirty dollars. Nearly half of this was gold. The yield of silver from the "Big Bonanza," in all the six years that it lasted, hardly exceeded the amount of gold that has been extracted from the Rand in six months. But sentiment magnified it into a Brocken specter. Silver was to inundate the world until it ceased to be a precious metal. Bonanza was to follow bonanza, each more portentous than the last. It seems strange that such impressions should have been produced by an output which in its greatest year amounted only to twenty million, five hundred and seventy thousand and seventy-eight dollars of silver against eighteen million, two thousand, nine hundred and six dollars of gold for all the mines of the Comstock combined, but so it was. Had it not been for the menace of the "Big Bonanza" it is probable that France would not have closed her mints in 1874, and it is almost certain that we should have reopened ours in 1876, with what political and financial consequences through coming generations the imagination may determine.

The popular fancy at that time, even among men who should have known better, regarded the "Big Bonanza" as an inexhaustable reservoir of silver. In truth, it was simply a gigantic "pocket." The placer-miner finds a pocket, with a thousand or five thousand dollars' worth of metal in it, and he washes it out, congratulating himself upon his good luck. Fair, Mackay, O'Brien and Flood struck a pocket that contained over a hundred million dollars. That was the only difference. They cleaned it out in due time. Where, in 1873, there had been a solid mass of treasure, in 1879 there was a gigantic cavern, empty save for the huge bulk of "square-set"

timbering that held up its lofty roof. The stock that had been sold for nearly eight hundred dollars per share dropped to a dollar and a quarter. Thousands of speculators were ruined, but the men who had known how to find the bonanza knew how to keep the fortunes it had given them.

The romance of the Comstock culminated in the "Big Bonanza." But many chapters had been written before that. Long before Fair or Mackay had ever been heard of in newspaper-offices, there had been flush times in Washoe, and Mark Twain, Dan De Quille and Ross Browne had written about them. The Comstock reckons up sixteen bonanzas, of which the Fair-Mackay strike in California and Consolidated Virginia was the last and greatest. The lode was Fortune's playground from the beginning. The first miners who came that way were looking for placer gold. They were annoyed by a lot of worthless blue stuff that interfered with their washing, but they could not get rid of it. It was sulphuret of silver—the vein matter of the Comstock Lode, and the prospectors were throwing away ore that carried over six thousand dollars in gold and silver to the ton. But here comes in another of the practical jokes of Fortune. There were two brothers among this flock of innocents who really knew what they were about. They prospected with scientific system, and there is reason to believe that they actually discovered the great lode that afterward bore the name of a worthless impostor. One of them drove a pick into his foot, and died of blood-poisoning, and the other perished in the pitiless snow-drifts of the Sierra passes.

And so instead of the "Grosh" lode we have the "Comstock."

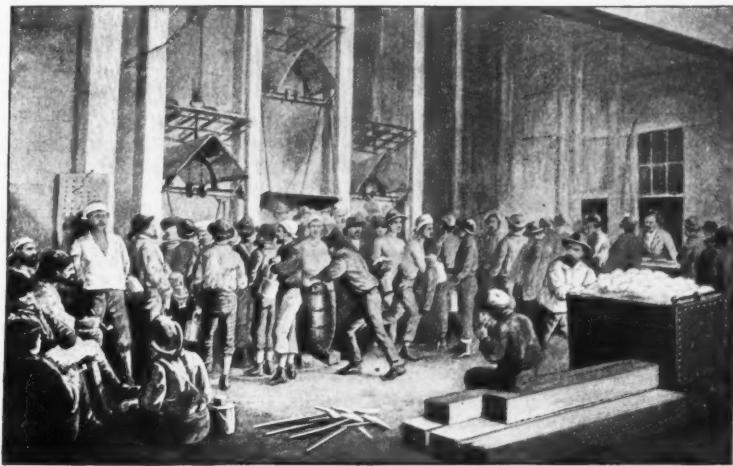
Henry Comstock was a lank, untutored Canadian, whose chief equipment for the conquest of Nature was a nerve that



SENATOR JOHN P. JONES.

overshadowed Mount Davidson. It happened one day that two miners, then and since unknown to fame—Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley—struck a streak of pay-dirt of astonishing richness. They were industriously washing it out when Comstock rode up, saw the color in their rocker, leaped from his pony, and announced that he was the proprietor of all the land in the vicinity by right of an agricultural location, and also that he owned the stream with which the men were washing out their gold. It was an inspiration of genius. Comstock's assertion was pure fiction; he had nothing to back it up, but he fairly bullied the dis-

city that rose above the buried treasure-chest, as well as its greatest mine, but the millions of the lode and the city went to stronger men, while Comstock and "Old Virginia" sank into the poverty for which they had been born. Comstock lost his mind, and committed suicide; O'Riley, one of the original discoverers of the lode, died in an insane asylum, and McLaughlin, his partner, after keeping himself alive by cooking for a party of miners, died as a pauper in a county hospital in California. Meanwhile, stately business blocks, built by Comstock money, were rising in San Francisco, and the hilltops were crowned with



From a water-color. CHANGING SHIFTS AT THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINE.

coverers into dividing their claim with him, and giving him the largest share. He was on the road now to incalculable wealth. He and his partners were the sole owners of a deposit of precious metal, destined to produce three hundred and fifty million dollars in the next twenty years, upsetting the financial equilibrium of the world with a single one of its many bonanzas. But men of a very different type were needed to wrest fortune from the giant vein. Comstock gave his name to the lode, and James Finney, a harmless toper, who was affectionately known as "Old Virginia," left his sobriquet to the

the palaces of the men who had picked up what the blind discoverers of the lode had thrown away.

Between the era of Comstock and his associates and that of the shrewd, far-seeing and forceful explorers of the "Big Bonanza" came a period of thirteen years of feverish energy, of wild speculation and sometimes of pinching poverty. A whole generation of famous millionaires grew up at this time—Stewart, Jones, Sharon, Sutro, and their kind—bold, desperate fighters, of infinite resource and little troubled by scruples. Three of them went to the United States Senate—two are there yet. The

white-bearded Senator "Bill Stewart," who entertained the galleries at Washington for so many years by his ability to connect everything in the course of human events with the "crime of 1873," is a living Iliad of all the battles of the Comstock. Thirty years ago he was the greatest man on the lode, and he is probably the most highly-paid lawyer in the United States. When the leader of the Massachusetts bar was earning forty thousand dollars a year, Stewart was taking in two hundred thousand dollars. One mining company gave him a hundred feet of its claim as a fee, and he sold it for one hundred thousand dollars. For a time, he was the dictator of Washoe. On one occasion, he forced the resignation of the entire territorial judiciary of Nevada. John P. Jones, now Mr. Stewart's colleague in the Senate, was a mining superintendent and a mighty man with the pick. In the great fire of 1869, he stood seven hundred feet underground battling with gas and steam until the foul air put out his lights, and his frantic assistant rushed to the cage, clanged the bell, and was carried to the surface in a faint, supported by the man he had tried to desert. It was Jones who discovered the great Crown Point bonanza, which ranks in Comstock history next to the "Big Bonanza" of Mackay and Fair. Crown Point stock was selling in November, 1870, at two dollars per share. In May, 1872, it touched one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. These enormous fluctuations, making beggars and millionaires in an hour, led to reckless and unscrupulous operations which sometimes shaded into crime. The most atrocious accusations were made and widely believed. It was even asserted that the terrible Crown Point fire of 1869, in which thirty-four miners lost their lives, had been started to enable certain speculators to profit by a fall in stocks. This tale, extravagant as it was, met with such general credence that it precipitated a panic in the market, and cut the price of some stocks in two.

Is was not surprising that rumor should run riot in the purlieus of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, for the market there was one whose match has never been seen since men first began to gamble in shares. Even John Law's Mississippi bubble in

France, the South Sea fever in England, and the tulipomania in Holland were less frantically intoxicating than the wild witches' dance that careered from Mount Davidson to California Street. In each of those historic crazes there was a swiftly swelling boom and then a collapse. But in the mining-stock market in San Francisco there was an incessant alternation of sky-rocket advances and toboggan declines. The stock of one mine was selling at one thousand, five hundred and seventy dollars per share in one year, three dollars two years later, two hundred and forty dollars two years after that, fifteen dollars the next and one hundred dollars in two months more. It dropped from forty-five dollars to three dollars in a single month. This mine never paid a dividend. Its shares were as purely gambling-counters as a set of poker-chips, and it was kept in operation by assessments on the stockholders who had bought to sell. The stock of another mine fluctuated between one dollar and fifty cents and one thousand five hundred and twenty-five dollars in a single year. The vicissitudes were endless. When a "security" might go up a thousand per cent. or lose nine-tenths of its value over night, there was not much sleep for people trading on margins.

In 1870, Crown Point was selling at a rate that made the whole mine worth only twenty-four thousand dollars. A year and a half later this same mine, measured by the stock-market, was valued at twenty-two millions. It was estimated that at one time or another the various mines were selling at figures that would have made the whole lode worth seven hundred million dollars if they could all have been obtained at once. At other times they dropped to depths that represented an aggregate valuation of less than a million for the entire outfit.

The whole Pacific Coast was stock-crazy. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, even Chinamen and Indians, haunted the bulletin-boards. When the San Francisco quotations were posted in Virginia City, the whole town deserted its various occupations and sprinted to the scene. At every turn of the wheel, millionaires were made beggars and beggars millionaires. Philip Deidesheimer, the man who created most



From C. H. Shinn's "Story of the Mine." Copyright, 1896, by D. Appleton & Co.
MILL IN WHICH ORES ARE REDUCED.

of the value of the Comstock by his invention of "square-set" timbering, without which the richest deposits could not have been worked, impoverished himself by putting all his savings into the stock of the bonanza mines at the highest figures. Stock-gambling women were so numerous that they acquired a generic designation—"mud-hens"—and most of them perished, with bedraggled plumage, in the financial swamps.

The shareholders of a corporation are usually supposed to have a right to information about its condition, but on the Comstock it was taken as a matter of course that all the news of developments in the mines should be kept for stock-operations for the profit of the men in control. Superintendents and directors used their private information systematically to freeze out the outside shareholders. When important discoveries were expected, all the exploration work at the front was done by secret shifts of miners drawing extra wages, and if a secret leaked out every man on the shift was discharged and blacklisted by every mine on the lode until the leak was located. Often the members of these secret shifts were imprisoned for days at a time in the depths of the mines until their em-

ployers could profit by their discoveries in the stock-market. It was considered a marvel that Mackay and his partners allowed the public to follow the development of the "Big Bonanza," and even they were accused of rigging the market by misleading reports. While the insiders were jealously guarding their information, thousands of sharp eyes without were exhausting every device to pry into it. On one occasion, a reporter, who had been lurking for days about a certain mine in which there were rumors of important developments, waited until the superintendent had returned to the surface from a tour of inspection, slipped into his dressing-room, and scraped off the mud from the boots and clothes he had worn in the mine. He had this assayed, and so much precious metal was found in it that he telegraphed to his backers in San Francisco to buy all the stock they could get hold of. They followed his advice, and cleaned up a fortune.

The mining world was torn during this time by the passions that raged around the tunnel scheme of Adolph Sutro. There is normally nothing romantic about a hole in the ground, but Sutro's personality would have vivified a catacomb. Overcoming all

disadvantages of race, aspect and speech, this little German Jew fought single-handed against the powers of Nature and of man, and he conquered all of them. Archimedes needed a lever and fulcrum to move the world. Sutro moved his world with nothing but the unaided power of will. He had been impressed from the beginning with the wasteful methods of mining on the Comstock, whereby all the water had to be hauled and all the water pumped to a vertical height which often exceeded a quarter of a mile—a distance soon to be doubled. He conceived the idea of running a tunnel four miles long from the floor of the Carson Valley into the mountain, striking the mines at the sixteen-hundred-foot level. This would drain off all the water above that stage by gravity, would permit ore to be cheaply run out on cars, would improve the ventilation of the mines, furnish a means of escape in case of accident, and would, incidentally, offer a good chance of striking valuable ore-bodies. At first, everybody was in love with the scheme, and Sutro was a hero. He secured contracts by which the mining companies agreed to pay the tunnel company two dollars per ton on all the ore they took out after the tunnel became available. He also obtained a liberal franchise from the Nevada legislature, and fortified his enterprise with an Act of Congress. Then he undertook the apparently easy task of collecting the capital for the work.

Then, in a day, all his rosy prospects collapsed. The capitalists of the Bank-of-California group, who were then the absolute rulers of the Comstock, saw that Sutro's success would create a rival financial power, and they at once declared war upon his project.

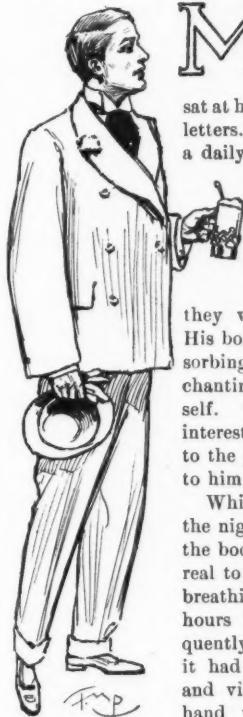
On one day, Sutro had been surrounded by friends and allies, with boundless wealth within his grasp. The next, he stood alone. The capitalists, headed by Sharon and Ralston, canceled their subscriptions. The United States senators withdrew their countenance. The politicians, merchants and press combined to kill the enterprise. This, at a time when capital was hard to get, even for plans of unquestioned solidity, seemed fatal. Who would subscribe money for a scheme that all the substantial interests of the vicinage had repudiated?

If any man ever had an excuse for confessing failure, Sutro had it then. On one occasion he had to go to Washington to resist an attempt to destroy his project by adverse legislation. He owned a town lot which he sold for two hundred dollars. He made that carry him to Washington and support him all winter. He beat his enemies, "but," he said, afterward, "they wrote to all the newspapers that I had bribed Congress—out of my two hundred dollars."

In default of the men with coin, Sutro enlisted the man with the pick. He called mass-meetings of miners, and delivered fierce speeches on the greed of the capitalists who were willing to sacrifice the lives of their workers for a financial advantage. He scarified his enemies with ferocious cartoons. He induced the Miners' Union to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to the stock of his company, and with that money he began work in October, 1869. He resolved that once begun this work should never cease until it was finished. Two years later, he raised two million dollars, chiefly in Europe. He finished the tunnel at an unheard-of pace, boring three hundred and ten feet a day with the newly-devised power-drills. The heat and foul air in the tunnel (the nearest ventilating-shaft was two miles away) became so intolerable that the most willing men could not work for more than two or three hours at a time, and the more sensible mules had to be dragged to their tasks by force. At last, on July 8th, 1876, a furnace-blast of heat and gas burst into the Savage shaft, and the miners saw the uncanny, half-dead figure of Sutro emerge from the hole torn by his latest blast. The tunnel was finished.

The end came suddenly. The Comstock's greatest bonanza was its last. When that splendid treasure-chest was emptied, there was nothing more. For nearly a quarter of a century the remnant of Virginia City's population has been living on hope and assessments. Its brilliant writers have departed; its Hannibals of finance have carried their conquering brains to richer fields; but, if the Comstock be destined to remain forever "in borrasca," it can still say, with Webster's Massachusetts, "the past, at least, is secure."

THE DRAMATIC RIGHTS TO
 "LAUREL CROWNS"
 BY
 ELIZABETH McCRAKEN.
 PICTURES BY
 THOMAS MITCHELL FEIRCE.



MARTIN PAGE, the author of "Laurel Crowns," sat at his desk, reading his letters. These letters were a daily renewed source of some pleasure and more bewilderment to Martin. He could not realize his own success, of which they were one outcome. His book had been of absorbing interest and enchanting delight to himself. That it was no less interesting and delightful to the great world seemed to him incredible.

While he lay awake in the night and planned it, the book had been no less real to him than his own breathing. During the hours in which subsequently he had written it, it had yet been as actual and vital to him as the hand which guided the pen; but the moment the book was published, he lost it. Instead of the thrilling joy which he had often imagined himself experiencing in the presence of his first printed book, he had a lonely little feeling toward it that made him begin to write a second book.

It will be seen that Martin had temperament. He also had youth and an almost childlike simplicity of outlook.

The author of "Laurel Crowns" was kindly to a degree. Seven of his letters were requests for autographs. Martin wondered why anyone wanted his autograph, but he cheerfully wrote his name

seven times. One correspondent requested the authorship of the quotation with which "Laurel Crowns" was concluded. She inclosed no stamp, and the quotation was from the quality-of-mercy speech in "The Merchant of Venice," but Martin courteously wrote a reply.

Usually, he had little difficulty in answering his letters, but this mail had brought three, each of which demanded much more than a signature, a postage-stamp or a slight introduction to the plays of William Shakespeare. Martin read and reread them with increasing embarrassment.

The first was from his publishers:

"Dear Mr. Page:—" it said, cautiously. "If, as we are inclined to understand, Winfield Stone solicits the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns,' we would strongly advise you to accept his offer. He is, as you are aware, the most powerful theatrical manager in the country—" and then the publishers reiterated their strong advice.

The second letter was brief to the point of curtness:

"Martin Page: Dear Sir—I want the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"Winfield Stone."

It is obvious that Martin would have had no dilemma whatever to face had there been no third letter, but there was a third letter.

It was written on a small sheet of heavy, white paper, at the top of which, in old-blue ink, were the letters J. C., daintily embossed in a fantastically obscure monogram. The handwriting was heavy and black and expansive. To persons who like to find a revelation of character in so arbitrary a thing as chirography, it might have suggested impulsiveness. The letter itself more than suggested impulsiveness.

"Dear Martin:—" it said, "Don't tell me you have *already* let some on *else* have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'! I want them! The part of Ruth—*why* did

you name her Ruth?—just fits me, precisely fits me; and I want to star in it. Yes, I do! To-day I went up and told Winfield Stone that I was tired leading and wanted to star. Indeed, I did! He looked at me reflectively. I thought he was going to say: 'Exactly; and I will star you!' But he didn't! 'I—cannot—star—you—' he began in that drawl which he sometimes uses, and I was so *furious* that I instantly left the place, without waiting for him to say another word. The idea of his saying he could not star *me*! Don't you think I can act well enough to star? The *idea* of Winfield Stone—

"But I shall star myself, if you still have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.' Will you dramatize it—or get some one who is used to dramatizing things?

Let me know instantly, if you still have the rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"Hastily your friend,

"Jeannette Curtis."

Martin held the letter in his hand and absently rubbed his thumb over the monogram. "Now, what is a fellow to do?" he interrogated. "The part of Ruth exactly fits her! It would be strange if it didn't! *She is Ruth!*"

He read the letter again. "Of course, she must have it, if she wants it," he said, simply; "but still, a man owes something to his publishers. If Winfield Stone produces it, it will double the sales of the book; and what a blatant idiot people will think I am, if they hear I've refused it to Winfield Stone!" His face suddenly flushed. "They will say I let Jeannette have it because—I love her." Martin stopped, and read Jeannette's letter again. "Well, I do," he said, boldly, "but—she wouldn't want to have everybody saying it. She won't let me say it, and she doesn't love me. 'Your friend,'" he read aloud from Jeannette's letter. "I wish she wouldn't emphasize it so!"

Martin took the great manager's letter in his other hand. He smiled, grimly. It was so different from Jeannette's letter in outward semblance and so identical with it in spirit.

As he held the letters side by side and stared at them in perplexity, he started. Jeannette's letter was dated a day in advance of Winfield Stone's. Martin's face

cleared as if by magic. "I might have thought of that!" he cried. "Hers was written first! Careless girl, she forgot to mail it, as usual! That settles it!" He turned to his desk, and quickly began to reply to the no longer vexatious letters.

To Jeannette he said:—

"My dear girl:—Of course you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns!' What do I know about starring? But I think you act well enough to do anything. I'll dramatize it, or you can, or we'll get some one to dramatize it, just as you prefer."

Martin concluded the letter with several additional betrayals of his naïve ignorance in regard to the practicalities of dramatic affairs. As he had inferred, Martin knew little about starring; but he had known Jeannette Curtis from her childhood. The dramatic rights to "Laurel Crowns" were by no means first among his possessions to be bestowed upon her. Martin was aware that Jeannette might not use "Laurel Crowns" to large advantage; but he was very gentle, and so he was happy in the mere giving of his love and his bounty.

Taking out another sheet of paper, he wrote to Winfield Stone. His letter was as laconic as the manager's own:—

"Winfield Stone: Dear Sir:—I have already disposed of the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"Martin Page."

Martin slowly blotted the letter. "Won't he be surprised, though!" he thought. "He has always had what he said he wanted. It's a pity Jeannette has quarrelled with him. He was making her career—and I don't believe she knows how to star by herself, even in 'Laurel Crowns.'"

Jeannette's letter had fallen to the floor. He reached for it, and laughed as he again unfolded it. "I've read it enough times," he reflected, "to know every word of it! 'Let me know instantly,' she says. I didn't notice that! Well, I will!"

He sprang to his feet, seized his letter to Jeannette, and taking his hat, rushed to the door. He threw it open, and then stopped short. A girl, a charming girl, who curiously resembled him in appearance, stood at the door, her hand lifted in the very act of knocking. She broke into a low, surprised laugh. "Why, Martin, what in the



"... I WAS SO FURIOUS THAT I INSTANTLY LEFT THE PLACE."

world——" she began. Her voice had a marvelous ringing tone, as soft as it was clear. Winfield Stone had said that this voice was more than half of her professional equipment.

"Oh, Jeannette! Won't you come in?" Martin said. "I got your letter this morning, and I was just going to get a messenger

to take an answer to it." He looked at her, and smiled, mischievously. "You said to let you know instantly," he concluded.

Jeannette took the letter from his hand. "I didn't say anything about your turning yourself into a cyclone over it," she said.

She looked up into his face; and then they both laughed.

She took the chair at Martin's desk. Opening her letter, she read it. Martin seated himself on an absurd little divan made of a steamer-trunk and a Bagdad portière, and watched her.

He did not know how strong was the resemblance between them. Jeannette's difference in coloring served to conceal it, even from persons more keen-sighted than Martin. She was very fair; her face had almost no trace of color, her eyes were the gray of silver, and her hair was the palest possible brown; but like Martin's face, Jeannette's was peculiarly eager and vivid. Like Martin's, her eyes were strangely gentle; but unlike Martin's, her mouth had a wistfulness in its curve, even when she smiled.

She looked up from her letter as she read it, and smiled. "I shouldn't say you did know *much* about starring," she observed.

Martin laughed. "How much do you know about it yourself?" he retorted.

"Well," said Jeannette, meditatively, "I don't know as much as Winfield Stone, —but I've made up my mind to star, and star I shall, even if Winfield Stone won't —" she ceased, abruptly, for on Martin's desk she saw the envelope of Winfield Stone's letter. She glanced quickly at Martin, but the young man was pushing the cushions of the divan into a heap, and he did not see her startled eyes.

"Martin," she began, "I am very warm——"

Martin turned to her. "You don't look particularly warm," he said, critically. "I like that dull Pompeian color," he added, as he gazed at her linen gown, "and that hat. Blondes hard'y ever have enough artistic sense to wear red touched off with black; they usually go in for blue and écrû—— But you don't look warm."

"Well—I am." Jeannette insisted. "If you can't take me at my word——" she added, offendedly.

The author of "Laurel Crowns" laughed. "I can try!" he exclaimed. "Now, how shall I cool you off? A fan? I don't own a fan! I have it, I'll run over to the corner and get you an ice-cream soda!"

Jeannette's conscience smote her when Martin had left the room; but she did not call to him to return. She waited until

she heard the bang of the elevator-door as he closed it; then she hastily searched among the letters scattered over the desk. She put her own letter impatiently aside, but the publishers' and manager's she grasped, and read with parted lips. She found the envelope and the other two; then she compared the post-marks. A faint color came into her fair cheeks. "He got them *all* in this morning's mail!" she whispered.

In her haste she had moved the blotter, which Martin had left over his letter to Winfield Stone. The letter lay before her eyes, and she read it. Then she read again the letter Martin had written to her; then she stared unseeingly at the floor for an instant, and then she covered her face with her hands, and trembled with a strange excitement.

"He loves me! He does really love me. But he shan't do it! I'll be leading-woman all my life first! Winfield Stone wants 'Laurel Crowns!' Good gracious! Martin's fortune is made—and he loves me enough to unmake it! And to think I never would believe he loved me at all!"

Jeannette lifted her shining eyes. She seized her letter to Martin in one hand, and Martin's pen in the other; then, laughing softly, she drew two heavy lines through the word "friend." "Think of the time and energy I've wasted making him believe I didn't love him! But truly I *didn't* think he *really* loved me, and I couldn't tell him I *did* love him!" she sighed, happily.

"You certainly look warm enough now," Martin remarked, when he returned. "You look positively overheated."

"I am," Jeannette replied; "but it would take something more than ice-cream soda to cool me off! And, anyway, I must go. I've decided *not* to star—that is, right away. Winfield Stone knows more about it than I do. I'm going right over to see him now about being leading-woman again next year."

"But, Jeannette——" said Martin, in amazement.

Jeannette almost ran to the door. "Good-bye!" she said. Martin caught her hand.

Jeannette's cheeks paled again. In her hand, she still held her letter to Martin. "Why, Jeannette," he cried, as his eyes,



"THEN SHE STARED UNSEEINGLY AT THE FLOOR FOR AN INSTANT."

led by the rustling of the paper, fell upon the unmistakable blue monogram.

She allowed him to take the letter. Half mechanically, he unfolded it. The two lines drawn through the word "friend" flashed before him. "Jeannette!" he exclaimed. "Really?"

Jeannette turned slowly, and looked at him. His gentle eyes shone happily, and her smile had lost its wistfulness. "Yes," she said; and he seized both her hands.

"Oh, no, no, don't!" she protested; and again her face was flooded with delicate color. "I'm going; I must go!" Martin still held her hands. "When, Jeannette, when?" he questioned, but Jeannette would not look at him.

"Please let me go," she besought him.

"But the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'?" he queried. "What has that to do with —?"

"I'm not going to star, and I don't want them," she replied, her beautiful voice trembling. "If you don't let me go this moment, I'll write 'friend' in again!" she added, suddenly; and Martin let her go. She flew to the door and down the hall to the elevator. The door of the elevator had just been opened; Jeannette swept blindly into it, to the astonishment and very nearly the annihilation of its one occupant. "I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, without turning her eyes.

"Good heavens, you *should*! You are the most precipitate person I ever knew. First, you whirl out of my office, and then you——."

Jeannette gasped. "Mr. Stone!" she said, breathlessly.

"Exactly," replied the manager, urbane. "I am going to ask Mr. Martin Page why he doesn't answer his letters promptly. Young authors are so conceited! Do you happen to know Martin Page?" he added, suddenly.

"Know him!" cried Jeannette. "I've known him all my life. I—I am going to marry him."

"What!" ejaculated the manager.

"Yes," said Jeannette, "I am; but you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'——"

"But," shouted the manager, "but, you say! Are you going to retire *now*, after all I've done for you?"

"Retire?" echoed Jeannette. "Of course I'm not going to retire! I'll go right on being leading-woman——"

The manager lead her from the elevator into the hall, and scrutinized her face with genuine anxiety. "Would you object to telling me whether by any chance you have lost your mind?" he asked.

"Perhaps I have," faltered Jeannette. "I wouldn't be sure."

"You told me you wanted to star——" "And you told me you couldn't star me," Jeannette returned.

"And you got up, and whirled off, as I have said before. If you had less suddenness and more serenity of manner, you would have waited until I had at least finished my sentence," the manager drawled. "What I *started* to say, was that I couldn't star you, unless I could get the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'——"

"For me?" cried Jeannette, wildly.

"Exactly. For whom else? The part of Ruth just fits you——"

"It certainly does!" put in Jeannette.

"And you say I may have the dramatic rights——"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"And yet you said you want to go right on being leading-woman——"

"No, I don't," Jeannette exclaimed, excitedly. "I *don't*! I want to star; I want you to star me; I want to star in 'Laurel Crowns'!"

"Then what in heaven's name is all the trouble about?" the manager demanded, fiercely.

Jeannette laughed like a happy child. "There isn't any trouble," she said, with a new and lovelier ring in her rare voice. "There isn't any trouble in the whole wide world!" And leaving the manager staring after her, she ran down the hall, opened the door without knocking, and rushing up to the astonished author of "Laurel Crowns," flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Winfield Stone is in the hall," she said, "and I think you'd better take him out that ice-cream soda; he needs *something*!"

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

A Story of Napoleon's Wars and the Retreat from Moscow.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

"Some with lives that come to nothing, some with deeds as well undone."

I.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

"Il faut devoir lever les yeux pour regarder ce qu'on aime."

A FEW children had congregated on the steps of the Marienkirche at Dantzig, because the door stood open. The verger, old Peter Koch—on week-days a locksmith—had told them that nothing was going to happen. He had also been indiscreet enough to bid them go away. So they stayed, for they were little girls.

In point of fact, a wedding was in progress within the towering walls of the Marienkirche—a cathedral, built of red brick in the great days of the Hanseatic League.

"Who is it?" asked a stout fishwife, stepping over the threshold to whisper to Peter Koch.

"It is the youngest daughter of Antoine Sebastian," replied the verger, indicating with a nod of his head the house on the left-hand side of the Frauengasse where Sebastian lived. There was a wealth of meaning in the nod, for Peter Koch lived round the corner, in the Kleine Schmiedegasse, and, of course—well, it is only neighborly to take an interest in those who drink milk from the same cow and bite wood from the same Jew.

The fishwife looked thoughtfully down the Frauengasse, where every house has a different gable and none of less than three floors within the pitch of the roof. She singled out Number Thirty-six, which has a carved stone balustrade to its broad veranda and a railing of wrought iron on either side of the steps descending from the veranda to the street.

"They teach dancing?" she inquired.

Koch nodded again, taking snuff.

"And he—the father?"

"He scrapes a fiddle," replied the verger, examining the woman's basket of fish in a non-committal and final way, for a locksmith is almost as confidential an ad-

viser as a notary. The Dantzigers, moreover, are a thrifty race, and they keep their money in a safe place—a habit which was to cost many of them their lives before the coming of another June.

The marriage service was a long one, and it was not exhilarating. Through the open door came no sound of organ or choir, but the deep and monotonous drawl of one voice could be heard. There had been no ringing of bells. The North countries, with the exception of Russia, require more than the ringing of bells or the waving of flags to warm their hearts. They celebrate their festivities with good meat and wine, which are consumed decently behind closed doors.

In fact, Dantzig was under a cloud. No larger than a man's hand, this cloud had risen in Corsica forty-three years earlier. It had overshadowed France. Its gloom had spread to Italy, Austria, Spain, and it had penetrated so far north as Sweden. It was now hanging over Dantzig, the greatest of the Hanseatic towns, the Free City. For a Dantziger had never needed to say that he was a Pole or a Prussian, a Swede or a subject of the Czar. He was a Dantziger, which is tantamount to having for a postal address in these wordy days a single name that is marked on the map.

Napoleon had garrisoned the Free City with French troops some years earlier, to the sullen astonishment of the citizens. Prussia had not objected for a very obvious reason. Within the last fourteen months the garrison had been greatly augmented. The clouds seemed to be gathering over this prosperous city of the North where, however, men continued to eat and drink, to marry and to be given in marriage as in any other city of the plain.

Peter Koch replaced his snuff-stained handkerchief in the pocket of his rusty cassock, and stood aside. He murmured a few conventional words of blessing, hard

on the heels of stronger exhortations to the waiting children. Désirée Sebastian came out into the sunlight, Désirée Sebastian no more.

That she was destined for the sunlight was clearly written on her face and in her gay, kind, blue eyes. She was tall and straight and slim as are English, Polish and Danish girls and none other in all Europe. But the coloring of her face and hair was more pronounced than in the fairness of Anglo-Saxon youth, for her hair had a golden tinge in it, and her skin was of that startling, milky whiteness which is only found in those who live round the frozen waters. Her eyes, too, were of a clearer blue—like the blue of a summer sky over the Baltic Sea. The rosy color was in her cheeks, and her eyes were laughing. This was a bride who had no misgivings.

On seeing such a happy face returning from the altar to-day, the observer concludes that the bride has assuredly attained her desire—that she has secured a title, and that the prenuptial settlement is safely signed and sealed.

But Désirée had none of these things. It was nearly a hundred years ago.

Her husband must have whispered some laughing comment on Koch which made an appeal to her quick sense of the humorous, for she looked into his changing face, and gave a low, girlish laugh of amusement as they descended the steps together into the brilliant sunlight.

Charles Darragon was in one of the countless uniforms that enlivened the outward world in the great days of the greatest captain that history has seen. He was unmistakably French—unmistakably a French gentleman, as rare in 1812 as he is to-day. To judge from his small head, fine, mobile, clean-cut features, graceful carriage and slight limbs, this man was one of the many who bear names that begin with the fourth letter of the alphabet since the Terror only.

He was merely a lieutenant in a regiment of Alsatian recruits, but that went for nothing in the days of the Empire. Three kings in Europe had begun no farther up the ladder.

The Frauengasse is a short street, made narrow by the terrace that each house

throws outward from its face, each seeking to gain a few inches on its neighbor. It runs from the Marienkirche to the Frauenthor, and it remains to-day as it was built three hundred years ago.

Désirée nodded and laughed at the children who interested her. She was quite simple and womanly as some women, it is to be hoped, may succeed in continuing to be until the end of time. She was always pleased to see children. She was glad, it seemed, that they should have congregated on the steps to watch her pass. Charles, with a faint and unconscious reflex of that grand manner which had brought his father to the guillotine, felt in his pocket for money, but he found none.

He jerked his hand out, with widespread fingers, in a gesture indicative of familiarity with the nakedness of the land.

"I have nothing, little citizens," he said, with a mock gravity—"nothing but my blessing."

And he made a gay gesture with his left hand over their heads, not the act of benediction but of peppering, which made them all laugh. The bride and bridegroom, passing on, joined in the laughter with hearts as light and voices scarcely less youthful.

The Frauengasse is intersected by the Pfaffengasse at right angles, through which narrow and straight street passes much of the traffic toward the Langemarkt, the center of the town. As the little bridal procession approached the corner of this street, it halted at the approach of some mounted troops. There was nothing unusual in this sight in the streets of Dantzig, which were accustomed now to the clatter of the Saxon cavalry.

But at the sight of the first troopers Charles Darragon threw up his head with a little exclamation of surprise.

Désirée looked at him, and then turned to follow the direction of his gaze.

"What are these?" she murmured. For the uniforms were new and unfamiliar.

"Cavalry of the Old Guard," replied her husband, and as he spoke he caught his breath.

The horsemen vanished into the continuation of the Pfaffengasse, and immediately behind them came a traveling-carriage, swung on high wheels, three times the

size of a Dantzig drosky, white with dust. It had small, square windows. As Désirée drew back in obedience to a movement of her husband's arm, she saw a face for an instant—pale and set—with eyes that seemed to look at everything and yet at something beyond.

"Who was it? He looked at you, Charles," said Désirée.

"It is the Emperor," answered Darragon. His face was white. His eyes were dull, like the eyes of one who has seen a vision and is not yet back to earth.

Désirée turned to those behind her.

"It is the Emperor," she said, with an odd ring in her voice which none had ever heard before. Then she stood looking after the carriage.

Her father, who was at her elbow, tall, white-haired, with an aquiline, inscrutable face, stood in a like attitude looking down the Pfaffengasse. His hand was raised before his face, with outspread fingers which seemed rigid in that gesture, as if lifted hastily to screen his countenance and hide it.

"Did he see me?" he asked, in a low voice which only Désirée heard.

She glanced at him, and her eyes, which were open and clear, like a cloudless sky, were suddenly shadowed by a quick and poignant suspicion.

"He seemed to see everything, but he looked only at Charles," she answered. For a moment they all stood in the sunshine looking toward the Langemarkt where the tower of the Rathhaus rose above the high roofs. The dust raised by the horses' feet and the carriage-wheels slowly settled on their bridal clothes.

It was Désirée who at length made a movement to continue their way toward her father's house.

"Well," she said, with a light laugh, "he was not bidden to my wedding, but he has come all the same."

Others laughed as they followed her. For a bride at the church-door or a judge on the bench or a criminal on the scaffold-steps need make but a very small joke to cause merriment. Laughter is often nothing but the froth of tears.

There were faces suddenly bleached in the little group of wedding-guests, and none were whiter than the handsome fea-

tures of Mathilde Sebastian, Désirée's elder sister, who looked angry, had frowned at the children, and seemed to find this simple wedding too bourgeois for her taste. She carried her head with an air that told the world not to expect that she should ever be content to marry in such a humble style and walk from the church in satin slippers like the daughter of a burgher.

This, at all events, was what old Koch, the locksmith, must have read in her beautiful, discontented face.

"Ah! Ah!" he muttered to the bolts as he shot them. "But it is not the lightest hearts that leave the church in a carriage."

So simple were the arrangements that bride and bridegroom and wedding-guests had to wait in the street while the servant unlocked the front door of Number Thirty-six with a great key which she hurriedly extracted from her apron-pocket.

There was no unusual stir in the street. The windows of one or two of the houses had been decorated with flowers. These were the houses of friends. Others were silent and still behind their lace curtains where there doubtless lurked peeping and criticizing eyes. These were the houses of neighbors.

The wedding-guests were few in number. Only one of them had a distinguished air, and he, like the bridegroom, wore the uniform of France. He was a small man, somewhat brusk in attitude, as became a soldier of Italy and Egypt. But he had a pleasant smile and that affability of manner which many learnt in the first years of the great Republic. He and Mathilde Sebastian never looked at each other—either an understanding or a misunderstanding.

The host, Antoine Sebastian, played his part well enough when he remembered that he had a part to play. He listened with a kind attention to the story of a very old lady, who, it seemed, had been married herself, but it was so long ago that the human interest of it all was lost in a potle of petty detail, which was all she could recall. Before the story was half finished, Sebastian's attention had strayed elsewhere, though his spare figure remained in its attitude of attention and polite forbearance. His mind, it would seem, had a trick of thus wandering away and leaving

his body rigid in the last attitude that it had dictated.

Sebastian did not notice that the door was open, and all the guests were waiting for him to lead the way.

"Now, old dreamer," whispered Désirée, with a quick pinch on his arm, "take the Gräfin upstairs to the drawing-room, and give her wine. You are to drink our healths, remember."

"Is there wine?" he asked, with a vague smile. "Where has it come from?"

"Like other good things, my father-in-law," replied Charles, with his easy laugh, "it comes from France."

They spoke together, thus in confidence, in the language of that same sunny land.

But when Sebastian turned again to the old lady, who was still recalling the details of that other wedding, he addressed her in German, and offered his arm with a sudden stiffness of gesture which he seemed to put on with the change of tongue.

Arm-in-arm, they passed up the low, time-worn steps, and beneath the high, carved doorway whereon some pious Hanseatic merchant had inscribed his belief that if God be in the house there is no need of a watchman, but he had emphasized his creed by bolts and locks of enormous strength, and bars to every window.

The servant in her Samland Sunday dress, having shaken her fist at the children, closed the door behind the last guest and, so far as the Frauengasse was concerned, the exciting incident was over. From the open window came only the murmur of quiet voices, the clink of glasses at the drinking of a toast, or a laugh in the clear voice of the bride herself. For Désirée persisted in her optimistic view of these proceedings, though her husband scarcely helped her now at all, and seemed a different man since the passage through the Pfaffengasse of that dusty traveling-carriage which had played the part of the stormy petrel from end to end of Europe.

II.

A CAMPAIGNER.

"Not what I am, but what I do, is my kingdom."

Désirée had made all her own wedding-clothes. Her "poor little marriage-basket," she called it. She had even made the

cake which was now cut with some ceremony by her father.

"I tremble," she exclaimed, aloud, "to think what it may be like in the middle." And Mathilde was the only person there who did not smile at the unconscious admission. The cake was still under discussion, and the Gräfin had just admitted that it was almost as good as that other cake which had been consumed in the days of Frederick the Great, when the servant called Désirée from the room.

"It is a soldier," she said, in a whisper, at the head of the stairs. "He has a paper in his hand. I know what that means. He is quartered on us."

Désirée hurried down-stairs. In the narrow entrance hall, a broad-built little man stood awaiting her. He was stout and red, with hair all ragged at the temples, almost white. His eyes were lost behind shaggy eyebrows. His face was made broader by little whiskers stopping short at the level of his ear. He had a snuff-blown complexion, and in the wrinkles of his face the dust of a dozen campaigns seemed to have accumulated.

"Barlasch," he said, curtly, holding out a long strip of blue paper. "Of the Guard. Once a sergeant. Italy, Egypt, the Danube."

He frowned at Désirée while she read the paper in the dim light that filtered through the twisted bars of the fan-light above the door.

Then he turned to the servant who stood, comely and breathless, looking him up and down.

"Papa Barlasch," he added for her edification, and he drew down his left eyebrow with a jerk, so that it almost touched his cheek. His right eye, gray and piercing, returned her astonished gaze with a fierce steadfastness.

"Does this mean that you are quartered upon us?" asked Désirée, without seeking to hide her disgust. She spoke in her own tongue.

"French?" said the soldier, looking at her. "Good. Yes. I am quartered here. Thirty-six, Frauengasse. Sebastian, musician. You are lucky to get me. I always give satisfaction—ha!"

He gave a curt laugh in only one syllable. His left arm was curved round a bundle

of wood, bound together by a red pocket-handkerchief not innocent of snuff. He held this bundle out to Désirée, as Solomon may have held out some great gift to the Queen of Sheba, to smooth the first doubtful steps of friendship.

Désirée accepted the gift, and stood in her wedding-dress holding the bundle of wood against her breast. Then a gleam of the one gray eye that was visible conveyed to her the fact that this walnut-faced warrior was smiling. She laughed gaily.

"It is well," said Barlasch. "We are friends. You are lucky to get me. You may not think so now. Would this woman like me to speak to her in Polish or German?"

"Do you speak so many languages?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his arms as far as his many burdens allowed. For he was hung round with a hundred parcels and packages.

"The Old Guard," he said, "can always make itself understood."

He rubbed his hands together with the air of a brisk man ready for any sort of work.

"Now where shall I sleep?" he asked. "One is not particular, you understand. A few minutes, and one is at home—perhaps peeling the potatoes. It is only a civilian who is ashamed of using his knife on a potato. Papa Barlasch, they call me."

Without awaiting an invitation, he went forward toward the kitchen. He seemed to know the house by instinct. His progress was accompanied by a clatter of utensils like that which heralds the coming of a carrier's cart.

At the kitchen-door he stopped, and sniffed loudly. There certainly was a slight odor of burning fat. Papa Barlasch turned, and shook an admonitory finger at the servant; but he said nothing. He looked round at the highly-polished utensils, at both the table and floor which had been scrubbed clean by a vigorous Northern arm. And he was kind enough to nod approval.

"On a campaign," he said to no one in particular, "a little bit of horse, thrust into the cinders on the end of a bayonet, but in times of peace—"

He broke off, and made a gesture toward

the saucepans which indicated quite clearly that he was—between campaigns—inclined to good living.

"I am a rude fork," he jerked to Désirée, over his shoulder, in the dialect of the Côtes du Nord.

"How long will you be here?" asked Désirée, who was eminently practical. A billet was a misfortune which Charles Darragon had heretofore succeeded in warding off. He had some small influence as an officer of the headquarters' staff.

Barlasch held up a reproving hand. The question, he seemed to think, was not quite delicate.

"I pay my own," he said. "Give and take—that is my motto. When you have nothing to give, offer a smile."

With a gesture he indicated the bundle of fire-wood which Désirée still absent-mindedly carried against her white dress. He turned, and opened a cupboard, low down on the floor, at the left-hand side of the fireplace. He seemed to know by an instinct usually possessed by charwomen and other domesticated persons of experience where the fire-wood was kept. Lisa gave a little exclamation of surprise at his impertinence and his perspicacity. He took the fire-wood, unknotted his handkerchief, and threw his offering into the cupboard. Then he turned, and perceived for the first time that Désirée had a bright ribbon at her waist and on her shoulders; that a thin chain of gold was around her throat, and that there were flowers at her breast.

"A fête?" he inquired, curtly.

"My marriage fête," she answered. "I was married half an hour ago."

He looked at her beneath his grizzled brows. His face was only capable of producing one expression—a shaggy, weather-beaten fierceness. But, like a dog which can express more than many human beings, by a hundred instinctive gestures, he could, it seemed, dispense with words on occasion and get on quite as well without them. He clearly disapproved of Désirée's marriage, and drew her attention to the fact that she was no more than a schoolgirl with an inconsequent brain and little limbs too slight to fight a successful battle in a world full of cruelty and danger.

Then he made a gesture half of apology,

as if recognizing that it was no business of his, and turned away thoughtfully.

"I had troubles of that sort myself," he explained, putting together the embers on the hearth with the point of a twisted, rusty bayonet. "That was long ago. Well, I can drink your health all the same, mademoiselle."

He turned to Lisa with a friendly nod, and put out his tongue, in the manner of the people, to indicate that his lips were dry.

Désirée had always been the housekeeper. It was to her that Lisa naturally turned in her extremity at the invasion of her kitchen by Papa Barlasch. And when that warrior had been supplied with wine, it was with Désirée, in an agitated whisper in the great dark dining-room with its gloomy old pictures and heavy carving, that she took counsel as to where he should be quartered.

The object of their solicitude interrupted their hurried consultation by opening the door, and putting his shaggy head round the corner of it.

"It is not worth while to consult long about it," he said. "There is a little room behind the kitchen, that opens into the yard. It is full of boxes. But we can move them—a little straw—and there!"

With a gesture, he described a condition of domestic peace and comfort which far exceeded his humble requirements.

"The black-beetles and I are old friends," he concluded, cheerfully.

"There are no black-beetles in the house, monsieur," said Désirée, hesitating to accept his proposal.

"Then I shall resign myself to my solitude," he answered. "It is quiet. I shall not hear the patron touching on his violin. It is that which occupies his leisure, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Désirée, still considering the question.

"I, too, am a musician," said Papa Barlasch, turning toward the kitchen again. "I played a drum at Marengo."

And, as he led the way to the little room in the yard at the back of the kitchen, he expressed by a shake of the head a fellow-feeling for the gentleman upstairs, whose acquaintance he had not yet made, who occupied his leisure by touching the violin. They stood together in the small apartment

which Barlasch, with the promptitude of an experienced conqueror, had set apart for his own accommodation.

"Those trunks," he observed, casually, "were made in France." This seemed to be a mental note which he happened to make aloud as some do for better remembrance. "This solid girl and I will soon move them. And you, mademoiselle, go back to your wedding."

"The good God be merciful to you," he added, under his breath, when Désirée had gone. She laughed as she mounted the stairs, a slim white figure against the wood-work long since blackened by time. The stairs made no sound beneath her light step. How many weary feet had climbed them since they were built? For the Dantzigers have been a people of sorrow, torn by wars, starved by siege, tossed from one conqueror to another from the beginning until now.

Désirée excused herself for her absence, and frankly gave the cause. She was disposed to make light of the incident. It was natural to her to be optimistic. Both she and Mathilde made a practise of withholding from their father's knowledge the smaller worries of daily life which sour so many women and make them whine on platforms to be given the larger woes.

She was glad to note that her father did not attach much importance to the arrival of Papa Barlasch, though Mathilde found opportunity to convey her displeasure at the news by a movement of the eyebrows. Antoine Sebastian had now applied himself seriously to his rôle of host, so rarely played in the Frauengasse. He was courteous and quick to see a want or a possible desire of any one of his guests. It was part of his sense of hospitality to dismiss all personal matters, and especially a personal trouble, from public attention.

"They will attend to him in the kitchen, no doubt," he said, with that grand air which the dancing-academy tried to imitate.

Charles hardly noted what Désirée said. So sunny a nature as his might have been expected to make light of a minor trouble, more especially the minor trouble of another. He was unusually thoughtful. Some event of the morning had, it would appear, given him pause on his primrose

path. He glanced more than once over his shoulder toward the window which stood open. He seemed at times to listen.

Suddenly he rose, and went to the window. His action caused a brief silence, and all heard the clatter of a horse's feet and the quick rattle of a sword against spur and buckle.

After a glance, he came back into the room.

"Excuse me," he said, with a bow toward Mathilde. "It is, I think, a messenger for me."

And he hurried down-stairs. He did not return at once, and soon the conversation became general again.

"You," said the Gräfin, touching Désirée's arm with her fan, "you who are now his wife, must be dying to know what has called him away. Do not consider the 'convenances,' my child."

Désirée, thus admonished, followed Charles. She had not been aware of this consuming curiosity until it was suggested to her.

She found Charles standing at the open door. He thrust a letter into his pocket as she approached him, and turned toward her the face that she had seen for a moment when he drew her back at the corner of the Pfaffengasse to allow the Emperor's carriage to pass on its way. It was the white, half-stupified face of one who has for an instant seen a vision of things not earthly.

"I have been sent for by the —— I am wanted at headquarters," he said, vaguely. "I shall not be long."

He took his shako, looked at her with an odd attempt to simulate cheerfulness, kissed her fingers, and hurried out into the street.

III.

FATE.

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds."

When Désirée turned toward the stairs, she met the guests descending. They were taking their leave as they came down, hurriedly, like persons conscious of having outstayed their welcome.

Mathilde listened coldly to the conventional excuses. So few people recognize the simple fact that they need never apologize for going away. Sebastian stood at

the head of the stairs bowing in his most Germanic manner. The urbane host, with a charm entirely French, who had dispensed a simple hospitality so easily and gracefully a few minutes earlier, seemed to have disappeared behind a pale and formal mask.

Désirée was glad to see them go. There was a sense of uneasiness, a vague unrest in the air. There was something amiss. The wedding-party had been a failure. All had gone well and merrily up to a certain point—at the corner of the Pfaffengasse—when the dusty traveling-carriage passed across their path. From that moment there had been a change. A shadow seemed to have fallen across the sunny nature of the proceedings; for never had bride and bridegroom set forth together with lighter hearts than those carried by Charles and Désirée Darragon down the steps of the Marienkirche.

During its progress across the whole width of Germany, the carriage had left unrest behind it. Men had traveled night and day to stand sleepless by the roadside and see it pass. Whole cities had been kept astir till morning by the mere rumor that its flying wheels would be heard in the streets before dawn. Hatred and adoration, fear and that dread tightening of the heart-strings which is caused by the shadow of the superhuman had sprung into being at the mere sound of its approach.

When, therefore, it passed across the Frauengasse, throwing its dust upon Désirée's wedding-dress, it was only fulfilling a mission. When it broke in upon the lives of these few persons seeking dimly for their happiness—as the heathen grope for an unknown God—and threw down carefully-constructed plans, swept aside the strongest will and crushed the stoutest heart, it was only working out its destiny. The dust sprinkled on Désirée's hair had fallen on the faces of thousands of dead. The unrest that entered into the quiet little house on the left-hand side of Frauengasse had made its way across a thousand thresholds, of Arab tent and imperial palace alike. The lives of millions were affected by it, and the secret hopes of thousands were undermined by it. It disturbed the sleep of half the world, and it made men old before their time.

"More troops must have arrived," said Désirée, already busying herself to set the house in order; "since they have been forced to billet this man with us. And now they have sent for Charles, though he is really on leave of absence."

She glanced at the clock.

"I hope he will not be late. The chaise is to come at four o'clock. There is still time for me to help you."

Mathilde made no answer. Their father stood near the window. He was looking out with thoughtful eyes. His face was drawn downward by a hundred fine wrinkles. It was the face of one brooding over a sorrow or a vengeance. There was something in his whole being suggestive of a bygone prosperity. This was a lean man who had once been well-seeming.

"No!" said Désirée, gaily. "We were a dull company. We need not disguise it. It all came from that man crossing our path in his dusty carriage."

"He is on his way to Russia," Sebastian said, jerkily. "God spare me to see him return!"

Désirée and Mathilde exchanged a glance of uneasiness. It seemed that their father was subject to certain humors which they had reason to dread. Désirée left her occupation, and went to him, linking her arm in his, and standing beside him.

"Do not let us think of disagreeable things to-day," she said. "God will spare you much longer than that, you depressing old wedding-guest!"

He patted her hand, which rested on his arm, and looked down at her with eyes softened by affection. But her fair hair, rather tumbled, which met his glance, must have awakened some memory that made his face a marble mask again.

"Yes," he said, grimly, "but I am an old man, and he is a young one. And I want to see him dead before I die."

"I will not have you think such blood-thirsty thoughts on my wedding-day," said Désirée. "See, there is Charles returning already, and he has not been absent ten minutes. He has someone with him. Who is it? Papa, Mathilde, look! Who is it coming back with Charles in such a hurry?"

Mathilde, who was setting the room in order, glanced through the lace curtains.

"I do not know," she answered, indifferently. "Just an ordinary man."

Désirée had turned away from the window as if to go down-stairs to meet her husband. She paused, and looked back again over her shoulder toward the street.

"Is it?" she said, rather oddly. "I do not know—I——"

And she stood with the incompleted sentence on her lips, waiting irresolutely for Charles to come upstairs.

In a moment he burst into the room with all his usual exuberance and high spirit.

"Picture to yourselves!" he cried, standing in the doorway, with his arms extended before him. "I was hurrying to headquarters when I ran into the embrace of my dear Louis—my cousin. I have told you a hundred times that he is brother and father and everything to me. I am so glad that he should come to-day of all days."

He turned toward the stairs with a gesture of welcome, still with his two arms outstretched as if inviting the man who came rather slowly upstairs to come to his embrace and to the embrace of those who were now his relations.

"There was a little suspicion of sadness—I do not know what it was—at the table, but now it is all gone. All is well, now that this unexpected guest has come. This dear Louis!"

He went to the landing as he spoke, and returned, bringing by the arm a man taller than himself and darker, with a still, brown face and steady eyes, set close together. He had a lean look of good breeding.

"This dear Louis!" repeated Charles. "My only relative in all the world. My cousin, Louis d'Arragon. But he, 'par example,' spells his name in two words." The man bowed, gravely, a comprehensive bow; but he looked at Désirée.

"This is my father-in-law," continued Charles, breathlessly. "Monsieur Antoine Sebastian and Désirée and Mathilde—my wife, my dear Louis—your cousin, Désirée!"

He had turned again to Louis, and shook him by the shoulders in the fulness of his joy. He had not distinguished between Mathilde and Désirée, and it was toward Mathilde that d'Arragon looked with a

polite and rather formal repetition of his bow.

"It is I, who am *Désirée*," said the younger sister, coming forward with a slow gesture of shyness.

D'Arragon took her hand.

"I have been happy," he said, "in the moment of my arrival."

Then he turned to *Mathilde*, and bowed over the hand she held out to him. *Sebastian* had come forward with a sudden return to his gracious and rather old-world manner. He did not offer to shake hands, but he bowed.

"A son of *Louis d'Arragon* who was fortunate enough to escape to England?" he inquired, with a courteous gesture.

"The only son," replied the newcomer.

"I am honored to make the acquaintance of *Monsieur le Marquis*," said *Antoine Sebastian*, slowly.

"Oh, you must not call me that!" replied *d'Arragon*, with a short laugh. "I am an English sailor—that is all."

"And now, my dear *Louis*, I leave you," broke in *Charles*, who had rather impatiently awaited the end of these formalities. "A brief half-hour, and I am with you again. You will stay here till I return."

He turned, nodded gaily to *Désirée*, and ran down-stairs.

Through the open windows they heard his quick, light footfall as he hurried up the *Frauengasse*. Something made them silent, listening to it.

It was not difficult to see that *d'Arragon* was a sailor. Not only had he the brown face of those who live in the open, but he had the silent, attentive air of one whose waking moments are a watch.

"You look at one as if one were the horizon," *Désirée* said to him, long afterward. But it was at this moment in the drawing-room in the *Frauengasse* that the comparison formed itself in her mind.

His face was rather narrow, with a square chin and straight lips. He was not quick in speech like *Charles*, but seemed to think before he spoke, with the result that he often appeared to be about to say something and was interrupted before the words had been uttered.

"Unless my memory is a bad one, your mother was an Englishwoman, *Monsieur*,"

said *Sebastian*, "which would account for your being in the English service."

"Not entirely," answered *d'Arragon*, "though my mother was indeed English and died—in a French prison. But it was from a sense of gratitude that my father placed me in the English service, and I have never regretted it, *Monsieur*."

"Your father received kindnesses at English hands, after his escape, like many others?"

"Yes, and he was too old to repay them by doing the country any service himself. He would have done it if he could—"

D'Arragon paused, looking steadily at the tall old man who listened to him with averted eyes.

"My father was one of those," he said, at length, "who did not think that in fighting for Bonaparte one was necessarily fighting for France."

Sebastian held up a warning hand.

"In England," he corrected, "in England one may think such things. But not in France, and still less in Dantzig."

"If one is an Englishman," replied *d'Arragon*, with a smile, "one may think them where one likes, and say them when one is disposed. It is one of the privileges of the nation, *Monsieur*."

He made the statement lightly, seeing the humor of it with a cosmopolitan understanding, without any suggestion of the boastfulness of youth. *Désirée* noticed that his hair was turning gray at the temples.

"I did not know," he said, turning to her, "that *Charles* was in Dantzig, much less that he was celebrating so happy an occasion. We ran against each other by accident in the street. It was a lucky accident that allowed me to make your acquaintance so soon after you have become his wife."

"It scarcely seems possible that it should be an accident," said *Désirée*. "It must have been the work of Fate,—if Fate has time to think of such an insignificant person as myself and so small an event as my marriage in these days."

"Fate," put in *Mathilde*, in her composed voice and manner, "has come to Dantzig to-day."

"Ah!"

"Yes. You are the second unexpected arrival this afternoon."

D'Arragon turned, and looked at Mathilde. His manner, always grave and attentive, was that of a reader who has found an interesting book on a dusty shelf. "Has the Emperor come?" he asked.

Mathilde nodded.

"I thought I saw something in Charles' face," he said, reflectively, looking back through the open door toward the stairs where Charles had nodded farewell to them. "So the Emperor is here, in Dantzig."

He turned toward Sebastian, who stood with a stony face.

"Which means war," he said.

"It always means war," replied Sebastian, in a tired voice. "Is he again going to prove himself stronger than them all?"

"Some day he will make a mistake," said d'Arragon, cheerfully. "And then will come the day of reckoning."

"Ah!" said Sebastian, with a shake of the head that seemed to indicate an account so one-sided that none could ever liquidate it. "You are young, Monsieur. You are full of hope."

"I am not young. I am thirty-five, but I am as you say—full of hope. I look to that day, Monsieur Sebastian."

"And in the meantime?" suggested the man who seemed but a shadow of some-one standing apart and far away from the affairs of daily life.

"In the meantime, one must play one's part," returned d'Arragon, with his almost inaudible laugh. "Whatever it may be."

There was no foreboding in his voice; no second meaning in the words. He was open and simple and practical, like the life he led.

"Then you have a part to play, too," said Désirée, thinking of Charles, who had been called away at such an inopportune moment and had gone without complaint. "It is the penalty we pay for living in one of the less-dull parts of history. He touches your life, too."

"He touches everyone's life, Mademoiselle. That is what makes him so great a man. Yes, I have a little part to play. I am like one of the unseen supernumeraries who has to see that a door is open to allow the great actors to make an effective entrée. I am lent to Russia for the war

that is coming. It is a little part. I have to keep open one small portion of the line of communication between England and St. Petersburg, so that news may pass to and fro."

He glanced toward Mathilde as he spoke. She was listening with an odd eagerness which he noted, as he noted everything, methodically and surely. He remembered it afterward.

"That will not be easy, with Denmark friendly to France," said Sebastian, "and every Prussian port closed to you."

"But Sweden will help. She is not friendly to France."

Sebastian laughed, and made a gesture, with his white and elegant hand, of contempt and ridicule.

"And, bon Dieu! what a friendship it is," he exclaimed, "that is based on the fear of being taken for an enemy!"

"It is a friendship that waits its time, Monsieur," said d'Arragon, taking up his hat.

"Then you have a ship, Monsieur, here in the Baltic?" asked Mathilde, with more haste than was characteristic of her usual utterance.

"A very small one, Mademoiselle," he answered. "So small that I could turn her round here in the Frauengasse."

"But she is fast."

"The fastest in the Baltic, Mademoiselle," he answered. "And that is why I must take my leave—with the news you have told me."

He shook hands as he spoke, bowed to Sebastian, whose generation was content with the more formal salutation. Désirée went to the door, and led the way downstairs.

"We have but one servant," she said, "who is busy."

On the doorstep he paused for a moment. And Désirée seemed to expect him to do so.

"Charles and I have always been like brothers—you will remember that always, will you not?"

"Yes," she answered, with her gay nod. "I will remember."

"Then good-by, Mademoiselle."

"Madame," she corrected, lightly.

"Madame, my cousin," he said, and departed, smiling.

Désirée went slowly upstairs again.

(To be continued.)

Men Women and Events



A HOPELESS PROTEST.

I.

Mutely I muse, as Christmas-tide draws nigh,
How it's the proper season to be glad,
And how I should not cap or be sad,
Scratching my vacuous pocket, with a sigh,
But should rejoice that loving friends are nigh
To keep alive the Christmas-present fad
And make me feel myself a stingy cad
If I conserve my wealth, and do not buy.

For each expects a gift he does not need;
A cane for him who walks without a stick,
A set of books for those who never read,
A pocketbook or satin necktie sleek—
Though you've a dozen, you cannot refuse
Like useful gifts which you will never use.

II.

Too oft of yore, with foolish heart and young,
My forty yearly gifts, with unctuous care,
I've bought; and builded castles in the air,
Thinking that long-sought hopes would be among
The presents in return, and I have strung
My rosary of wishes, free and fair,
Until on Christmas morn, with maddened stare,
I've stood, the most unhappy dog unhung.

Before a pair of carpet slippers knit
Just like the twenty others stowed away,
Various books 'twere better left unwrit,
Embrodered things in dubious array
Designed for towels, scarf-pins, foot-wear, hats—
And, O ye saints of Christmas, those cravats!

III.

I had an uncle once—peace to his shade!
(He left me not a nickel when he died),—
Who never passed me by at Christmas-tide,
But ever the same relentless present made.

'Twas a large volume, of a bilious shade,
Entitled "Simpson's Natural History Guide,"
A literary pest I used to hide
Down-cellars where its covers would not fade.

Ten years a certain Christmas package came,
Ten years with hope that still defied despair
I broke the fearful seal, and found the same
Uncompromising "Natural History" there—
And when the book came not on Christmas day
I knew for sure that he had passed away.

IV.

Yearly I swear that this no more shall be,
That nieces, brothers, relatives-in-law,
Cousins, five-eighths removed, I never saw,
And all who claim relationship to me,
No more shall tax my liberality;
That I shall cease to feed the hungry maw
Of Christmas trade with hard-earned dollars—
pshaw!
Let me away with Christmas, and be free!

And then, before I know where I am at,
Again I find that I have gone amiss.
A dollar there to buy the same old That.
A dollar here to buy the same old This;
It is hypnosis, and I can't be woke;
It is a habit, and I can't be broke.

V.

And so I know that, even as I write,
Somebody's searching low and hunting high
To find for me a satin Christmas tie
To minister to my holiday delight,
That one is working overtime to-night
To 'broider me a sachet bag, which I
Will gaze upon and thrust unheeded by
Among the presents banished from my sight.

And, even as I quill these lines, I feel
 The Christmas microbe gnawing at my veins,
 Inspiring me to madness, till I steal
 Toward the marts where Christmas commerce
 reigns,
 There to indulge inherent vice, and choose
 Nice, useful gifts which none will ever use.

WALLACE IRWIN.

* * * *



A discussion in the "North American," participated in by Mr. Howells, Mr. Mabie, Mr. Garland, Mr. Bangs and Mr. James Lane Allen, considers the question, "Will the Novel Disappear?" There is one trend that the discussion does not seem to have taken—namely, that real lives as they are lived to-day are coming to be so vastly more interesting than the conceptions of the most alert novelist as to make the modern novel seem either silly or tame. The men who write novels to-day are, as a rule, not "It." They lead but too often unimportant lives, with merely a suspicion of the events which crowd thick and fast into the larger spheres of action. The view they secure of life is much the same that the man on the seat in the circus gets of the dressing-tent as its canvas flaps open to receive or give forth some star performer.

The time is fast coming when the sort of fiction we are now receiving will be deemed as unentertaining as some of the novels which had vogue forty years ago, but which are to-day interesting only as curiosities of public taste. Some day there will come a demand for the stories of real lives, told by men transacting real affairs. "The Real Joe Chamberlain's Life, Told by Himself" will be read. "Paul Kruger, A Story of South Africa," by Paul Kruger; "Pierpont Morgan's Partner," in three

volumes; "The Whirl of Two Cities," by John W. Gates; "Ten Curious Episodes," by Bishop Henry C. Potter; "The White Slavery and the Ultimate," by Cora Urquhart Potter. Something like these will be the titles that will some day adorn bookshelves. How fascinating the promise!

You do not believe men will ever write their lives? Then you do not understand the trend of literature. The readers of the world are being so organized that they will shortly be able to pay any sum for the REAL THING. "The Organized Readers" will step up to the greatest ones, and say: "You owe it to mankind to will your body for dissection by the physicians; and your soul to the psychologists. Mankind is groping in the dark. Give it the story of your life for its guidance." And as introductory chapters there will be sketches of parents, grandparents and great-grandparents.

Men will no longer affect modesty as to whether what they would have to tell would be of value. They will know it will be of value. They will call in the skilled literarian, and make confession. Deeds, motives, complex plot and gradual evolution will be placed in his hands, and the artists' mistakes will be corrected as the reproduction in words of the life proceeds.

There will be three motives at work to bring to pass the telling of important lives: First, the desire to give something which will be of use to one's fellow men—motive altruistic. Second, a certain satisfaction that the world cares to listen—motive of personal vanity. Third, an actual material reward in money to the teller—motive financial. Half a million dollars will not infrequently be paid for the manuscript of a REAL LIFE. "The Organized Readers" may pay a million if they feel disposed—a million dollars will be a tax of less than half a cent apiece to "The Organized Readers" of 1950.

"What man or woman will write the truth in 1950?" the reader of 1902 asks. The answer is: he will either have to write *so* or not at all. The great rewards will not be for the feeble, imitation article. A life carefully described by a profound mind, capable at once of living a life of importance and of analyzing its own evolution:

that will be worth reading. Because of this it will be highly paid for. Because such will command a great reward, it will be produced in obedience to the law of supply.

Before 1950, at the present rate of production of books, all the pretty bits of scenery will have been described, all the odd little scenes in quaint streets of country towns will be lacking in fresh features. The poverty of such themes will have become apparent. Realism will still be realism, but the photograph of a stubble-field will not be regarded as a specially entrancing subject. It will be considered an impertinence to work out the details of a life which the writer never knew and at best but vaguely guesses at.

The progress of the tale from the legend of the monk up to Gulliver's Travels—through Scott on up to the curious medleys of Dumas, to the pictures and commentaries of Thackeray, to the historical romances of the present day: these will be regarded with curious interest—just as to-day we note in American architecture the advance from the log cabin of the early settler to the frame cottage, then to the brick house of Mansard roof, on up to the great country mansion or tall city hive of industry of to-day. The log cabin was picturesque, but not comparable in interest to the structures in which two thousand men and women work out their daily passions.

Science is taking possession of her realm. Science means truth. Fiction must give way to truth. Jules Verne predicts that the daily paper will become the continued novel. We are learning to pick up the morning paper in which we have been watching various characters on the world's stage—the Krugers, the Chamberlains, the Emperor Williams. "To be continued in our next" is at the bottom of each column. What will they do to-morrow. But the story as told in the press is jerky and mostly untold. The mind turns with desire to the gaps left unfilled. Instead of the continued serial we wish the complete volume with explanations of motives, with progress in personal education, with advances toward morality, or the causes of downfall. There will be giants in the literary world in those days.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



There was a certain brilliant inconsistency about her that he liked. If she had been a woman of set purposes, of a definite trend, she would soon have tired him by her uniformity. But she was none of this.

At times he treated her with a sort of disdain, not so much as if she thought him unattractive, as that she did not even think of him at all. Then she would concentrate upon him an intensity of interest, as if for her he was the one and only man in the world.

He loved her. It is highly probable that if he had felt from the start that she would easily and naturally love him in return, he would then not have loved her at all. It was the uncertainty of her attitude, the very contrast afforded by her alternate moods, that gave him so much to long for.

She was a constant surprise to him. Any one of the elements he perceived in her, if considered in itself, would not have held his attention. But when they so rapidly succeeded each other there was in the constant kaleidoscopic effect an irresistible attraction.

His very suspense was in itself a keen pleasure, a sort of delightful agony, that made him constantly hesitate to end it. He was an epicure in love. One day, however, he began to feel that he must know the truth. They were both experienced. She, in her turn, loved him. She knew, by certain intelligible signs, that the time was rapidly approaching for him to act.

"If," she said, "I tell him that I love him, his interest in me will begin to cease. If, on the other hand, I put him off, there will come a time when his patience will waver, for he is not to be trifled with beyond a certain point."



Then she made a decision.

The moment arrived for him to speak. She was ready.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I love you almost more than I can say. I am so glad that you did not wait until to-morrow! Even now it is growing late."

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why?" he asked.

She laid her head on his shoulder.

"It is very simple," she explained. Some time ago, I began to study psychology. This led me to reflect. I observed that the incongruous elements in me, while they could not be changed—indeed, I would not have changed them, anyway—could, in the light of modern scientific research, be systematized. You may not have observed it, but my moods are constant in their variation. That is to say, every other day I love you, and every other day I am perfectly indifferent to you. Thus a true balance is preserved."

He clasped her fervently in his arms.

"My darling," he observed, "ten years ago this would have maddened me. Now the one thing that made me hesitate has been removed. Do you realize what you have discovered?"

"What?" she asked.

He glanced at his watch apprehensively, and then kissed her passionately.

"The very perpetual motion of love!" he replied.

TOM MASSON.

* * * *



One of the fiercest battles of the Civil War was at its height. A Union recruit who had become separated from his company found himself in the presence of General Sheridan, the officer in command. The young fellow was willing, but he was uncertain.



"General," he said. "I'm durned anxious to get at them pesky Rebs; where shall I step in?"

"Step in anywhere, you scoundrel," roared the General; "there's good fighting all along the line!"

Young man, I'm the general in command of these few paragraphs. You are the recruit, willing, but uncertain; listen to me, and I'll tell you how to get into the fighting.

In the first place, the battle is at its height. The man who is sitting about with the notion that this is a time of peace is going to get his head taken off by a cannon-ball the first thing he knows.

It is understood, then, that you are desirous of getting into the firing-line, or of being promoted to sergeant. In other words, you want a job, or a better job.

Let me tell you how two young friends of mine got jobs.

The first was named Tom Sullivan. He was tired of the country, and decided to go to the city. His ambition was large, but did not point in a direction beyond his capacity—he wanted to become a truck-driver. He had just arrived in the city, and was standing in front of the railroad-station, experiencing a feeling of astonishment to see that the street-car horses didn't have a pole between them and a neck-yoke, when he heard a terrific roar, and a runaway team, attached to a truck, came tearing down the street, minus a driver. "There's my chance!" thought Tom; and, as the truck shot by, he threw himself aboard, fell on his stomach, struggled to his knees, gathered up the lines, and at the end of two blocks he had stopped the horses. Then he pointed to the name and street number on the seat, asked a policeman to direct him to the place, drove around there, and asked the boss truckman where he should go for the next load. Tom owns the business now.

Young man, step right in anywhere.

The other young fellow was named John Thompson. He was born and reared in a city, but he didn't like it, and he wanted to become a farmer. He went to the railroad-



station, and asked for a time-table. Then he ran his finger down the list of stations till he came to one named Podunk Corners. Somehow, it sounded rural to him. So he



bought a ticket for Podunk Corners. Arriving there, he was the only passenger who got off. There were only four houses in sight, but he thought he would be on the safe side, so he stepped up to a man wearing chin-whiskers and talloweed boots, and briskly asked if there were any farms around there. "Young chap," said the man, waving his hand at an expanse of country ten miles square, "that there ain't a lawn-tennis court." John started out along the road. When he had gone about two miles he saw a bull coming toward him like a locomotive, with a man behind shouting: "Head 'er!" John picked up a stick, and smote the bull on his nose. The bull was open to reason, and turned around, and started back. John grabbed the bull's tail, and followed. I have a reputation to maintain, so I dare not say how long John's steps were. They bowled over the farmer, and went on. When the farmer reached home he found the bull in the barn-yard, and John nailing up the fence where he got out. "I'm going to stay, and be your hired man," said John to the farmer. "Begin to pay me when I get to be worth something to you." John owns the farm. Yes, there's good fighting all along the line.

There are always jobs which have got away from somebody, and are running around loose. Grab the first one that comes along. The bigger and better one you see coming may dodge, and get away, if you wait for it. When you get your

job, do all your own work and part of some other fellow's. The other fellow who will let you will always be there.



I know a young man (he wouldn't like to have his name mentioned) who began as a clerk in an insurance-office. There was a higher clerk at the next desk who got five dollars a week more. After my friend finished his own work, he used to help the higher clerk. The higher clerk was willing. As my friend learned to do his own work in less time he had more to devote to the higher clerk's. Soon he was doing about half of it. Then the chief of the division decided he might as well do it all. So my friend is now the higher clerk, and gets the five dollars a week more.

I know two other young men, one named Willie Smith, the other Bill Smith (no relation); each has a position in the same publishing-house as some sort of minor assistant in the bookkeeping department. I was in there the other day when the porter was struggling with a box of books too heavy for him. Willie put his pen behind his ear, and smiled broadly. Bill jabbed his pen into a dish of shot, jumped over the railing, and, with the porter's assistance, made that box walk along to its proper place. I caught the eye of the general manager, and pointed out the scene with a speaking thumb. The general manager nodded his head. He understood. Bill is going to get promoted unless he changes his ways. Willie is safe.

General managers and proprietors and other varieties of boss aren't always such fools as some men who work for them think.

If you are ambitious to get into the dry-goods business, and have an uncle who owns a big store, don't ask him to make you head buyer for the house. Don't go near him. Go to the rival store, and get a job in the basement at nailing up boxes. Nail 'em up tighter, and with fewer nails, than any boxes were ever nailed before. While you're resting, head up barrels. Then, when you get an interest in the business, make your uncle sit up by advertising every morning the biggest bargains in dry-goods ever heard of in your town.

So this is the way, young man, to get into the battle; step in anywhere, and go to blazing away. There's good fighting everywhere, and the general in command will notice how you fight long before he observes whether your gun is nickel-plated or just iron.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

**A FLIRT AT
EIGHTY-FOUR.**

A comparison of the imagination of the novelist who makes many plots with that of the individual who works out a single one sometimes results to the disadvantage of the literary man. For instance, a recent story of the Paris boulevards:—

Madame Lecomte was a niece to the General Frossard, who occupied a distinguished post under Napoleon III. At the age of seventy, her two husbands—tandem style—were both in the grave, and life seemed but a possibility of desolation, or so it would have seemed for an ordinary woman, who ceases to take fresh air and exercise, and quickly follows her husband to the grave.

Not so with madame. She determined to make life interesting. Having some fortune at her command, she set about reconstructing herself. She employed directors of physical exercise, masseuses and the best female art-creators and dressmakers in Paris. She made up as a woman of fifty, who claimed to look as but thirty. Her costumes were of the most delicate colors. Her shoes were of the daintiest. Her hats were artistic creations, of evanescent materials. She practised a light, quick step, and when her skilfully padded and rounded figure, moving springily along the street, was viewed at a little distance it might easily have been mistaken for that of a quite young woman. Undoubtedly, the vital fires must have burned strongly in this old woman, for at the age of eighty-four she was still engaged in meeting susceptible young men of but one-third her age, who had been attracted by her elegant costumes and well-modeled figure. She had on hand an endless number of affairs with these too-susceptible ones. When the tragedy came, which ended in death, there were found great packages of love-letters, be-ribboned, and carefully labelled.

When past her eighty-fourth birthday she was found one morning in her room, seated in a chair, and the black marks of a death-clutch were on her throat. Had she incurred the jealousy of one of her young suitors? The question remains unanswered. But the little old woman contributes an interesting chapter to the history of human ambitions, and shows what spirit and nerve may accomplish, even at the age of eighty-four.

WINGROVE BATHON.



A man, who could tell you the names
Of the old Babylonian kings,
Who had made out some wonderful claims
For Saturn's mysterious rings,
Who had read Herbert Spencer, and knew
Racine and Corneille through and through.

Hailed a car that was passing one day,
And heard some one calling somewhere:—
"Come, hurry up here, you old jay,
If you ever expect to get there."

Now this man, who could tell you the names
Of the old Babylonian kings,
Had tasted the sweets that are Fame's,
Had sipped of the joy that she brings,
He had Harvard and Oxford degrees,
And was up in the Greek tragedies—
But they yanked him up onto the car,
And some one hissed into his ear:—
"Get in where the old ladies are;
Don't block up the passageway here."

So the man, who could tell all about
The old Babylonian kings,
Who had won renown figuring out
Cuneiform writings and things,
Who was steeped in the lore of the Greeks,



And who sought what the sage only seeks,
Was hustled and jostled and cast
Through the door of the car, and his feet
Were jerked from beneath him at last,
And he found himself down in a seat.

The man, who could tell all about
The old Babylonian kings,
Who had quaffed of the waters that spout
Up from the Pierian springs,
Who had medals for things he had done,
Was crushed in a corner by one

Who ran a saloon, and was four
Feet, eight and a half inches through—
Why speak of the scientist more?
Poor soul, he was blotted from view.

S. E. KISER.

